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LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

VI

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME VI

THE NOVELS AND OTHER WORKS OF

LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

WAR AND PEACE

VOLUME VI

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WAR AND PEACE

PART FOURTEENTH

CHAPTER I

THE battle of Borodino, with the successive occupation of Moscow and the flight of the French army without further battles, is one of the most instructive events of history.

All historians agree that the external activity of states and peoples, in their mutual collisions, is expressed by war; that immediately after great or petty military successes the political power of states and nations is increased or diminished.

Strange as it seems in reading history to find that such and such a king or emperor, on quarreling with other emperors or kings, gets his troops together, attacks the enemy's army, wins the victory, kills three thousand, five thousand, ten thousand men, and in consequence of this vanquishes a whole state and a whole population of millions of men; hard as it is to understand why the defeat of an army — the loss of a hundredth part of all a nation's forces — should compel the submission of the entire nation, — yet all the facts of history, as far as it is known to us, confirm the justice of the assertion that the greater or less success of the army of any nation at war with another is the cause, or at least the essential indication, of the increase or decrease of the power of those nations.

When an army has won a victory, instantly the "rights" of the victorious nation are increased to the detriment of the vanquished. When an army has suf-

fered defeat, immediately the nation is deprived of "rights" in proportion to the defeat; and when the army has been completely defeated, the nation is completely vanquished.

This has been the case, according to history, from the most ancient to the most recent times. All of Napoleon's wars serve to confirm this rule.

In proportion as the Austrian troops were defeated, Austria lost its "rights," while the rights and powers of France were magnified.

The victories of the French at Jena and Austerlitz destroyed the independence of Prussia.

But suddenly in 1812 the "battle of the Moskva" was won by the French, and Moscow was captured; after that no more battles were fought, Russia ceased not to exist, but an army of six thousand men did cease to exist, and subsequently the France of Napoleon.

To force facts to fit the rules of history, to say that the battle-field of Borodino was won by the Russians, or that, after the occupation of Moscow, battles were fought which exterminated Napoleon's army, — is impossible.

After the victory of the French at Borodino, not only was there no general battle, but no battle of any importance; and yet the French army ceased to exist.

What does this fact signify?

If such a thing had occurred in the history of China, we might say that it was not a historical event — the favorite loophole of historians when facts do not fit theories; if it were a question of a conflict of short duration in which small forces took part, we might declare the event an exception to the general rule.

But this event took place under the eyes of our fathers, for whom the question of the life or death of their country was decided, and this war was the most momentous of all known wars. ....

That period in the campaign of 1812, from the battle of Borodino to the retreat of the French, proved not only that a battle won is not always a cause of conquest, but also that it may not be even a sign of

conquest, — proved that the force which decides the destiny of nations consists not in conquerors, or even in armies and battles, but in something different.

The French historians, describing the condition of the troops before the evacuation of Moscow, assure us that everything was in good order in the "Grand Army," excepting the cavalry, the artillery, and the wagon-trains, — forage being also lacking for the horses and cattle. There was no help for this evil, for the muzhiks of the region around burned their hay, and would not let the French have it.

The victory won by the French did not bring the usual results, because of the muzhiks Karp and Vlas, who, after the departure of the French, went to Moscow with carts to plunder the city, and who personally, as a rule, manifested no heroic sentiments; and yet the whole innumerable throng of similar muzhiks refused to carry hay to Moscow in spite of the money offered to them, but burned it.

Let us imagine two men engaged in a duel with swords according to all the rules of the art of fencing. For a considerable time the parrying has continued; then suddenly one of the contestants, feeling that he has been wounded, realizing that the affair is no joke, but that his life depends on it, throws aside his sword, and, seizing the first club that comes to hand, begins to wield it.

Now let us imagine that this man, who so wisely employs the best and simplest method for attaining his object, is at the same time imbued with the traditions of chivalry, and, wishing to conceal the truth, should insist that he was victorious over the sword according to the rules of the art of fencing. It may be imagined what confusion and lack of clearness would arise from such a description of a past duel.

The duelist who demands an encounter according to the rules of the art is the French; his enemy, who throws away his sword and takes up a club, is the Russians; those who try to explain everything according

to the rules of fencing are the historians who have described these events.

From the time of the burning of Smolensk began a form of war which does not belong to any of the former traditions of war.

The burnings of towns and villages, battles followed by retreats, the blow at Borodino and the retreat, the burning of Moscow, the hunting down of marauders, the intercepting of provision-trains, the "partizan" warfare, — all this was contrary to the rules.

Napoleon felt this; and from the very time when he stood in Moscow, in the regular position of fencing, and discovered that the hand of his opponent held a club over him instead of a sword, he did not cease to complain to Kutuzof and the Emperor Alexander that the war was conducted contrary to all rules — as if there were rules for the killing of men!

But, in spite of all the complaints of the French about the breaking of rules, in spite of the fact that the Russians highest in position were ashamed of fighting with the cudgel and desired to stand in a position where, according to all the rules, they could fight, — *en quarte*, *en tierce*, and make the clever thrust, *en prime*, and so on, — the club of the popular war was lifted in all its threatening and majestic power, and, caring nothing for good taste and rules, with stupid simplicity but sound judgment, not making distinctions, it was lifted, and fell, and pounded the French until the whole army of invaders perished.

And honor be to that people who did not as the French did in 1813, who saluted the enemy according to all the rules of the art, and, reversing their swords, politely and gracefully handed them to their magnanimous conqueror. Honor be to that people who in the moment of trial, not asking how others had acted in conformity to rules in similar circumstances, simply and quickly seized the first club at hand, and wielded it until the feeling of anger and vengeance in their hearts gave way to contempt and pity!

CHAPTER II

One of the most obvious and advantageous infractions of the so-called rules of war is the action of isolated individuals against troops crowded together into a mass.

This sort of activity is always seen in wars which assume a popular character. This form of warfare consists in this, that, instead of one compact body meeting another compact body, men disperse, attack separately, and instantly retire when threatened by superior forces, and then reappear at the first favorable opportunity.

Thus did the Guerrillas in Spain, thus did the mountaineers in the Caucasus, thus did the Russians in 1812.

Warfare of this sort is called "partizan" warfare, and people suppose that when it is thus named its meaning is explained.

This sort of warfare, however, not only fails to come under any rules, but is directly opposed to a well-known law of tactics regarded as infallible. This law demands that the assailant shall concentrate his troops so as to be, at the moment of combat, stronger than his enemy.

Partizan warfare (always successful, as history proves) is directly opposed to that law.

This contradiction arises from the fact that military science takes the strength of armies to be identical with their numbers. Military science says: The more troops, the greater the strength. Great battalions are always right: *Les gros bataillons ont toujours raison.* In making this assertion, military science is like the science of mechanics, which, considering the momenta of moving bodies only in relation to their masses, affirms that these forces will be equal or unequal as their masses are equal or unequal.

Momentum (the *quantity* of movement) is the product of the mass into the velocity.

In war the momentum of troops is likewise the product of the mass multiplied by some unknown quantity, x.

Military science, seeing in history an infinite collec-

tion of examples of the fact that the mass of armies does not coincide with the strength, and that small detachments have conquered large ones, confusedly recognizes the existence of this unknown factor, and tries to discover it, now in geometrical combinations, now in differences of armament, now, and this most generally, in the genius of the commanders.

But the values given to all these factors do not suffice to account for the results in accordance with historical facts.

Meantime it is sufficient for us to rid ourselves of the false idea, invented for the pleasure of heroes, that in the effect of the arrangements made by the commanders in time of war, we shall find this unknown x.

This x is the spirit of the army; in other words, the more or less intense desire of all the men composing the army to fight and expose themselves to perils, independently of the question whether they are under the command of men of genius or otherwise, whether they fight in three or two ranks, whether they are armed with clubs or with guns delivering thirty shots a minute.

Men who have the most intense desire to fight always put themselves in the most advantageous position for fighting.

The spirit of the army is the factor, multiplied by the mass, which gives the product, power. To determine and express the meaning of the spirit of the army — that unknown factor — is the problem of science.

The problem is possible only when we cease to put arbitrarily, in place of this unknown x, the conditions under which the momentum is produced, such as the dispositions of the commander, the armament, and so on, and disregarding them as the significant factor, realize this unknown quantity in all its integration as the more or less active desire animating the men to fight and confront danger.

Only when we express known historical facts by means of equations can we, by a comparison of the relative value of this unknown factor, determine the unknown factor.

Ten men, battalions, or divisions, fighting with fifteen men, battalions, or divisions, conquer the fifteen, that is, kill them or take them all prisoners without exception, themselves losing only four. On one side fifteen have been exterminated, on the other four. In reality the four were equal to the fifteen, and consequently

$$4x = 15y;$$

consequently

$$x : y = 15 : 4.$$

This equation does not give the value of the unknown factor, but it expresses the relations between the two unknown factors, and, by putting into the form of similar equations historical units taken separately, — battles, campaigns, periods of war, — a series of numbers will be obtained in which laws must exist and may be discovered.

The rule of tactics commanding troops to act in masses during an attack, and separately in a retreat, is an unconscious expression of the truth that the strength of troops depends on their spirit. Better discipline is required to lead men into fire than to induce them to defend themselves against assailants, and is obtained exclusively by movements in masses.

But this rule, which takes no account of the spirit of the troops, constantly proves fallacious and particularly opposed to the reality, when there is an increased or diminished spirit among the troops — in all popular wars.

The French, in retreating in 1812, though they should, according to tactics, have defended themselves separately, drew into closer masses, because the spirit of the troops had fallen so low that the army could be maintained only by holding the men in mass.

The Russians, on the contrary, ought, according to tactics, to have attacked in mass; but in fact they scattered their forces, because the spirit of their troops had risen so high that isolated men attacked the French without waiting for orders, and had no need of constraint to induce them to expose themselves to fatigues and perils.

CHAPTER III

THE so-called partizan or guerrilla war[1] began with the arrival of the French at Smolensk.

Before this guerrilla warfare was officially recognized by our government, thousands of the hostile army — marauders left behind and foraging parties — had been exterminated by Cossacks and muzhiks, who killed these men as instinctively as dogs worry to death a mad dog that has run astray.

Denis Davuidof, with his keen Russian scent, was the first to understand the significance of this terrible cudgel, which, without regard to the rules of military science, annihilated the French; and to him belongs the glory of taking the first step toward formulating this sort of warfare.

On the fifth of September, Davuidof's first partizan squad was organized; and after the example of his, others were organized. The longer the campaign continued, the greater became the number of these bands.

The partizans demolished the "Grand Army" in detachments. They trampled down the fallen leaves which came off from the dried tree — the French army — and now and again shook the tree itself.

In October, when the French were on their way back to Smolensk, there were hundreds of these bands, of various sizes and characters. There were bands which had all the appurtenances of a regular army — infantry, artillery, staff-officers — and many of the comforts of life; others consisted solely of Cossacks — cavalry; there were others of insignificant size, gathered at haphazard, infantry and cavalry mixed; there were those composed of muzhiks, and those organized by landowners, and others that owed no allegiance to any commander.

A *diachok*, or sacristan, was the leader of one band, which, in the course of a month, took several hundred

[1] *Partizanskaya voïna.*

prisoners; and there was the wife of a village starosta, named Vasilisa, who killed hundreds of the French.

The early days of November saw the greatest development of this partizan warfare. Ended was the first period of this kind of war — during which the "partizans" themselves were amazed at their own audacity, were afraid every moment of being surprised and surrounded by the French, and kept hid in the forests, not unsaddling, and scarcely venturing to dismount from their horses, expecting to be pursued at any moment.

By this time this kind of warfare had taken definite form; it had become clear to all what they could do and what they could not do in grappling with the French.

The leaders of bands, who had regular staffs and followed rules, kept at a respectful distance from the French, and regarded certain things as impossible. Petty partizans who had been engaged for some time in the business and had gained a close acquaintance with the French, considered feasible what the leaders of the large bands would not dare even to think of.

Cossacks and muzhiks who slipped easily in and out among the French reckoned that everything was possible.

On the fourth of November, Denisof, who was one of these partizan leaders, found himself, with his band, in the very brunt of partizan excitement. Since morning, he and his band had been on the march. All day long, keeping under shelter of the forest that skirted the highway, he had been following a large French convoy of cavalry baggage and Russian prisoners, isolated from the other troops, and under a powerful escort, on its way to Smolensk, as was known from scouts and prisoners.

The existence of this train was known, not only to Denisof and Dolokhof, — who was also a partizan leader with a small band, and was advancing close by, — but to the heads of several large bands, with their staffs. All knew about this train, and, as Denisof expressed it, "were whetting their teeth for it."

Two of these large bands, one commanded by a Po-

lyak, the other by a German, almost simultaneously sent to Denisof to join forces, each inviting him to help them attack the "transport."

"No, thank you, bwother, I gwow my own whiskers," said Denisof, as he read their letters; and he replied to the German that, in spite of the heartfelt desire which he had of serving under the command of such a valiant and distinguished general, he should have to deprive himself of that pleasure, because he had already joined the command of the Polish general.

And to the Polish general he wrote the same thing, assuring him that he had already joined the command of the German.

Having thus disposed of these matters, Denisof made his plans without reference to these high officials, to join in company with Dolokhof, and attack and capture this train, with the small force at their command.

The "transport" was proceeding, on the fourth of November, from the village of Mikulina to the village of Shamsheva. On the left-hand side of the road between the two villages ran a dense forest, in places approaching the road, in places receding from the road a verst and more.

Under the cover of this forest, now hiding in its depths, now approaching its edge, Denisof had been advancing all day long with his band, not once losing the French from sight.

In the morning, not far from Mikulina, where the forest came nearest to the road, the Cossacks of Denisof's band had seized two of the French wagons, loaded with cavalry saddles, which had got stuck in the mud, and made off with them into the forest.

From that time until evening, the band, without attacking, followed the French in all their movements.

It was necessary to allow them, without being alarmed, to reach Shamsheva in safety; there Denisof would unite with Dolokhof, who was to come for a consultation, that evening, to a designated spot in the forest, about a verst from Shamsheva, and at daybreak they would fall on them from two sides at once quite unexpectedly, —

"like snow on the head," — and defeat and capture the whole host at one fell blow.

In the rear, two versts from Mikulina, where the forest approached the road, six Cossacks had been left, who were to report instantly in case new columns of the French appeared.

In front of Shamsheva, Dolokhof was to scour the road so as to know at what distance other French troops might be.

The "transport" mustered fifteen hundred men. Denisof had two hundred, and Dolokhof had perhaps as many. But the preponderance of numbers did not deter Denisof. The only thing that he cared now to know was what sort of men composed these troops, and, with this end in view, Denisof wanted to capture a "tongue," — that is, a man from the enemy's ranks. In the morning, when they fell on the two wagons, the affair was accomplished with such celerity that all the French in charge of the two wagons had been killed, and the only one taken alive was a drummer boy who had remained behind, and was incapable of giving any definite information about the kind of men that formed the column.

To make a second descent, Denisof considered, would be at the risk of arousing the whole column, and therefore he sent forward to Shamsheva the muzhik Tikhon Shcherbatof, one of his band, to pick up, if possible, one of the French quartermasters who would be likely to be there in advance.

CHAPTER IV

It was a mild, rainy, autumn day. The sky and the earth blended in the same hue, like that of turbid water. At one moment it was precipitated in the form of fog; at the next, round, slanting drops of rain would suddenly fall.

Denisof, in his *burka*, or felt cloak, and *papakh*, or Cossack cap, from which the water was streaming, was

riding along on a lean thoroughbred, with tightened girths. Like his horse, he kept his head bent and ears alert, and, scowling at the slanting rain, peered anxiously ahead. His face was somewhat thinner than of yore, and, with its growth of thick, short black beard, looked fierce.

Abreast of Denisof, also in burka and papakh, on a plump, coarse-limbed Don pony, rode a Cossack esaul,[1] Denisof's ally.

A third, the Esaul Lovaïski, likewise in burka and papakh, was a long-limbed, light-complexioned man, as flat as a plank, with narrow bright eyes and a calmly self-confident expression both of face and pose. Although it was impossible to tell wherein consisted the individuality of horse and rider, still at a glance, first at the esaul and then at Denisof, it was evident that Denisof was wet and uncomfortable, that Denisof was a man who merely rode his horse; while, on looking at the esaul, it was evident that he was as comfortable and confident as he always was, and that he was not a man who merely rode the horse, but a man who was one being with his horse and thus possessed of double strength.

A short distance ahead of them walked their guide, a little peasant in a gray kaftan and a white cap, wet to the skin.

A little behind them, on a lean, slender Kirgiz pony with a huge tail and mane, and with lips torn and bloody, rode a young officer in a blue French capote.

Next him rode a hussar, who had taken up behind him, on his horse's crupper, a lad in a torn French uniform and blue cap. This lad clung to the hussar with hands red with cold, and rubbed his bare feet together to warm them, and gazed around him in amazement with uplifted brows. This was the French drummer boy whom they had taken prisoner that morning.

Behind them, three and four deep, stretched the line of hussars along the narrow, winding, and well-worn

[1] *Esaul* at the present time is the Cossack title corresponding to captain of a *sotnya* or hundred; *sotnik* (centurion) was the former term.

forest path; then came Cossacks, some in burkas, some in French capotes, some with cavalry housings thrown over their heads. Their horses, whether roan or bay, seemed all black as coal in the rain which was streaming from them.

The horses' necks seemed strangely slender from their soaked manes. From the horses arose a steam. The clothes and the saddles and the bridles, — everything was wet, slippery, and limp, just like the ground and the fallen leaves which covered the path. The men sat with scowling faces, trying not to move, so as to warm the water that had trickled down their backs, and not to allow any fresh invasion of cold water to get under their saddles, on their knees, or down their necks.

In the midst of the long train of Cossacks the two wagons drawn by French and Cossack horses (the latter harnessed in with their saddles on) rattled over the stumps and roots and splashed through the ruts full of water.

Denisof's horse, avoiding a puddle which covered the road, sprang to one side and struck his knee against a tree.

"Oh, the devil!" cried Denisof, wrathfully, and, showing his teeth, he gave the horse three blows with the whip, spattering himself and his comrades with mud. Denisof was not in good spirits, owing to the rain and his hunger, — he had eaten nothing since morning, — and principally because nothing had been heard from Dolokhof, and because the man sent to capture the "tongue" had not returned.

"We shan't be likely to find another chance like to-day's to stwike the twansport twain. To attack them alone is too much of a wisk; and to wait till another day — some of those big bands of partizans will be sure to snatch it away from under our vewy noses," said Denisof, who kept his eyes constantly toward the front, thinking that he might see the expected messenger from Dolokhof.

On coming out into a vista where there was a clear

view extending to some distance toward the right, Denisof reined in.

"Some one 's coming," said he.

The esaul looked in the direction indicated by Denisof.

"There are two of them — an officer and Cossack. Only you don't *presuppose* that it is the sub-lieutenant himself, do you?" said the esaul, who liked to bring in words that were not in use among the Cossacks.

The riders who were coming toward them were lost from sight, and after a little while reappeared again. The officer, with disheveled hair, wet to the skin, and with his trousers worked up above his very knees, came riding in advance at a weary gallop, urging his horse with his whip. Behind him, standing up in his stirrups, trotted his Cossack. This officer, a very young lad, with a broad, rosy face, and alert, merry eyes, galloped up to Denisof and handed him a wet envelop.

"From the general," said the officer. "Excuse its not being perfectly dry."....

Denisof, frowning, took the envelop and started to break the seal.

"Now they all said it was dangerous .... dangerous," said the young officer, turning to the esaul while Denisof was reading the letter. "However, Komarof" — he pointed to the Cossack — "Komarof and I made all our plans. We each had two pist.... But who is that?" he asked, breaking off in the middle of the word on catching sight of the French drummer boy. "A prisoner? Have you had a fight? May I speak with him?"

"Wostof! Petya!" cried Denisof, at that instant having run through the letter that had been given him. "Why did n't you say who you were?" and Denisof, with a smile, turning round, gave the young officer his hand.

This young officer was Petya Rostof!

All the way Petya had been revolving in his mind how he should behave toward Denisof as became a full-fledged officer, and not give a hint of their former acquaintance.

But as soon as Denisof smiled on him, Petya imme-

diately became radiant, flushed with delight, and forgot the formality which he had stored up against the occasion, and began to tell him how he had galloped past the French, and how glad he was that such a commission had been intrusted to him, and how he had been in the battle near Viazma, where a certain hussar greatly distinguished himself.

"Well, I'm wight glad to see you," said Denisof, interrupting him, and then his face assumed again its anxious expression. "Mikhaïl Feoklituitch," said he, turning to the esaul, "you see this is fwom the German again. He insists on our joining him."

And Denisof proceeded to explain to the esaul that the contents of the letter just received consisted in a reiterated request from the German general to unite with him in an attack on the transport train. "If we don't get at it to-mowow, he will certainly take it away fwom under our vewy noses," he said in conclusion.

While Denisof was talking with the esaul, Petya, abashed by Denisof's chilling tone, and supposing that the reason for it might be the state of his trousers, strove to pull them down under shelter of his cloak, so that no one would notice him, and did his best to assume as military an aspect as possible.

"Will there be any order from your excellency?"[1] he asked of Denisof, raising his hand to his vizor, and again returning to the little comedy of general and aide for which he had rehearsed himself. "Or should I remain with your excellency?"

"Orders?" repeated Denisof, thoughtfully. "Can you wemain till to-mowow?"

"Akh! please let me..... May I stay with you?" cried Petya.

"I suppose your orders fwom the genewal were to weturn immediately — were n't they?" asked Denisof.

Petya reddened.

"He said nothing at all about it; I think I can," he replied, somewhat doubtfully.

"Well, all wight!" said Denisof.

[1] *Vuisokoblagorodiye*, high well-born-ness.

And, turning to his subordinates, he made various arrangements for the party to make their way to the place of rendezvous at the watch-house in the forest that had been agreed upon, and for the officer on the Kirgiz horse — this officer performed the duties of aide — to ride off in search of Dolokhof, and find whether he would come that evening or not.

Denisof himself determined to ride down with the esaul and Petya to the edge of the forest nearest to Shamsheva to reconnoiter the position of the French, and find the best place for making their attack on the following day.

"And now, gwaybeard," said he, turning to the muzhik who was serving as their guide, "take us to Shamsheva."

Denisof, Petya, and the esaul, accompanied by a few Cossacks and the hussar who had charge of the prisoner, rode off to the left, through the ravine, toward the edge of the forest.

CHAPTER V

It had ceased to rain; there was merely a drizzling mist, and the drops of water fell from the branches of the trees.

Denisof, the esaul, and Petya rode silently behind the muzhik, who, lightly and noiselessly plodding along in his bast shoes over the roots and wet leaves, led them to the edge of the wood.

On reaching the crest of a slope, the muzhik paused, glanced round, and strode toward where the wall of trees was thinner. Under a great oak which had not yet shed its leaves he paused, and mysteriously beckoned with his hand.

Denisof and Petya rode up to him. From the place where the muzhik was standing, the French could be seen. Immediately back of the forest, occupying the lower half of the slope, spread a field of spring corn. At the right, beyond a steep ravine, could be seen a

small village and the manor-house[1] with dilapidated roofs. In this hamlet, and around the mansion-house, and over the whole hillside and in the garden, around the well and the pond, and along the whole road up from the bridge to the village, which was not more than quite a quarter of a mile, throngs of men could be seen in the rolling mist. Distinctly could be heard their non-Russian cries to the horses that were dragging the teams up the hill, and their calls to one another.

"Bwing the pwisoner here," said Denisof, in a low tone, not taking his eyes from the French.

A Cossack dismounted, helped the lad down, and came with him to Denisof. Denisof, pointing to the French, asked what troops such and such divisions were. The little drummer, stuffing his benumbed hands into his pockets, and lifting his brows, gazed at Denisof in affright, and, in spite of his evident anxiety to tell all that he knew, got confused in his replies, and merely said yes to everything that Denisof asked him. Denisof, scowling, turned from him, and addressed the esaul, to whom he communicated his impressions.

Petya, moving his head with quick gestures, looked now at the little drummer boy, now at Denisof, and from him to the esaul, then at the French in the village, and did his best not to miss anything of importance that was going on.

"Whether Dolokhof comes or does not come, we must make the attempt — hey?" said Denisof, his eyes flashing with animation.

"An excellent place," replied the esaul.

"We'll attack the infantwy on the low land — the swamp," pursued Denisof. "They'll escape into the garden. You and the Cossacks will set on them fwom that side." Denisof pointed to the woods beyond the village. "And I fwom this, with my hussars. And when a gun is fired ...."

"You won't be able to cross the ravine .... there's a quagmire," said the esaul. "The horses would be mired .... you'll have to strike farther to the left."

[1] *Barsky domik.*

While they were thus talking in an undertone, there rang out below them, in the hollow where the pond was, a single shot; a white puff of smoke rolled away, then another, and they heard friendly, as it were jolly, shouts from hundreds of the French on the hillside.

At the first instant both Denisof and the esaul drew back. They were so near that it seemed to them that they were what had occasioned those shots and shouts.

But the shots and shouts had no reference to them. Below them across the swamp a man in something red was running. Evidently the French had shot and were shouting at this man.

"Ha! that 's our Tikhon," said the esaul.

"So it is, so it is."

"Oh! the wascal!" exclaimed Denisof.

"He 'll escape 'em!" said the esaul, blinking his eyes.

The man whom they called Tikhon ran down to the creek, plunged into it, spattering the water in every direction, and, disappearing for a moment, he crawled out on all fours, and, black with water, dashed off once more.

The French who had started in pursuit paused.

"Cleverly done!" exclaimed the esaul.

"What a beast!" snarled Denisof, with the same expression of vexation as before. "And what has he been up to all this time?"

"Who is it?" asked Petya.

"Our *plastun*.[1] We sent him to catch a 'tongue.'"

"Oh, yes," said Petya, at Denisof's first word, nodding his head as if he understood, although really he did not comprehend a single word.

Tikhon Shcherbatui was one of the most useful men of the band. He was a muzhik from Pokrovskoye — near Gzhatya.

When Denisof, near the beginning of his enterprise, reached Pokrovskoye, and, according to his usual cus-

[1] *Plastun* (plastoon), the name of a sharpshooter who lies in ambush, or a scout, among the Black Sea Cossacks.

tom, summoned the starosta, or village elder, and asked him what news they had about the French, the starosta had replied, as all starostas always reply, as if called to account for some mischief, that they had not seen or heard anything.

But when Denisof explained to him that his aim was to beat the French, then the starosta told him that *miroders* had only just been there, but that only one man in their village, Tishka Shcherbatui, troubled himself about such things.

Denisof ordered Tikhon to be summoned, and, after praising him for his activity, spoke to him, in the starosta's presence, a few words about that fidelity to the Tsar and the fatherland, and that hatred toward the French, which the sons of the fatherland were in duty bound to manifest.

"We have n't done any harm to the French," said Tikhon, evidently confused by this speech of Denisof's. "We only amused ourselves, as you might say, with the boys. We killed a few dozen of the *miroders*, that was all; but we have n't done 'em any harm."....

On the next day, when Denisof, who had entirely forgotten about this muzhik, was starting away from Pokrovskoye, he was informed that Tikhon had joined the band, and asked permission to stay. Denisof gave orders to keep him.

Tikhon, who at first was given the "black work" of making camp-fires, fetching water, currying horses, quickly displayed great willingness and aptitude for partizan warfare. He would go out at night after booty, and every time he would return with French clothes and arms, and when it was enjoined upon him he would even bring in prisoners.

Denisof then relieved Tikhon from drudgery, began to take him with him in his raids, and enrolled him among the Cossacks.

Tikhon was not fond of riding horseback, and always traveled on foot, but he never let the cavalry get ahead of him. His weapons consisted of a musket, which he carried as a joke, a lance, and a hatchet, which he used

as a wolf uses his teeth, with equal facility eliciting a flea out of his hair, or crushing stout bones. Tikhon, with absolute certainty, would split a skull with his hatchet at any distance, and, taking it by the butt, he would cut out dainty ornaments, or carve spoons.

In Denisof's band Tikhon enjoyed an exclusive and exceptional position. When there was need of doing anything especially difficult and obnoxious, — to put a shoulder to a team stuck in the mud, or to pull a horse from the bog by the tail, or act as knacker, or make his way into the very midst of the French, or travel fifty versts a day, — all laughed and gave it to Tikhon to do.

"What harm will it do him, the devil? He 's tough as a horse!" they would say of him.

One time a Frenchman, whom Tikhon had taken prisoner, fired his pistol at him, and wounded him in the buttocks. This wound, which Tikhon treated with nothing but vodka, taken internally and externally, was the object of the merriest jokes in the whole division, and Tikhon put up with them with a very good grace.

"Well, brother, how 's it coming on? Does it double you up?" the Cossacks would ask mockingly; and Tikhon, entering into the fun of the thing, would make up a face, and, pretending to be angry, would abuse the French with the most absurd objurgations. The only impression that the affair made on Tikhon was that, after his wound, he was chary of bringing in prisoners.

Tikhon was the most useful and the bravest man in the band. No one was quicker than he was in discovering the chances of a raid; no one had conquered and killed more of the French; and, in consequence of this, he was the buffoon of the whole band, and he willingly accommodated himself to this standing.

Tikhon had now been sent by Denisof the evening before to Shamsheva to capture a "tongue." But either because he had not been satisfied with one single Frenchman, or because he had slept that night, during daylight he had crept among the bushes in the very midst of the French, and, as Denisof had seen from the brow of the ravine, had been discovered by them.

CHAPTER VI

After talking with the esaul for some little time longer about the morrow's raid, which Denisof, it seemed, having got a view of the French near at hand, was fully disposed to make, he turned his horse and rode back.

"Well, bwother, now we'll go and dwy ourselves," said he to Petya.

As they rode up to a forest watch-house, Denisof reined in, and gazed into the woods. Along the forest, among the trees, came, at a great swinging gait, a long-legged, long-armed man, in a *kurtka*, or roundabout, bast boots, a Kazan cap, with a musket over his shoulder, and a hatchet in his belt. On catching sight of Denisof, this man hastily threw something into the thicket, and, removing his wet cap, with its pendent brim, he approached his leader.

This was Tikhon.

His face, pitted with smallpox and covered with wrinkles, and his little, narrow eyes, fairly beamed with self-satisfied jollity. He lifted his head high, and, as if trying to refrain from laughing, looked at Denisof.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Denisof.

"Where have I been? I went after the French," replied Tikhon, boldly and hastily, in a hoarse but sing-song bass.

"Why did you keep out of sight all day? Donkey! Well, why did n't you bring him?"

"I brought what I brought," said Tikhon.

"Where is he?"

"Well, I got him, in the first place, before sunrise," pursued Tikhon, setting his legs, high-wrapped in lapti, wide apart. "And I lugged him into the woods. But I see he's no good. I thinks to myself, 'I'll try it again; I'll have better luck with another.'"

"Oh, you wascal! — what a man he is!" exclaimed Denisof, turning to the esaul. "Why did n't you bwing him?"

"Yes, why did n't I bring him!" exclaimed Tikhon, angrily. "No good! Don't I know what kind you want?"

"What a beast! .... Well?"

"I went after another one," resumed Tikhon. "I crept this way into the woods, lying flat!" — Tikhon here unexpectedly and abruptly threw himself on his belly, watching their faces while he did so. "Suddenly one shows up," he went on to say; "I collar him .... this way." Tikhon swiftly, lithely leaped to his feet. "'Come along,' says I to the colonel. What a racket he made! And there were four of 'em! They sprang on me with their little swords. And I at 'em in this way with my hatchet: 'What 's the matter with you! Christ be with you!' says I," cried Tikhon, waving his arms and, putting on a frightful scowl, swelling his chest.

"Yes, we just saw from the hill what a tussle you had with 'em, and how you went through the swamp!" exclaimed the esaul, squinting up his glistening eyes.

Petya felt a strong inclination to laugh, but he saw that all the others kept perfectly sober. He swiftly ran his eyes from Tikhon's face to the esaul's and Denisof's, not understanding what all this meant.

"Cease playing the fool!" cried Denisof, angrily coughing. "Why did n't you bwing in the first one?"

Tikhon began to scratch his back with one hand and his head with the other, and suddenly his whole mouth parted in a radiant, stupid smile, which exposed the lack of a tooth (that was what had given him the name of Shcherbatui, the gap-toothed). Denisof smiled, and Petya indulged in a hearty laugh, in which Tikhon himself joined.

"Oh, well, he was entirely no good!" said Tikhon. "His clothes were wretched, else I 'd have brought him. And besides he was surly, your nobility. Says he, 'I am an *anaral's* son myself,' says he, 'and I won't come,' says he."

"What a bwute!" exclaimed Denisof. "I wanted to question him ...."

"Well, I questioned him," said Tikhon. "'Hard to talk *by signs!*' says he. 'Lots of us,' says he, 'but a poor lot. Only,' says he, 'they are all the same kind. Groan a little louder,' says he, 'you 'll get 'em all,'" said Tikhon, in conclusion, looking gayly and resolutely into Denisof's eyes.

"I 'll have you thwashed with a hot hundwed, and then you 'll perhaps cease playing the fool," said Denisof, severely.

"What 's there to get mad about?" asked Tikhon. "Because I did n't see your Frenchmen. Wait till after it 's dark, and then, if you want some, I 'll bring in three of 'em."

"Well, come on," said Denisof; and he rode away, angrily scowling, and uttered not a word until he reached the watch-house.

Tikhon followed, and Petya heard the Cossacks laughing with him and at him about the pair of boots that he had flung into the bushes. When he had recovered from the fit of laughing that overmastered him on account of Tikhon's words and queer smile, and he understood in a flash that Tikhon had killed a man, Petya felt uncomfortable.

He glanced at the little drummer, and something wrung his very heart. But this sense of awkwardness lasted only for a second. He felt that he must lift his head again, pluck up his courage, and he asked the esaul with an air of great importance in regard to the morrow's enterprise, so as to be worthy of the company in which he found himself.

The officer who had been sent to find Dolokhof met Denisof on the road with the report that Dolokhof would be there immediately, and that, as far as he was concerned, all was favorable.

Denisof suddenly recovered his spirits, and beckoned Petya to himself.

"Now, tell me all about yourself," said he.

CHAPTER VII

Petya, on leaving Moscow and saying farewell to his parents, had joined his regiment, and soon after had been appointed orderly to a general who had a large detachment under his command.

Since the time of his promotion to be an officer, and especially his transfer into the active army, with which he had taken part in the battle at Viazma, Petya had been in a chronic state of excitement and delight, because he was now "grown up," and in a chronic state of enthusiastic eagerness not to miss the slightest chance where heroism was to be displayed.

He was much delighted with what he saw and experienced in the army, but, at the same time, it seemed to him that all the chances of heroism were displayed, not where he was, but where he was not. And he was crazy to be on the move all the time.

When, on November second, his general had expressed the desire to send some one to Denisof's division, Petya pleaded so earnestly to be sent, that the general could not refuse. But, the general, remembering Petya's reckless escapade in the battle of Viazma, when, instead of taking the road that had been recommended to him, he galloped off in front of the lines and under the French fire, shooting his pistol twice as he rode, in now letting him go expressly forbade Petya to take part in any of Denisof's enterprises.

That was the reason why Petya had flushed and become confused when Denisof asked him whether he could stay with him.

Until he reached the edge of the forest, Petya had promised himself that he should immediately return, strictly fulfilling his duty as he should do. But when he saw the French, when he saw Tikhon, and learned that during the night there would infallibly be a raid on them, he, with the swift changeableness of youth from one view to another, decided in his own mind that his general, whom till then he had highly respected, was a

rubbishy German, that Denisof was a hero, and that the esaul was a hero, and that Tikhon was a hero, and that it would be shameful of him to desert them at such a critical moment.

It was twilight by the time Denisof with Petya and the esaul reached the watch-house. Through the twilight could be seen saddled horses, Cossacks, hussars, shelter-huts set up on the clearing, and the scattered glow of fires built in the forest ravine, so that the smoke might not betray them to the French.

In the entry of the little hovel, a Cossack with sleeves rolled up was cutting up mutton. In the izba itself were three officers of Denisof's band constructing a table out of a door. Petya pulled off his wet clothing, giving it to be dried, and immediately offered his services in helping to set the dinner-table.

Within ten minutes the table was ready, and spread with a cloth and loaded with vodka, a bottle of rum, white bread, and roasted mutton and salt.

Sitting down with the officers at the table, tearing the fat, fragrant mutton with hands from which dripped the tallow, Petya found himself in an enthusiastic, childlike state of affectionate love to all men, and consequently of belief that all men felt the same love toward him.

"Say, what do you think, Vasili Feodorovitch," he asked, turning to Denisof, "should I get into trouble if I stayed with you for a single little day?" And, without waiting for an answer, he went on answering himself, "For you see I was ordered to find out, and I shall find out. .... Only you must send me into the most .... into the chief .... I don't want any reward .... but I want ...."

Petya set his teeth together, and, lifting his head erect, glanced around and waved his hand.

"Into the chief?" .... repeated Denisof, smiling.

"Only please let me have a company; let me command it myself," pursued Petya. "Now, what difference will it make to you? — Akh! would you like a knife?" he asked, turning to an officer who was trying to dissect the mutton. And he handed him his case-knife.

The officer praised the knife.

"Pray keep it. I have several like it...." said Petya, blushing. "Ye saints! I forgot all about it," he suddenly cried. "I have some splendid raisins; quite without seeds, you know. We had a new sutler, and he brought some magnificent things. I bought ten pounds. I like something sweet. Would you like them?"... And Petya ran into the entry where his Cossack was, and brought back a basket containing five pounds of raisins. — "Take them, gentlemen, take them. — I wonder if you want a coffee-pot?" he asked, addressing the esaul. "I bought a splendid one of our sutler. He had magnificent things. And he was very honest. That is the main thing. I will send it to you without fail. And perhaps you are out of flints? Do you need some? I've got some here" — he pointed to his basket — "a hundred flints. I bought them very cheap. Take them, I beg of you, as many as you need, take them all...."

And, suddenly frightened lest he was talking too much, Petya stopped short and colored.

He began to recall whether he had said anything silly, and, while passing the events of the day in review, his mind recurred to the little French drummer. "We are very comfortable here, but how is it with him? What have they done with him? Have they given him anything to eat? I hope they haven't been abusing him," he wondered; but, recognizing that he had gone too far in his offer with the flints, he was now afraid.

"Might I ask?" he queried. "Won't they say, 'He's a boy himself, and of course he pities another boy'? But I'll show them to-morrow what kind of a boy I am. Ought I to be ashamed to ask?" queried Petya. "Well, then, what difference does it make?" and, on the spur of the moment, flushing and giving a timid look at the officers to see whether they would laugh at him, he said: —

"May I call in that lad whom you took prisoner, and give him something to eat?.... May I?"....

"Yes, poor little fellow!" replied Denisof, evidently

seeing nothing to be ashamed of in thus speaking of him. "Call him in. His name is Vincent Bosse. Call him."

"I 'll call him," cried Petya.

"Call him, call him, poor little fellow!" said Denisof.

Petya was already at the door when Denisof said this. Petya made his way among the officers, and swiftly returned to Denisof.

"Let me kiss you, dear,"[1] said he. "Akh! how splendid of you! How kind!" And, after giving Denisof a hearty kiss, he ran out of doors.

"Bosse! Vincent!" called Petya, standing at the door.

"Whom do you want, sir?" asked a voice from the darkness. Petya explained that it was the French lad whom they had taken that day.

"*Oh! Vesennui?*" inquired the Cossack. The lad's name, Vincent, had been already changed by the Cossacks into Vesennui,[2] by the soldiers and muzhiks into Visenya. In each of these variations the reference to spring seemed to have a special appropriateness to the young lad.

"He 's there by the fire, warming himself. Hey, Visenya! Visenya! Vesennui!" sounded the voices, passing the call on, mingled with laughter.

"Oh, he 's a likely lad," said a hussar standing near Petya. "We just gave him something to eat. He was half starved."

Steps were heard in the darkness, and the drummer boy, with his bare feet slopping through the mud, came up to the door.

"*Ah, c'est vous,*" said Petya. "*Voulez-vous manger? N'avez pas peur! On ne vous fera pas de mal.*— Don't you want something to eat? Don't be afraid; they won't hurt you," he added timidly and cordially, laying his hand on his arm. "*Entrez, entrez.*"

"*Merci, Monsieur!*" replied the drummer, in a trembling voice, almost like that of a child, and he proceeded to wipe his muddy feet on the threshold.

[1] *Galubchik.* [2] The adjective from *Viesna*, spring.

Petya felt like saying many things to the drummer, but he dared not. Passing beyond him, he stood next him in the entry. Then in the darkness he seized his hand and pressed it. "*Entrez, entrez,*" he repeated in an encouraging whisper.

"Akh! what can I do for him, I wonder?" Petya asked himself, and, opening the door, he let the lad pass in front of him into the room.

After the drummer entered the izba, Petya sat down at some distance from him, considering it undignified to pay him too much attention. He merely fumbled the money in his pocket, and was in doubt whether it would not be shameful to give it to the drummer boy.

CHAPTER VIII

From the drummer, who, by Denisof's direction, was served with vodka and mutton, and dressed in a Russian kaftan, so that he might remain in his band, and not be sent off with the other prisoners, Petya's attention was diverted by Dolokhof's arrival. He had heard many stories in the army about Dolokhof's phenomenal gallantry, and cruelty to the French, and therefore, from the moment that Dolokhof came in, Petya gazed at him without taking his eyes from him, and held his head high, so as to be worthy even of such society as Dolokhof.

Dolokhof's outward appearance struck Petya strangely, from its simplicity.

While Denisof was dressed in a *chekmen*, or Cossack kaftan, wore a beard, and on his chest a picture of St. Nicholas the Miracle-worker, — *Nikola Chudotvorets*, — and in his manner of speech, in all his ways, manifested the peculiarity of his position, Dolokhof, on the contrary, who had before worn a Persian costume in Moscow, now had the air of a most conceited officer of the Guards.

His face was smooth-shaven, he wore the wadded uniform coat of the Guards, with the George in the buttonhole, and his forage-cap set straight. He re-

moved his wet burka in the corner, and, going directly up to Denisof, without exchanging greetings with any one, immediately proceeded to inquire about the business in hand.

Denisof told him about the projects which the large detachment of troops had formed of attacking the transport train, and about the message which Petya had brought, and how he had replied to the two generals.

Then Denisof related all that he knew about the position of the French escort.

"So far, so good; but we must know what sort of troops, and how many they are," said Dolokhof. "We must enter their lines. If we don't know exactly how many of them there are, it's no use to attempt the thing. I like to do such business in good style. Here, I wonder if any of these gentlemen will go with me into their camp. I have an extra uniform with me."

"I .... I .... I will go with you!" cried Petya.

"You are pwecisely the one who shall not go," said Denisof, turning to Dolokhof. "I would not let him go on any account."

"That's a great note!" cried Petya. "Why can't I go?"

"Why, because there's no weason why you should."

"Well, now, you will excuse me because .... because .... but I will go; that's all there is of it! .... You will take me, won't you?" he asked, addressing Dolokhof.

"Why not?" .... replied Dolokhof, absent-mindedly, staring into the face of the French drummer.

"Have you had this young lad long?" he asked of Denisof.

"Took him to-day, but he knows nothing; I kept him with me."

"Well, now, what do you do with the others?" asked Dolokhof.

"What should I do? I send them in and get a weceipt," replied Denisof, suddenly reddening. "And I'll tell you fwankly, that I have not a single man on my conscience. What's the twouble in sending thirty or thwee hundwed under escort to the city? I tell you

honestly it's better than to stain the honor of a soldier."

"Let this sixteen-year-old countlet have all these fine notions," said Dolokhof, with icy ridicule, "but it's time you gave them up."

"Well, I say nothing of the sort, I only say that I am certainly going with you," timidly interrupted Petya.

"Yes, it's high time you and I, brother, gave up these fine notions," insisted Dolokhof, as if he found especial delight in dwelling on this point which was annoying to Denisof. "Now, for instance, why did you keep this one?" he asked, shaking his head. "Why, it was because you pitied him, was n't it? We know well enough what your receipts amount to! You will send a hundred men, and thirty 'll get there! They 'll die of starvation or be killed. So why is n't it just as well not to take any?"

The esaul, snapping his bright eyes, nodded his head in approval.

"It's all wight; no need of weasoning about it here. I don't care to take the wesponsibility on my soul. You say they die on the woad. Well and good. Only 't is n't my fault."

Dolokhof laughed. "Have n't they been told twenty times to take me? And if they should .... or you, either, with all your chivalry, it would be an even game .... a rope and the aspen tree!" He paused. "However, we must to work. Have my man bring in my pack. I have two French uniforms. So you are going with me, are you?" he asked of Petya.

"I? I? .... yes, certainly!" cried Petya, reddening till the tears came, and glancing at Denisof.

Again at the time while Dolokhof was discussing with Denisof as to what should be done with the prisoners, Petya had that former sense of awkwardness and precipitancy; but, again, he did not succeed very well in comprehending what they said. "If grown-up, famous men have such ideas, of course it must be so, it must be all right," he said to himself. "But the main thing is that Denisof must not think that I am going to listen to him, that he can give orders to me! Certainly

I 'm going to the French camp. If *he* can, of course I can."

To all Denisof's urgings not to go, Petya replied that he was accustomed to do things properly—*akkuratno*—and not at haphazard, and he never thought about personal danger.

"Because—you yourself must acknowledge this—if we don't know pretty well how many there are, the lives of hundreds of us may depend upon it, while here we are alone.... and, besides, I am very anxious to do this, and I am certainly, certainly going, and you must not try to keep me from it," said he; "that would only make it the worse." ....

CHAPTER IX

Having put on the French uniforms and shakoes, Petya and Dolokhof rode to the vista from which Denisof had reconnoitered the camp, and, emerging from the forest in absolute darkness, they made their way down into the ravine. On reaching the bottom, Dolokhof ordered the Cossack who accompanied them to wait for them there, and started off at a round trot along the road to the bridge; Petya, his heart in his mouth with excitement, rode by his side.

"If we fall into their clutches, I won't give myself up alive; I have a pistol," whispered Petya.

"Don't speak in Russian!" exclaimed Dolokhof, in a quick whisper, and, at that instant, they heard in the darkness the challenge "*Qui vive?*" and the click of the musket.

The blood rushed into Petya's face, and he grasped his pistol.

"*Lanciers de 6me*," cried Dolokhof, neither hastening nor checking his horse's pace.

The dark figure of the sentinel stood out upon the bridge.

"*Mot d'ordre!*"

Dolokhof reined in his horse, and rode at a foot-pace.

"Tell me, is Colonel Gérard here?" he demanded.

"The countersign," insisted the sentinel, not answering the question, and blocking the way.

"When an officer is making his round, the sentinels do not ask the countersign," cried Dolokhof, suddenly losing his temper, and spurring his horse against the sentinel. "I ask you if the colonel is here?"

And, without waiting for an answer from the sentinel, whom he shouldered out of the way, Dolokhof rode up the slope at a foot-pace.

Perceiving the dark figure of a man crossing the road, Dolokhof halted him, and asked where the commander and the officers were. This man, who had a basket on his shoulder, paused, came close up to Dolokhof's horse, laid his arm on her, and told, in simple, friendly way, that the commander and the officers were higher up on the hill, at the right-hand side, at the "farm," as he called the estate.

After riding along the road, on both sides of which were the bivouac fires, where they could hear the sounds of men talking French, Dolokhof turned into the yard of the manorial mansion. On riding into the gates, he slid off his horse, and went up to a great blazing camp-fire around which sat a number of men talking loudly. In a kettle at the edge of it, something was cooking, and a soldier in a cap and blue capote was on his knees in front of it, his face brightly lighted by the flames, and was stirring it with his ramrod. "*Oh, c'est un dur à cuire* — It 's a tough one to cook!" cried one of the officers who were sitting in the shadow in the opposite side.

"*Il fera marcher les lapins* — He 'll make the rabbits fly," said another, with a laugh. Both relapsed into silence, and looked out into the darkness at the sounds of Dolokhof and Petya's footsteps, who came up to the fire, leading their horses.

"*Bonjour, messieurs*," cried Dolokhof, in a loud tone, saluting the officers politely. The officers made a little stir in the shadow by the watch-fire, and a tall man with a long neck, coming around the fire, approached Dolokhof.

"*C'est vous, Clément?*" he began. "*D'où diable* — where the deuce?" but he did not finish his question, recognizing his mistake, and, slightly frowning, he exchanged greetings with Dolokhof, as with a stranger, asking him in what way he might serve him.

Dolokhof told him that he and his comrade were in search of their regiment, and, addressing the officers in general, he asked them if they knew anything about the sixth regiment.

No one knew anything about it, and it seemed to Petya that the officers began to look suspiciously and with animosity at him and Dolokhof. For several seconds all were silent.

"*Si vous comptez sur la soupe du soir, vous venez trop tard* — You are too late if you expect soup this evening," said a voice with a suppressed laugh from behind the fire.

Dolokhof explained that they were not hungry, and that they had to go still farther that night. He handed over his horse to the soldier who had been busy over the stew, and squatted down on his heels by the fire, next the long-necked officer. This officer stared at Dolokhof, without taking his eyes from him, and asked him for a second time what regiment he belonged to.

Dolokhof made no reply, affecting not to hear his question; and, as he puffed at the short French pipe which he got out of his pocket, he inquired of the officers how far the road in front of them was free from danger of the Cossacks.

"*Les brigands sont partout* — They're everywhere!" replied an officer from the other side of the camp-fire.

Dolokhof remarked that the Cossacks were dangerous only for those who were alone, as he and his companion were, but that certainly they would not venture to attack a large detachment — "Would they?" he added dubiously.

All the time Petya, who was standing in front of the fire and listening to the conversation, kept saying to himself, "Now surely he will start."

But Dolokhof once more took up the thread of the conversation which had been dropped, and began to ask

them up and down how many men there were in their battalion, how many battalions, how many prisoners. And while asking his questions about the Russian prisoners whom they had in their escort Dolokhof said: —

"Wretched business to drag these corpses around with us. We'd much better shoot this trash,"[1] and he laughed aloud with such a strange laugh that it seemed to Petya as if the French would then and there discover the imposition, and he involuntarily took a step from the fire.

No one responded to Dolokhof's remark or his laugh, and a French officer who till then had not showed himself (he had been lying down wrapped up in his capote) raised himself up and whispered something to his comrade. Dolokhof got up and beckoned to the soldier who held his horse.

"Will they let us have the horses or not?" wondered Petya, involuntarily moving nearer to Dolokhof.

The horses were brought.

"*Bonjour, messieurs,*" said Dolokhof.

Petya wanted to say "*Bonjour*" as well, but he could not pronounce a word. The officers said something among themselves in a whisper. Dolokhof sat for some time on his horse, which was restive; then he rode out of the gates at a foot-pace. Petya rode after him, wishing, but not daring, to glance around to see if the French were following him or not.

On striking the road, Dolokhof did not ride back into the fields, but along the village street. In one place he stopped and listened.

"Hark!" said he.

Petya recognized the sound of Russian voices, and saw by the watch-fires the shadowy forms of the Russian prisoners. On reaching the bridge again, Petya and Dolokhof rode past the sentinel, who, not saying a word, was moodily pacing back and forth across the bridge; and then they plunged into the ravine, where their Cossacks were waiting for them.

[1] *La vilaine affaire de trainer ces cadavres après soi. Vaudrait mieux fusiller cette canaille.*

"Well, good-by for now. Tell Denisof at daybreak, at the sound of the first shot," said Dolokhof, and he started to ride away; but Petya seized him by the arm.

"Oh," he cried, "you are such a hero! Akh! how splendid! how glorious! How I like you!"

"All right, all right!" said Dolokhof, but Petya did not let go of him, and in the darkness Dolokhof could just make out that Petya was leaning over toward him. He wanted to kiss him. Dolokhof kissed him laughingly, and, turning his horse, disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER X

On returning to the forest hut, Petya found Denisof in the entry. He had been waiting for him, full of excitement, uneasiness, and self-reproach that he had let him go.

"Thank God — *Slava Bohu!*" he cried. "Now, then, thank God!" he repeated, on hearing Petya's enthusiastic story. "The devil take you. I have n't had a wink of sleep on account of you," exclaimed Denisof. "Well, thank God. Now go and get some sleep. We 'll have time for a nap before morning."

"Yes, — but no," said Petya, "I don't want to go to sleep. I know myself too well. If I once get to sleep that 's the end of it. And besides, I 'm not in the habit of sleeping before a battle."

Petya sat some time in the izba, gleefully recalling the details of his visit, and vividly picturing what would happen on the morrow. Then, observing that Denisof had fallen asleep, he got up and went out of doors.

It was still perfectly dark. It had ceased raining, but the drops were still falling from the trees. Near the hut could be seen the dark forms of the Cossack shelters and their horses picketed together. Behind the hut the dark forms of the two wagons were visible, and next them the horses, and in the gully the dying fire was still glowing red. Not all the Cossacks and hussars

were asleep; occasionally could be heard, together with the sound of the pattering drops, and the horses champing their teeth, low voices, which seemed to be whispering together.

Petya stepped out of the entry, glanced around in the darkness, and approached the wagons. Some one was snoring under the wagons, and near them stood the horses saddled and eating oats.

Petya in the darkness recognized his horse, which he called Karabakh, though it was a Little Russian horse, and he went to him.

"Well, Karabakh, to-morrow we shall see service," said he, putting his face to the horse's nose and kissing it.

"What! barin, are n't you asleep?" asked the Cossack sitting under the wagon.

"No, I .... your name 's Likhatchef,[1] is n't it? You see I 've just come back. We've been to visit the French."

And Petya gave the Cossack a detailed account, not only of his expedition, but also why he had taken it, and why he considered it much better to risk his own life than to work at haphazard.

"Well, you 'd better get some sleep," said the Cossack.

"No, I 'm used to it," replied Petya. "I wonder if you are out of flints for your pistol? I brought some with me. Wouldn't you like some? Take them!"

The Cossack put his head out from under the wagon to get a closer look at Petya.

"Because I'm used to doing everything carefully .... *akkuratno* ...." said Petya. "Some never think of making ready beforehand, and they are sorry for it afterwards. I don't like that way."

"That's a fact," said the Cossack.

"I wonder if you'd be kind enough to sharpen my saber? It got dull" — but Petya could not tell a lie — "it's never been sharpened. Can't you do it for me?"

"Why, of course I can."

Likhatchef got up, fumbled in his pack, and soon

[1] From *Likhatch*, a good driver of horses. Greek, *hippokrates*.

Petya heard the warlike sound of the steel on the stone. He climbed upon the wagon and perched on the edge. The Cossack was sharpening the saber under the wagon.

"Well, are the boys asleep?" asked Petya.

"Some of 'em are asleep, some ain't."

"Well, how about the lad?"

"Who? Vesennui? He's crawled into the hay yonder. Asleep out of sheer fright. I was glad of it."

For a long time after that, Petya said nothing, but listened to the various sounds. Steps were heard approaching in the darkness, and a dark form appeared.

"What are you whetting?" asked a man, coming up to the wagon.

"Whetting this barin's saber."

"Good thing," said the man, whom Petya took to be a hussar. "I wonder if a cup was left over here with you?"

"There it is by the wheel."

The hussar took the cup.

"It 'll be daylight soon," he added, yawning, and went off.

Petya might have been supposed to know that he was in the woods with Denisof's party, a verst from the highway, that he was perched on the wagon taken from the French, while around the horses were tethered, and under it sat the Cossack Likhatchef sharpening his saber,—that the great black spot at the right was the guard-house, and the bright red spot below at the left was the dying watch-fire, that the man who came after the cup was a hussar who wanted a drink; but he did not realize this, and had no desire to realize it.

He was in a magic realm, in which nothing resembled the reality.

The great black spot, perhaps, was simply the guard-house, but perhaps it was a cavern leading down into the depths of the earth.

The red spot, perhaps, was a fire, but perhaps it was the eye of a huge monster.

Perhaps he was really perched on the wagon, but very possibly he was sitting not on the wagon, but on a terri-

bly high turret, from which, if he fell, it would take him a whole day, a whole month, to reach the earth — he might fall forever, and never reach it!

Perhaps it was merely the Cossack Likhatchef sitting under the wagon, but very possibly it was the best, kindest, bravest, most glorious, most admirable man in the world, and no one knew it!

Perhaps it was merely a hussar who came after water, and went down the ravine; but perhaps he had disappeared from sight, and vanished absolutely into nothingness.

Nothing that Petya might have seen at that moment would have surprised him. He was in a magic realm, in which everything was possible.

He glanced at the sky. And the sky was as magical a thing as the earth. The sky had begun to clear, and over the tree-tops swiftly scurried the clouds, as it were, unveiling the stars. Sometimes it seemed as if the sky were clearing, and the black depths of clear sky were coming into sight. Sometimes it seemed as if those black spots were clouds. Sometimes it seemed as if the sky were lifted high, high above his head; sometimes the sky stooped down absolutely so that his hand could touch it.

Petya's eyes began to close, and he swayed a little.

Raindrops dropped.[1] Men were talking in low tones. The horses neighed and shook themselves. Some one snored.

Ozhik, zhik, ozhik, zhik — sounded the saber on the whetstone; and suddenly Petya heard a harmonious orchestra playing a solemnly exquisite hymn, which he had never heard before.

Petya had a gift for music, just as Natasha had, and greater than Nikolaï's; but he had never taken music lessons. His mind was not occupied with music, and consequently the themes that entered his mind were to him absolutely new and fascinating.

The orchestra played louder and louder. The air was resolved, transferred from one instrument to another.

[1] *Kapli kapali.*

The result was what is called a fugue, although Petya had not the slightest idea what a fugue was. Each instrument, the one corresponding to the violin, and the one corresponding to the horn, — only better and purer than violin or horn, — each instrument played its own part, and before it had played to the end of the *motif*, blended with another, which began almost the same way, and then with a third, and with a fourth, and then all of them blended in one, and again separated, and again blended, now into something solemnly ecclesiastical, now into something brilliant and triumphant.

"Oh, yes, I must be dreaming," said Petya to himself, as he pitched forward. "It was in my ears. But perhaps it is *my* music! Well, then, once more! Go on, music mine! Now!"

He closed his eyes. And from different directions, as if from a distance, the sounds came trembling, began to fall into rhythmical form, to run into variations, to coalesce, and once more they united in the same sweet and solemn triumphal hymn.

"Akh! this is so exquisite. Truly as I wish and what I wish," said Petya to himself. He tried to direct this vast orchestra of instruments.

"Now, more softly, more softly; let it almost die away!"

And the sounds obeyed him.

"Now, then, fuller, more gayly. Still more, still more jollity!"

And from unknown depths arose the triumphant strains in vastly fuller volume.

"Now, voices, join in!" commanded Petya.

And at first far away he heard the voices of men, then of women. The voices grew in regular gradations into solemn power. Petya felt a mixture of terror and joy in recognizing their extraordinary loveliness.

With the solemn strains of the triumphal march blended the song, and the raindrops dropped, and with its *Vzhik*, *zhik*, *zhik*, rang the saber, and again the horses stirred and neighed, not disturbing the chorus, but rather blending with it.

Petya knew not how long this lasted; he enjoyed it, was all the time amazed at his enjoyment of it, and regretted that there was no one to share it with him.

He was awakened by Likhatchef's affectionate voice.

"Ready, your nobility; you can split two Frenchmen[1] with it."

Petya grew wide awake.

"It's getting light; truly it's growing light!" he cried. The horses, before invisible, could now be plainly seen, and through the bare limbs of the forest trees gleamed a watery light.

Petya shook himself, sprang down, got a silver ruble out of his pocket, and gave it to Likhatchef, and, after brandishing his sword, he examined the blade, and pushed it into the sheath.

The Cossacks were beginning to untie their horses and tighten their girths.

"Here is the commander," said Likhatchef.

From the guard-house came Denisof, and, nodding to Petya, gave orders to get ready.

CHAPTER XI

In the twilight of the dawn the horses were speedily brought out, saddle-girths were tightened, and the men fell into line.

Denisof stood by the hut, giving the final directions. The infantry detachment, with their hundreds of feet splashing at once, marched ahead along the road, and were soon hidden from sight among the trees in the dawn-lighted mist.

The esaul gave some command to his Cossacks. Petya held his horse by the bridle, impatiently awaiting the signal to mount. His face, which had been laved in cold water, and especially his eyes, glowed with fire; a cold shiver ran down his back, and his whole body shook with a rapid, nervous trembling.

[1] He calls *Frantsus*, *Khrantsus*.

"Well, are you all ready?" asked Denisof. "To horse!"

The horses were brought out. Denisof scolded his Cossack because his saddle-girth was loose, and, after tightening it, he mounted. Petya put his foot in the stirrup. His horse, as was his wont, tried to bite his leg; but Petya, not conscious of his weight, quickly sprang into the saddle, and, looking at the long line of hussars stretching away into the darkness, rode up to Denisof.

"Vasili Feodorovitch, you'll give me some charge, won't you? Please.... *vadi Boga* — for God's sake!" .... said he.

Denisof seemed to have forgotten about Petya's existence. He glanced at him.

"I'll ask you one thing," said he, severely, "to obey me and to mind your own business."

During all the march Denisof said not a word further to Petya, and rode in silence.

When they reached the edge of the forest the morning light was spreading over the fields. Denisof held a whispered consultation with the esaul, as the Cossacks rode past Petya and him. When they had all filed by, Denisof turned his horse and rode down the slope. The horses, sitting back on their haunches, and sliding, let themselves and their riders down into the ravine. Petya rode by Denisof's side. The trembling over his whole frame kept increasing.

It was growing lighter and lighter. Only distant objects were still concealed in the fog. On reaching the bottom, Denisof, after glancing back, nodded to a Cossack standing near him.

"The signal," he cried.

The Cossack raised his hand. A shot rang out, and at the same instant they heard the trampling hoofs of the horses simultaneously dashing forward, and yells in different directions, and more shots.

At the instant that the first sounds of the trampling hoofs and the yells broke upon the silence, Petya, giving a cut to his horse, and letting him have full rein,

galloped forward, not heeding Denisof, who called him back.

It seemed to Petya that at the moment he heard the musket-shot it suddenly became perfectly light, like midday. He galloped up to the bridge. In front of him, along the road, the Cossacks were dashing ahead. On the bridge he knocked up against a Cossack who had been left behind, but still he galloped on. In front of him he saw some men — they must be the French — running from the right side of the road to the left. One fell in the mud under the feet of Petya's horse.

Around one izba a throng of Cossacks were gathered doing something. From the midst of the throng arose a terrible shriek. Petya galloped up to this throng, and the first thing that he saw was a Frenchman's white face, his lower jaw trembling. He was clutching the shaft of a lance directed at his breast.

"Hurrah!.... boys. .... Ours!" yelled Petya, and, giving free rein to his excited horse, he flew up the street.

In front of him shots were heard. Cossacks, hussars, and tattered Russian prisoners, running from both sides of the road, were incoherently shouting something at the top of their voices. A rather youthful Frenchman, without his cap, and with a red, scowling face, in a blue capote, was defending himself with his bayonet from the hussars.

When Petya reached there he was already fallen.

"Too late again!" flashed through Petya's head, and he dashed off where the shots were heard the thickest. This was in the yard of the manor-house, where he had been the night before with Dolokhof. The French had intrenched themselves behind the hedge and in the park, where the bushes had grown up dense and wild, and they were firing at the Cossacks clustering around the gates. On reaching the gates, Petya, through the gunpowder smoke, saw Dolokhof, with a pale greenish face, shouting something to his men.

"At their flank! Wait for the infantry!" he was yelling, just as Petya rode up.

"Wait?.... Hurra-a-a-a-ah!" yelled Petya; and he,

without waiting a single instant, rode up to the very place where the shots were heard, and where the gunpowder smoke was densest. A volley rang out; the bullets fell thick and fast, and did their work. The Cossacks and Dolokhof followed Petya through the gates. The Frenchmen could be seen through the thick, billowing smoke, some throwing down their arms and coming out from behind the bushes to meet the Cossacks, others running down the slope to the pond.

Petya still rode his horse at a gallop around the manor-house dvor, but, instead of guiding him by the bridle, he was waving both his hands in the strangest, wildest manner, and was leaning more and more to one side of the saddle. His horse, coming on the camp-fire, which was smoldering in the morning light, stopped short, and Petya fell heavily on the wet ground. The Cossacks saw his arms and legs twitch, although his head was motionless. A bullet had struck him in the head.

Dolokhof, after a moment's conversation with an old French officer, who came out of the house with a handkerchief on his sword, and explained that they surrendered, dismounted and went to Petya, lying there motionless, with outstretched arms.

"Done up," he said, scowling; and he went to the gates to meet Denisof, who was coming toward him.

"Killed!" cried Denisof, seeing, while still at a distance, the unquestionably hopeless position, only too well known to him, in which Petya's body lay.

"Done up," repeated Dolokhof, as if the repetition of this word gave him some satisfaction; and he hastened to the prisoners around whom the Cossacks were crowding. "We can't take him," he called back to Denisof.

Denisof made no reply. He rode up to Petya, dismounted, and with trembling hands turned Petya over, looked at his face, already turned pale, and stained with blood and mud.

"I like something sweet. Splendid raisins, take them all," occurred to him. And the Cossacks, with amazement, looked around as they heard the sound,

like the barking of a dog, with which Denisof quickly turned away, went to the hedge, and clutched it.

Among the Russian prisoners released by Denisof and Dolokhof was Pierre Bezukhoï.

CHAPTER XII

Concerning the party of prisoners to which Pierre belonged at the time of the general exodus from Moscow, the French commanders had made no new dispensation.

On the third of November this party found itself with a different escort and with a different train of wagons from the one with which they had left Moscow.

One half of the provision train, which had followed them during the first stages of the march, had been captured by the Cossacks; the other half had gone on ahead. The cavalrymen without horses, who had marched in the van, had every one disappeared; not one was left. The artillery, which during the first stages had been visible in front of them, was now replaced by Marshal Junot's huge baggage wagons, under the escort of Westphalians. Behind the prisoners rode a train of cavalry appurtenances.

After leaving Viazma the French troops, which before had marched in three columns, now proceeded in perfect confusion. The symptoms of disorder which Pierre had observed in the first halting-place out of Moscow had now reached its final stage. The road along which they had passed was strewn on both sides with dead horses. Ragged men, stragglers from the different commands, constantly shifting about, now joined, then again fell out of, the moving columns.

Several times during the march there were false alarms, and the soldiers of the convoy raised their muskets, fired them, and ran headlong, pushing one another; but then again they would form and revile each other for the needless panic.

These three divisions which proceeded in company — the cavalry stores, or *dépôt*, the detachment of the

wounded, and Junot's baggage — still constituted a separate and complete body, but each of them was rapidly melting away.

In the department, to which at first one hundred and twenty teams belonged, now remained no more than sixty ; the rest had been captured or abandoned. A number of wagons of Junot's train had also been left behind and captured. Three teams had been rifled by stragglers from Davoust's corps.

From the talk of the Germans, Pierre gathered that this train was more strongly guarded than that of the prisoners, and that one of their comrades, a German soldier, had been shot by order of the marshal himself because he had been found with one of the marshal's silver spoons in his possession.

The number of prisoners had melted away more than any of the three divisions. Out of three hundred and thirty men who had left Moscow, now remained less than one hundred. The prisoners were more of a nuisance to the soldiers of the convoy than were the saddles of the cavalry stores or than Junot's baggage.

The saddles and Junot's spoons, they understood, might be of some advantage to some one; but why cold and hungry soldiers should stand guard and watch over equally cold and hungry Russians, who died and were abandoned on the way, whom they were commanded to shoot down, was not only incomprehensible, but even repulsive.

And the men of the convoy, as if they were apprehensive that in the cruel position in which they found themselves they should give way to the real feeling of pity which they felt for the prisoners, and thus make their own condition harder, treated them with peculiar gruffness and severity.

At Dorogobuzh, while the soldiers of the convoy went off to plunder some of their own stores, and locked the prisoners in a barn, several of the Russian soldiers dug out under the walls and escaped; but they were caught by the French and shot.

The order which had been observed on the departure

from Moscow, of keeping the officers from the other prisoners, had for some time been disregarded: all those who could march went together, and Pierre after the third march was again brought into the company of Karatayef and the short-legged pink dog, which had chosen Karatayef as her master.

Karatayef, on the third day out from Moscow, had a relapse of the same fever from which he had suffered in the Moscow hospital, and as he grew worse Pierre avoided him. He knew not why it was, but from the time that Karatayef began to fail, Pierre found himself obliged to exercise great self-control to be near him. And when he approached him, and heard the low groans which he kept up all the time when they were in camp, and smelt the odor which now more powerfully than ever exhaled from Karatayef, Pierre avoided him as far as possible, and kept him out of his mind.

During his imprisonment in the hut, Pierre was made aware, not by his reason, but by his whole being, by life, that man is created for happiness, that happiness is in himself, in the satisfaction of the simple needs of humanity, and that all unhappiness arises, not from lack, but from superfluity.

But now, during these last three weeks of the march, he had learned still another new and consoling truth — he had learned that there is nothing terrible in the world. He had learned that just as there was no position in the world in which a man would be happy and absolutely free, so also there was no position in which a man would be unhappy and unfree.

He had learned that suffering has its limits, and that freedom has its limits, and that these limits are very near together; that the man who suffered because one leaf on his bed of roses was crumpled, suffered just as much as he now suffered sleeping on the cold, damp ground, one side roasting, the other freezing; that when he used to wear his dancing-pumps too tight, he suffered just as much as he suffered now in going barefooted, — his shoes were entirely worn out, — with his feet covered with sores.

He had learned that when he, as it seemed to him by his own free will, married his wife, he was not really any more free than now, when he was shut up for the night in a stable.

Of all that which he afterwards called sufferings, but which at the time he scarcely felt, the worst was from his bare, bruised, scurvy-scarred feet.

The horse-flesh was palatable and nourishing, the saltpeter odor of the gunpowder which they used instead of salt was even pleasant; the weather was not very cold; in the daytime while marching it was even warm, but at night they had bivouac fires; the vermin which fed upon him warmed his body.

The one thing hard at that time was the state of his feet.

On the second day of the retreat, Pierre, examining his sores by the fire, felt that it was impossible to take another step on them; but when all got up, he went along treading gingerly, and afterwards, when he was warmed to it, he walked without pain, though when evening came it was more terrible than ever to look at his feet. But he did not look at them, and turned his thoughts to other things.

Now for the first time Pierre realized all man's power of vitality, and the saving force of abstracting the attention, which, like the safety-valve in the steam-engine, lets off the excess of steam as soon as the pressure exceeds the normal.

He saw not and heard not how the prisoners who straggled were shot down, although more than a hundred had perished in this way. He thought not of Karatayef, who grew weaker every day, and was evidently fated to suffer the same lot. Still less Pierre thought of himself. The more trying his position, the more appalling the future, the more disconnected with the position in which he found himself, the more joyful and consoling were the thoughts, recollections, and visions which came to him.

CHAPTER XIII

At noon of the third, Pierre was climbing up a muddy, slippery hill, looking at his feet and at the inequalities of the road.

Occasionally his eyes glanced at the familiar throng around him, and then back to his feet again. Both the one and the other were peculiarly connected with his individual impressions.

The pink, bandy-legged Sierui was frolicking by the side of the road, occasionally lifting up her hind leg, as a sign of her agility and jollity, flying along on three legs, and then again on all four darting off to bark at the crows, which were feasting on the carrion. Sierui was more frolicsome and in better condition than she had been in Moscow. On all sides lay the flesh of various animals — men as well as horses — in various degrees of putrefaction, and the constant passing of people did not permit of the wolves approaching, so that Sierui was able to get all that she wanted to eat.

It had been raining since morning, and if for a moment it seemed that it was passing over and the skies were going to clear, instantly after such a short respite the downpour would be heavier than ever. The road was perfectly soaked, and could not absorb any more water, and little brooks ran along the ruts.

Pierre plodded along, looking at one side, counting his steps by threes, and doubling down his fingers. Apostrophizing the rain, he kept repeating mentally, "Rain, rain, please not come again."[1]

It seemed to him that he was not thinking of anything; but in the depths of his mind, remote, there were grave and comforting thoughts. They were the direct spiritual outcome of his yesterday evening's conversation with Karatayef.

The evening before, while they were halting for the night, Pierre, after half freezing at a fire that had gone out, had got up and gone over to a neighboring camp-

[1] *Nu ka, nu ka, yeshcho, yeshcho naddaĭ!*

fire that was burning more brightly. Near this fire to which Pierre went, Platon was sitting with his head wrapped up in his cloak as if it were a chasuble, and was telling the soldiers, in his fluent, agreeable, but weak and sickly voice, a story which Pierre had often heard.

It was already after midnight. This was the time when Karatayef usually recovered from his paroxysms of fever, and became peculiarly lively.

On approaching the camp-fire and hearing Platon's weak, sickly voice, and seeing his pathetic face brightly lighted up by the fire, something unpleasantly pricked Pierre's heart. He was alarmed by his feeling of pity for the man, and wanted to go away; but there was no other camp-fire, and Pierre, trying not to look at Platon, sat down by the bivouac fire.

"Well, how is your health?" he asked.

"Health? Even if you weep for illness, God does not send death," said Karatayef, and instantly resumed the story he was telling.

"So, then, my dear brother," Platon went on, with a smile illumining his thin, pale face, and with a gleam of peculiar delight in his eyes, — "so, then, my dear brother...."

Pierre had heard this story a long time before; Karatayef had related it half a dozen times to him alone, and always with a peculiar feeling of pleasure. But, well as Pierre knew it, he now listened to it as if it were something new, and that genial enthusiasm which Karatayef evidently felt in relating it communicated itself to Pierre.

It was the story of an old merchant who lived a moral, God-fearing life with his family, and who once set out with a friend of his, a rich merchant, on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Makarii.

They put up one night at an inn, and the two merchants retired to bed; and the next morning, the merchant's companion was found robbed and with his throat cut. The bloody knife was found under the old merchant's pillow. The old merchant was tried, knouted, and after his nostrils had been slit — "as was proper

according to the law," said Karatayef — was sent to hard labor.

"So, then, my brother," — it was at this place that Pierre had interrupted Platon's story, — "ten years or more passed. The good old man lives in the mines. He submits as in duty bound; never does any one any harm. Only he prays to God to let him die. Very good. One time the convicts were gathered together — it was night — just as if it had been you and I, and the good old man was with 'em. And they were telling each other what they had been punished for, and of what they were guilty before God. They began to confess, one that he had murdered a man[1]; another, two; a third that he had set a house on fire; another that he had been a deserter, and so on. Then they began to ask the old man: 'And you, grandsire, what are you being punished for?' — 'I, my dear friends,'[2] says he, 'am punished for my own sins, and for the sins of others. I never killed a soul, I never stole from any one; instead, I used to give to any needy brother. I, my dear friends, was a merchant, and I had a large property.' And so on and so on, he tells the whole story, of course, just as it happened. 'I don't complain,' says he. 'Of course, God did it to search me. Only,' says he, 'I am sorry for my old woman and my children.' And then the old man began to cry. It happened the very man who had murdered the merchant, you know, was there in that company. 'Where was it, grandsire, it happened? When? What month?' He asked all about it. His heart stung him. And so he goes up to the old man and falls at his feet. 'You were punished all on my account, you good old man,' says he. 'That's the truth, the honest truth. It's a fact, boys[3]; this man is innocent, and has been punished for my crime,' says he. 'I did it myself,' says he, 'and I put the knife under your pillow while you was asleep. Forgive me, grandsire,' says he, 'for Christ's sake!'"

[1] *Dusha*, a soul. [2] *Bratsui moï milenkiye*, brothers mine dear.
[3] *Rebyatushki*, little children.

Karatayef paused, joyously smiling, and as he gazed into the fire he straightened the logs.

"And the good old man says, 'God will forgive you, but we are all of us,' says he, 'sinners before God. I suffer for your sin.' He wept bitter tears. And what think you, friend,[1]" exclaimed Karatayef, with a radiant, beatific smile lighting his face more and more, as if what he had now to relate included the main charm and all the significance of the story, "what think you, friends! this murderer revealed the whole thing to the authorities. 'I,' says he, 'I have killed six souls,' — he was a great villain! — 'but what I regret more than all is this good old man. Let him not weep any longer on my account.' He explained the whole matter; they took it down, sent off the paper in proper shape. It's a long way off, and it was a long time before the matter was decided, and before all the papers were written as they had to be, as it always is with the authorities. It reached the Tsar. And then came the ukase: 'Let the merchant go; give him a present, whatever they may decide.' The document came; they tried to find the poor old man. Where is the poor old man who was innocent and suffered so long? A document has come from the Tsar. They began to search for him." Karatayef's lower jaw trembled. "But God had forgiven him — he was dead. That was the way of it, friends,"[2] concluded Karatayef, and for a long time he sat looking into the fire, with a smile on his lips.

It was not so much this story itself, but its mysterious meaning, the solemn joy that irradiated Karatayef's face as he related it, the mysterious significance of this joy, which filled Pierre's soul with a vague sense of joy.

[1] *Sokolik*, a hawk.

[2] "A Long Exile" is a variant of this same story, told by Count Tolstoï for children.

CHAPTER XIV

"*À vos places!*" suddenly cried a voice.

A glad stir and expectation of something good and solemn awoke among the prisoners and convoy. On all sides were heard shouts of command, and at the left suddenly appeared handsomely dressed cavalrymen, trotting by the prisoners, on handsome horses. All faces wore that expression of tension which is usually seen in the neighborhood of important personages.

The prisoners were collected and pushed out of the road; the soldiers formed in line.

"*L'empereur! l'empereur! Le maréchal! Le duc!*" and as soon as the plump horses of the mounted escort dashed by, a coach drawn by six gray steeds thundered past. Pierre, as by a flash, caught sight of the calm, handsome, plump but pale face of a man in a three-cornered hat.

This was one of the marshals.

The marshal's eye rested on Pierre's rotund, noticeable figure, and the expression with which the marshal scowled and turned away his face made it evident to Pierre that he felt sympathy and wanted to hide it.

The general in charge of the division galloped after the carriage, with a red, frightened face, spurring on his lean horse. Several officers gathered together; the soldiers pressed around them. All faces wore an expression of excitement and tension.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il a dit? qu'est-ce qu'il a dit?*—What did he say?" Pierre heard them asking.

While the marshal had been passing, the prisoners had been gathered in a clump, and Pierre noticed Karatayef, whom he had not seen since early that morning. Karatayef in his short cloak was leaning up against a birch tree. While his face still bore that expression of joyful emotion which it had had the evening before, when telling the story of the merchant's unmerited punishment, it was lighted up by an expression of gentle solemnity.

Karatayef looked at Pierre out of his kindly round

eyes, which were now full of tears, and he seemed to be calling him to him, as if he wanted to say something. But Pierre felt quite too terribly about himself. He affected not to see him, and hastened away.

When the prisoners were set on their march again, Pierre glanced back. Karatayef was sitting by the edge of the road, under the birch tree, and two Frenchmen were discussing about something over him. Pierre did not look longer. He passed on his way, limping up the hill.

From the place where Karatayef had been left behind, the report of a musket-shot was heard. Pierre distinctly heard this report, but at the instant he heard it he recollected that he had not finished his calculation how many stages there were to Smolensk, a calculation in which he had been interrupted by the arrival of the marshal. And he proceeded with his counting.

The two French soldiers, one of whom held the smoking musket which he had just discharged, ran past Pierre. Both of them were pale, and in the expression of their faces — one of them looked timidly at Pierre — there was something that reminded him of the young soldier who had been executed.

Pierre looked at this soldier, and remembered how this private, a few days before they had started, had burned his shirt as he was drying himself by the campfire, and how they had made sport of him.

The dog stayed behind, and was howling around the place where Karatayef was left.

"What a fool! what is she barking about?" Pierre exclaimed inwardly.

The soldiers, Pierre's comrades, walking in file with him, like him did not look back to the place where first the shot and then the howl of the dog was heard, but a stern expression settled on all their faces.

CHAPTER XV

The provision train and the prisoners and the marshal's baggage wagons were halting at the village of Shamsheva. All gathered in groups around the bivouac fires. Pierre went to a camp-fire, and, after eating some roasted horse-flesh, lay down with his back to the fire and instantly fell asleep. He slept the same kind of sleep which he had slept at Mozhaïsk after Borodino.

Once more real events mingled with visions, and once more some one, either himself or some other person, uttered thoughts, even the same thoughts which had been spoken to him at Mozhaïsk.

"Life is everything. Life is God. Everything changes and is in a state of flux, and this movement is God. And as long as there is life, there is enjoyment of the self-consciousness of the Divinity. To love life is to love God. More difficult and more blessed than all else is it to love this life in its sufferings, in undeserved sufferings."

"Karatayef!" occurred to Pierre.

And suddenly there seemed to be standing before Pierre, as if alive, a dear little old man, long forgotten, who in Switzerland had taught Pierre geography.

"Wait," said the little man. And he showed Pierre a globe. This globe was a living, rolling ball, and had no natural divisions. The whole surface of the globe consisted of drops closely squeezed together. And these drops were all in motion, changing about, sometimes several coalescing into one, sometimes one breaking up into many. Each drop tried to expand, to occupy as much space as possible; but others, striving for the same end, crushed it, sometimes annihilated it, sometimes coalesced with it.

"Such is life," said the little old teacher.

"How simple and how clear," thought Pierre. "Why is it I never knew this before?"

"In the center is God, and each drop strives to spread out, to expand, so as to reflect Him in the largest pos-

sible proportions. And each expands, and coalesces, and is pressed down, and is to all outward appearance annihilated, and sinks into the depths and comes out again."

"That was the case with Karatayef; he overflowed and vanished."

"*Vous avez compris, mon enfant*—you understand now, my boy!" said the teacher.

"*Vous avez compris! Sacré nom!*—You understand? The devil take you!" cried a voice, and Pierre awoke.

He sat up. Squatting on his heels by the camp-fire sat a Frenchman who had just been pushing away a Russian soldier, and was now broiling a piece of meat stuck on a ramrod. His muscular, red hand, covered with hairs, with short fingers, was skilfully twirling the ramrod. His cinnamon-colored, scowling face and knitted brows could be clearly seen in the light of the coals.

"*Ça lui est bien égal*—It's all the same to him," he growled out, addressing the soldier standing near him. "*Brigand! Va!*"

And the soldier, twirling the ramrod, glared gloomily at Pierre. Pierre turned away and gazed into the darkness.

A Russian soldier, one of the prisoners, the very same whom the Frenchman had pushed away, was sitting by the fire and was patting something with his hand. Looking closer, Pierre recognized that it was the little bandy-legged, pink dog, which was wagging her tail as she crouched down next the soldier.

"Ah! She's come, has she?" said Pierre, "but Plat...." he began, but did not finish the name.

Suddenly in his imagination, all blended together,—the recollection of the look which Platon had given him as he sat under the tree, the shot which he had heard at that same place, the howling of the dog, the guilty faces of the two Frenchmen who hastened past him, the empty, smoking musket, Karatayef left behind at that halting-place,—and this now made him realize that Platon was dead, but at the same instant, suggested by

God knows what, there arose in his mind the recollection of an evening that he had spent in company with a Polish beauty one summer, on the balcony of his mansion at Kief. And, nevertheless, without making any effort to coördinate his recollections, and drawing no conclusions from them, Pierre closed his eyes, and the vision of the summer scene mingled with his recollections of bathing, of the fluid, rolling globe, and he seemed to be sinking in water, so that the water went over his head.

Before sunrise he was wakened by loud and frequent firing and shouts. The French were flying past him.

"*Les Cosaques!*" cried one of them, and in a moment Pierre was surrounded by a throng of Russians.

It was some time before Pierre could realize what had happened to him. On all sides he heard the joyful vociferations of his comrades. "Brothers! comrades! friends!" shouted old soldiers, and burst into tears as they embraced Cossacks and hussars. Cossacks and hussars surrounded the prisoners and made haste to offer them, — one man, clothes; another, shoes; another, bread.

Pierre stood in the midst of them, sobbing, and could not speak a word. He threw his arms around the first soldier whom he met, and kissed him, weeping.

Dolokhof stood at the gates of the dilapidated mansion, watching the throng of the disarmed French file past him. The Frenchmen, excited by all that had occurred, were talking loudly among themselves; but when they passed Dolokhof, who stood lightly flecking his boots with his *nagaïka*, or short whip, and watched them with his cool, glassy glance, that boded them nothing good, their voices were hushed. On the other side stood Dolokhof's Cossack, and counted the prisoners, scoring them in hundreds on the gate with a bit of chalk.

"How many?" asked Dolokhof of the Cossack who was counting the prisoners.

"Into the second hundred," replied the Cossack.

"*Filez, filez!* — Step on, step on!" exclaimed Dolokhof, who had learned this expression of the French; and, as his eyes met those of the prisoners who filed past, they lighted with a cruel gleam.

Denisof, with a gloomy face, walked bareheaded behind the Cossacks who were carrying the body of Petya Rostof to a grave which they had dug in the garden.

CHAPTER XVI

After the ninth of November, when hard frosts began, the flight of the French assumed a still more tragic character, because of the many who perished of the cold or were burned to death at the camp-fires, while the emperor, kings, and dukes continued to pursue their homeward way wrapped in furs and riding in carriages, and carrying the treasure that they had stolen.

But in its real essence, the process of flight and dissolution of the army had not really changed.

From Moscow to Viazma the seventy-three thousand composing the French army, not counting the Guard, — which throughout the whole war had done nothing except pillage, — the seventy-three thousand of the army were reduced to thirty-six thousand. Out of the number lost, not more than five thousand perished in battle. This is the first term of a progression whereby, with mathematical accuracy, the succeeding terms are determined.

The French army melted away and was destroyed in the same proportion from Moscow to Viazma, from Viazma to Smolensk, from Smolensk to the Beresina, from the Beresina to Vilna, independently of the greater or less degree of cold, the pursuit of the Russians, the obstruction of the road, and all other conditions taken singly.

After Viazma, the French armies, instead of marching in three columns, went in one crowd, and thus proceeded to the end.

Berthier wrote to his sovereign (it is well known how far commanders allow themselves to depart from the truth in describing the position of their armies). — He wrote: —

I think it my duty to acquaint your majesty with the condition of the troops in the different army corps that I have observed during these last three days in the various stages. They are almost disbanded. Less than a fourth of the soldiers, at most, remain under the standards. This proportion holds in nearly all the regiments. The others are straggling off by themselves in different directions, trying to find provisions and to escape from discipline. All of them look to Smolensk as the place where they will retrieve themselves. During the last few days many soldiers have been noticed throwing away their cartridges and muskets. In this condition of things, the interests of your majesty's service require that, whatever your ultimate plans may be, the army should be rallied at Smolensk, and rid of non-combatants, of unmounted cavalrymen, of superfluous baggage, and of a portion of the artillery, since it is no longer in proportion to the effective of the army. Moreover, the soldiers require some days of rest and supplies of food, for they are worn out by hunger and fatigue; many in the last few days have died on the road or in bivouac. This state of things is constantly growing worse, and there is danger that, if remedies are not promptly applied, the troops could not be controlled in case of battle. — November 9, at thirty versts from Smolensk.[1]

[1] '*Je crois devoir faire connaître à Votre Majesté l'état de ses troupes dans les différents corps d'armée que j'ai été à même d'observer depuis deux ou trois jours dans différents passages. Elles sont presque débandées. Le nombre des soldats qui suivent les drapeaux est en proportion du quart au plus dans presque tous les regiments, les autres marchent isolément dans différentes directions et pour leur compte, dans l'espérance de trouver des subsistances et pour se débarrasser de la discipline. En général ils regardent Smolensk comme la point où ils doivent se refaire. Ces derniers jours on a remarqué que beaucoup de soldats jettent leurs cartouches et leurs armes. Dans cette état de choses, l'interêt du service de Votre Majesté exige, quelles que soient ses vues ultérieures, qu'on rallie l'armée à Smolensk en commençant à la débarrasser des non-combattants, tels que hommes demontés et des bagages inutiles et du matériel de l'artillerie qui n'est plus en proportion avec les forces actuelles. En outre les jours de repos, des subsistances sont nécessaires aux soldats qui sont extenués par la faim et la fatigue; beaucoup sont morts ces derniers jours sur la route et dans les bivacs. Cet état de choses va toujours en augmentant et donne lieu de craindre que si l'on n'y prête un prompt remède, on ne soit plus maître des troupes dans un combat. — Le 9 Novembre, à 30 verstes de Smolensk.*

Rushing into Smolensk, which was to them like the promised land, the French fought with one another for food, pillaged their own stores, and, when everything had been plundered, they hurried on.

All fled, not knowing whither or why; and Napoleon, with all his genius, knew less than others why they did so, for no one ordered him to fly.

But, nevertheless, he and those around him observed their old habits: wrote orders, letters, reports, *ordres du jour*, and they addressed one another as — *Sire, Mon Cousin, Prince d'Eckmühl, Roi de Naples*, etc.

But these orders and reports were only on paper; nothing was done according to them, because they could no longer be carried out; and though they continued to call each other Majesty, Highness, and Cousin, they all felt that they were miserable wretches, who had done much evil, and that expiation had begun. And, though they pretended to be very solicitous about the army, each of them thought only of himself and how he might get off and escape as speedily as possible.

CHAPTER XVII

The actions of the Russian and French troops during the retreat from Moscow to the Niemen were like the game of *zhmurki*, or blind-man's-buff, where the two players have their eyes bandaged, and one of them rings a bell from time to time, to call the attention of the "catcher."

At first, the one who is to be caught sounds his bell without fear of the enemy; but when the pursuer is coming close to him, he seeks to evade his pursuer by going noiselessly, and often, when he thinks he is escaping, he runs directly into his arms.

At first Napoleon's troops let themselves be heard from — this was during the first period of their movement on the Kaluga road; but afterwards, when they had gone back to the Smolensk road, holding the clapper of the bell, they fled, and, while believing that they

were escaping, they ran straight into the hands of the Russians.

Owing to the speed with which the French ran and the Russians pursued, and the consequent exhaustion of the horses, the chief method of ascertaining the position of an enemy — reconnoissance by cavalry — became impossible. Moreover, owing to the numerous and rapid changes of position in both armies, information, such as it was, always came too late.

If the news came on one day that the enemy's army was at such and such a place the night before, on the next day, by the time that anything could be undertaken, this army would have already made a two days' march and occupied an entirely different position.

One army fled, the other pursued. From Smolensk the French had a choice among many different routes, and it would seem as if, during their four days' halt there, they might have found out where the enemy was, and might have adopted some advantageous plan, and tried some other way.

But after the four days' rest the army hastened on in throngs, turning neither to the right nor to the left, and without manœuvers or combinations following the beaten track along their former route — the worst of all — that of Krasnoye and Orsha.

Thinking always that the enemy was behind and not before them, the French hastened on, spreading out and scattering often twenty-four hours' march from one another.

At the head of the whole army ran the emperor, then the kings, then the dukes.

The Russian army, believing that Napoleon would turn to the right toward the Dnieper, which was the only reasonable route, themselves turned to the right, and followed the main road toward Krasnoye.

And here, just as in the game of blind-man's-buff, the French ran against our advance-guard.

Having thus unexpectedly caught sight of the enemy, the French were confused, and paused in astonishment and fright, only to resume their flight, abandoning their

comrades who followed them. There, for three days, the separate fragments of the French army, first the viceroy's, then Davoust's, then Ney's, one after the other, as it were, ran a gauntlet of the Russian troops.

They all abandoned one another, they all abandoned their heavy possessions, — the artillery, half of their forces, — and took to flight, marching only by night and in detours, so as to avoid the Russians.

Ney, who came last (because, in spite of their wretched condition, or rather in consequence of it, since, like the boy, he wanted to beat the floor on which he had been hurt, he had stopped to blow up the unoffending walls of Smolensk), — Ney, coming last, rejoined Napoleon at Orsha with only one thousand men out of the ten thousand of his corps. Having abandoned all his soldiers and all his artillery, he had succeeded in secretly making his way through the woods by night, and crossing the Dnieper.

From Orsha they hastened onward, taking the road to Vilna, in exactly the same way, playing blind-man's-buff with the pursuing army.

At the Beresina again they were thrown into confusion. Many were drowned, many gave themselves up; but those who got across the river still hastened on.

Their chief commander wrapped himself up in his furs, got into a sledge, and, abandoning his companions, galloped off alone.

Those who could escaped the same way; those who could not surrendered or perished.

CHAPTER XVIII

It would seem as if, during this period of the campaign, while the French were doing everything possible to ruin themselves, while in no single movement of this mass of men, beginning with its detour on the Kaluga road up to the flight of Napoleon, was there one gleam of sense, — it would seem as if those historians who consider the action of the masses subservient to the will of

a single man might find it impossible to make this retreat fit in with their theory.

But no! Mountains of books have been written by historians about this campaign, and Napoleon's plans and dispositions, the manœuvers executed by the troops, and the genius shown by the marshals in their measures have been characterized as profound.

The retreat from Malo-Yaroslavetz — that useless retreat by a devastated route, when he was offered one through a well-supplied region, when he might have taken the parallel road by which Kutuzof afterwards pursued him — is explained for us according to various profound considerations. According to similar profound considerations his retreat from Smolensk to Orsha is described. Then they describe his bravery at Krasnoye, where, we are led to believe, he was ready to put himself at the head of his troops and to give battle, and where he marched with a birchen cane, saying: —

"I have been emperor long enough; it is time to be the general." [1]

And yet, immediately after this, he fled, leaving to their fate the defenseless fragments of his army struggling after him.

Then they describe for us the grandeur of soul displayed by the marshals, especially by Ney, whose grandeur of soul was shown by his sneaking through the forest, and passing the Dnieper by night, and escaping into Orsha without his standards and artillery, and with a loss of nine-tenths of his troops.

And, finally, the great emperor himself abandoning his heroic army is represented by historians as something grand, as a stroke of genius. Even this last miserable trick of running away, which in ordinary language would be called the lowest degree of meanness, which every child is taught to consider a shameful deed, even this vile trick finds justification among the historians.

For, when it is no longer possible to stretch out the attenuated threads of historical arguments, when actions

[1] *J'ai assez fait l'empereur, il est temps de faire le général.*

flagrantly contradict what humanity calls good and even right, the historians bring up the saving idea of greatness. Greatness seems to exclude the possibility of applying the standards of good and evil. In the great, nothing is bad. He who is great is not charged with the atrocity of which he may have been guilty.

"It is great! — *C'est grand!*" say the historians; and then there is no more good or evil, but only *great* and *not great.*

Great is good; *not great* is bad.

Greatness is, according to them, the quality of certain peculiar beings, whom they call heroes.

And Napoleon, fleeing to his own fireside, wrapped in his warm furs, and leaving behind his perishing companions, and those men whom, according to his idea, he had led into Russia, feels that he is great, and his soul is tranquil.

"There is only one step," he says, "from the sublime to the ridiculous." (He sees something sublime in himself!) And for fifty years everybody has repeated it: "*Sublime! Great! Napoléon le grand!*" Truly, there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous![1]

It has never entered the mind of any man that by taking greatness as the absolute standard of good and evil, he only proclaims his own emptiness and immeasurable littleness.

For us who have the standard of right and wrong set by Christ, there is nothing incommensurate. And there is no greatness where there is not simplicity, goodness, and justice.

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT Russian is there who, reading the descriptions of the last period of the campaign of 1812, has not experienced a profound feeling of annoyance, dissatisfaction, and perplexity?

[1] *Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*

Who has not asked himself: Why did we not capture or destroy all the French, when they were surrounded by our three armies, each of superior numbers; when, dying of starvation and cold, they surrendered in throngs; and when, as history tells us, the aim of the Russians was precisely this — to cut off the French, to stop them, and to take them all prisoners?

How was it that this army, — which, when weaker in numbers, fought the battle of Borodino, — how was it that this army, when it surrounded the French on three sides, and intended to take them prisoners, did not accomplish its purpose?

Had the French such immense preëminence over us that we, though possessing superior numbers, and having surrounded them, could not defeat them?

How was it that this failed of execution?

History, — or what is called history, — in reply to these questions, declares that it failed of execution because Kutuzof, and Tormasof, and Chitchagof, and this one and that one, and the other, did not execute such and such manœuvers.

But why did they not execute these manœuvers? If these generals were to blame because the end in view was not attained, why were they not court-martialed and put to death?

But even if we admit that Kutuzof and Chitchagof and the others were to blame for the Russian *non-success*, it is still impossible to understand why the Russian troops, under the conditions which obtained at Krasnoye and at the Beresina (for in both cases the Russians had a preponderance of numbers), did not capture the French troops, with their marshals, kings, and emperors, if such was the object of the Russians.

This strange phenomenon cannot be explained — as is done by the Russian military historians — by saying that it was because Kutuzof prevented offensive operations, for we know that Kutuzof's will was unable to restrain the troops from attacking at Viazma and at Tarutino.

If the Russian army, which with inferior forces was

able at Borodino to wrest a victory from an enemy then at the zenith of its strength, why could it not conquer the demoralized throngs of the French at Krasnoye and at the Beresina, when its forces had become superior?

If the object of the Russians had been to cut off and capture Napoleon and his marshals, and this object not only was not attained, but all attempts in that direction failed in the most shameful manner, then the French were perfectly right in representing the last period of the campaign as a series of victories, and Russian historians are perfectly wrong in representing that we were victorious.

Russian military historians, if they have any regard for logic, must involuntarily come to this conclusion, and, in spite, of their lyrical effusions about courage and patriotism, and the like, must in spite of themselves confess that the retreat of the French from Moscow was for Napoleon a series of victories, and for Kutuzof a series of defeats.

But, if we put absolutely aside national pride, it would seem that this conclusion involves a contradiction, since this series of victories on the part of the French brought them to complete destruction, while the series of defeats on the part of the Russians led them to the absolute overthrow of their enemy, and the evacuation of their own country.

The source of this contradiction lies in the fact that historians who study events in the correspondence of kings and generals, and in official narratives, reports, and plans, have taken for granted the entirely false and unjustifiable idea that the object of the last period of the campaign of 1812 was to cut off and to capture Napoleon and his marshals and his army.

This object never existed, and could not exist, because it had no sense, and it was absolutely impossible of attainment.

The object had no sense, in the first place, because Napoleon's demoralized army was flying from Russia with all possible speed; in other words, was fulfilling the very wish of every Russian. What reason in direct-

ing various military operations against the French, who were running away as fast as they could go?

Secondly, it was senseless to try to stop men on the road who were employing all their energy in running away.

In the third place, it was senseless to sacrifice troops in destroying the French armies, who were going to destruction without external causes, and at such a rate that even when every road was given them undisputed, they could carry across the frontier only the small number that remained to them in the month of December — a hundredth part of their whole army.

In the fourth place, it was senseless to wish to make prisoners of the emperor, the kings, and the marshals, and the men, for their captivity would have been to the highest degree embarrassing to the Russians, as was recognized by the ablest diplomatists of the time, J. Maistre and others.

Still more senseless was the desire to capture whole regiments of the French, when the Russian army had been reduced one-half by the time it reached Krasnoye, and whole divisions would have been needed to guard the troops of prisoners, and when their own soldiers were not all the time receiving full rations, and when the French already captured were dying of starvation!

All of this profound plan of cutting off and seizing Napoleon and his army was like the plan of the gardener who, in trying to drive out of his inclosure the cattle that were trampling down his garden, should run to the gates and strike them on the head when they passed out. The only thing that could be said in the gardener's justification would be that he was very angry. But this excuse could not be made for those who devised this plan, for they were not the ones who suffered from the trampled garden.

The idea of cutting off Napoleon and his army, besides being senseless, was impossible.

It was impossible, first, because, since experience has shown that the movement of columns of soldiers in

battle for a distance of five versts can never be made in accordance with plans, the probability that Chitchagof, Kutuzof, and Wittgenstein would effect a junction at a designated place on time was so slight that it amounted to an impossibility, as Kutuzof felt, who, on receiving the sovereign's plan, declared that operations at great distances never gave the desired results.

Secondly, it was impossible because, in order to neutralize that momentum with which Napoleon's army was recoiling, incomparably larger forces would have been necessary than those which the Russians had.

Thirdly, it was impossible because the military phrase "to cut off" an enemy has no sense. We may cut off a piece of bread, but not an army.

To cut off an army, to dispute its road, is never possible, for there are always many places where detours can be made, and there is the night, when nothing can be seen, as military students may convince themselves from the example of what took place at Krasnoye or the Beresina.

It is just as impossible to take a person prisoner, unless the person taken prisoner consents to be seized, as it is to catch a swallow, although it is possible to catch it if it comes and lights on your hand.

Armies can be captured only when they surrender, as the Germans do — according to the rules of strategy and tactics. But the French troops, with perfect correctness, found this unfit, since death by cold and starvation awaited them alike in flight and in captivity.

Fourthly, — and chiefly, — this was impossible because not since the world began had a war ever been waged under such terrible conditions as those which characterized the campaign of 1812; and the Russian troops, in pursuing the French, strained every effort, and could do no more without going to destruction themselves.

During the movement of the Russian army from Tarutino to Krasnoye fifty thousand men — in other words, a number equivalent to the population of a large provincial city — were sick and disabled.

Half of the men left the army without engaging in a battle.

And in regard to this period of the campaign, — when the troops, without boots or greatcoats, with insufficient food, and without vodka, for months spent the nights in the snow, in a temperature fifteen degrees below freezing; when the days were only seven or eight hours long, and all the rest of the twenty-four were night, discipline being in such circumstances impossible; when, not as in battle, men for a few hours only enter the domain of death where there is no discipline, but lived for months in an incessant struggle with death from cold and starvation; when in a single month half of the army perished, — in regard to this period of the campaign, historians tell us how Miloradovitch ought to have made a flank movement in this direction, and Tormasof in that, and Chitchagof in another (struggling through snow that was knee-deep), and how such and such a one "destroyed" and "cut off" — and so on, and so on!

The Russians, of whom one-half perished, did all that they could or ought to have done to attain an end worthy of the people, and they are not to blame if other Russians, sitting in warm apartments, proposed what it was impossible to do.

All this strange and at the present time incomprehensible contradiction between the fact and the historical account arises simply from this: the historians who have written about these events have described the fine sentiments and the fine speeches of different generals, and not the history of the event.

Very important to them seem the speeches of Miloradovitch, the rewards received by this, that, and the other general, and their proposals; but the question about the fifty thousand Russian soldiers who were left behind in the hospital or in the grave does not interest them, because it is outside of their studies.

And yet all it requires is for them to turn their attention from the study of the reports and plans of the generals, and to follow the movements of these hundred

thousand men who took an active, immediate part in the event, and all the questions that before seemed unsolvable will at once be solved with extraordinary ease and simplicity.

The aim of cutting off the retreat of Napoleon and his army never existed except in the imaginations of a dozen men. It could not exist, because it was absurd and its realization was impracticable.

The Russian people had only one object in view: to rid their soil of the invaders.

This object was attained, in the first place, of its own accord, because the French ran away, and afterwards it was only necessary not to check that movement. In the second place, this object was attained by means of that popular warfare which destroyed the French; and, in the third place, because a great Russian army followed the enemy, ready to employ force in case the movement of the French was suspended.

The Russian army acted like the knout on a running animal. And the experienced cattle-driver knew that it was most advantageous to hold the knout upraised, threatening it, but not to strike the running animal on the head.

PART FIFTEENTH

CHAPTER I

WHEN a man sees a dying animal, horror seizes him: what he himself is, — his own essence, — is evidently perishing before his very eyes, — ceasing to exist.

But when the dying one is a human being, and a person beloved and tenderly cherished, then, over and above the horror at the cessation of the life, there is felt a rending and wounding of the soul. This wound, like a physical wound, sometimes kills, sometimes heals, but it is always painful, and shrinks from any external, irritating touch.

After Prince Andreï's death, Natasha and the Princess Mariya felt this in the same way. Their souls had quailed and bowed under the threatening cloud of death that hung over them, and they dared not look into the face of life. They were extremely cautious not to expose their wounds to humiliating, painful contact.

Everything — a swiftly passing carriage on the street, the announcement of dinner, the maid's question as to what gowns she should get ready for them; still worse, a word of perfunctory, feeble sympathy — made the wound throb painfully, seemed an affront, and profaned that urgent silence in which they both were striving to listen to that stern, terrible choir which ceased not, in their imagination, to chant, and prevented them from looking into those mysterious, infinite distances which, for an instant, opened out before them.

Only when they were together alone, they felt no sense of pain and humiliation. They talked together very little. When they talked, it was on the most in-

significant topics. And both of them alike avoided all reference to anything concerning the future.

To recognize the possibility of a future seemed to them an offense to his memory. All the more sedulously they avoided in their talk everything that had reference to the departed. It seemed to them that what they experienced and felt could not be expressed in words. It seemed to them that every verbal reference to the separate events of his life disturbed the majesty and sacredness of the mystery which had been accomplished before their eyes.

Their continual self-restraint, their constant, strenuous avoidance of all that might lead to mention of him, these halting-places that stood in the way of every possible approach to the subject which they had tacitly agreed to leave untouched, brought up before their imaginations with all the greater clearness and distinctness that which they felt.

But pure, unmitigated grief is as impossible as pure and unmitigated joy.

The Princess Mariya, by her position as sole and independent mistress of her fate, as guardian and instructor of her nephew, was the first to be brought, by the exigencies of real life, forth from that world of tribulation in which she had been living for the past fortnight. She received letters from her relatives, which had to be answered; the room which Nikolushka occupied was damp, and he began to have a cough. Alpatuitch came from Yaroslavl with his accounts to be rectified, and with his proposal and advice for her to go back to Moscow, to her house on the Vozdvizhenka, which had remained intact and needed only small repairs.

Life would not stand still, and it was necessary to live.

Hard as it was for the Princess Mariya to emerge from that world of solitary contemplation in which she had been living till then, sorry as she was, and almost conscience-stricken, to leave Natasha alone, the labors of life demanded her participation, and she, in spite of herself, had to give way.

She verified Alpatuitch's accounts, consulted with Dessalles in regard to her nephew, and made arrangements and preparations for her journey to Moscow.

Natasha was left to herself, and, since the Princess Mariya had begun to get ready for her departure, avoided even her.

The Princess Mariya proposed to the countess to let Natasha go to Moscow with her, and both father and mother gladly consented, since each day they noticed a decline in their daughter's physical vigor, and hoped that a change of scene would do her good, and that the physicians of Moscow would help her.

"I will go nowhere," replied Natasha, when this matter was proposed to her. "All I ask is to be left in peace," said she, and she hastened from the room, scarcely able to restrain her tears, — tears not so much of grief as of vexation and anger.

Since she had felt herself abandoned by the Princess Mariya, and left alone with her grief, Natasha, for the most of the time, sat in her room with her feet in the corner of the divan, and, while her slender, nervous fingers kept tearing or bending something or other, her eyes would remain obstinately fixed on whatever happened to attract her attention.

This solitude exhausted, tortured her; but it was something that she could not help. As soon as any one came to her, she would quickly get up, change her position and the expression of her eyes, and take up her book or her sewing, and make no attempt to conceal her desire that the one who came to disturb her should go.

It constantly seemed to her that she was on the very point of discovering, of penetrating that terrible, unendurable problem on which her mental eye was directed.

About the beginning of January, Natasha, thin and pale, and dressed in a black woolen dress, with her braid carelessly knotted up in a pug, was sitting with her feet up on the divan, concentratedly puckering and folding out the ends of her sash, and gazing with her eyes fixed on the door.

She was looking at the place where he had vanished, at that side of life. And that side of life, of which she had never thought in the days gone by, which hitherto had always seemed to her so distant and unreal, was now nearer and more familiar, more comprehensible, than the ordinary side of life, where everything was either emptiness and decay, or suffering and humiliation.

She looked at the place where she knew he had been; but she could not make it out that he was not there still. She saw him once more as he had been at Muitishchi, at Troïtsa, at Yaroslavl.

She saw his face, heard his voice, repeated his words and the words that she had said to him, and sometimes imagined words which they might have spoken.

There he is lying in the easy-chair, in his velvet shubka, with his head leaning on his thin white hand. His chest is terribly sunken and his shoulders raised. His lips are firmly set, his eyes are gleaming, and on his pallid brow a wrinkle comes and goes. One leg trembles almost imperceptibly with a rapid motion.

Natasha knows that he is struggling with tormenting pain. "What is that pain like? Why that pain? How does he feel? How does it pain him?" she wonders.

He noticed her fixed gaze, he raised his eyes, and without a trace of a smile began to speak: —

"There is one thing terrible," said he, "to be bound forever to a suffering man. This is eternal torment!"

And he looked at her with a scrutinizing glance. Natasha replied then, as she always did, before she had time to think what she should reply. She said: —

"This cannot continue so, it will not be so always; you will get well — entirely well."

She now saw him as he had been from the first, and lived over in her memory all that she had then experienced. She recalled that long, melancholy, stern look which he had given her at those words, and she realized the significance of the reproach and despair expressed in this protracted look.

"I agreed with him," said Natasha to herself, "that it would be terrible if he should remain always suffering

so. I said this at that time, simply because I meant that for him it would be terrible, but he understood it in a different way. He thought that it would be terrible for me. At that time he was still anxious to live, was afraid to die. And I said this so crudely, so stupidly! I did not think of that. I meant something entirely different. If I had said what I meant, I should have said: 'If he were to perish by a living death before my eyes, I should be happy in comparison with what I feel now.' Now — there is no one, nothing! Could he have known this? No! He knew it not, and he will never know! And now it is too late, too late to set this right."

And once more he said to her those same words, but this time Natasha, in her imagination, answered him in a different way. She stopped him and said: "Terrible for you, but not for me. You know that for me life without you would be nothing, and to suffer with you is the dearest happiness."

And he seized her hand and pressed it just as he had pressed it that terrible evening four days before he died. And in her imagination she spoke to him still other tender, loving words which she might have uttered then, but did not, and which now she could and did say: "I love thee!.... thee.... I love, I love!" she repeated, convulsively wringing her hands, clinching her teeth, with set determination. ....

And the bitter sweetness of grief took possession of her, and her eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she asked herself to whom she was saying that. "Where is he and what is he now?" And once more everything grew dark with hard and cruel doubt, and, once more closely drawing her brows into a frown, she looked at the place where he had been. And now, now it seemed to her that she was going to fathom the mystery....

But at the very instant when it seemed to her that the incomprehensible was already about to reveal itself to her, a loud rattling of the door-knob painfully struck upon her ears. With hasty, incautious steps, with a frightened expression never before seen on her face, Dunyasha the maid came running into the room.

"Please come to your papa as quick as possible," said Dunyasha, with that peculiar and excited look. "Bad news .... about Piotr Ilyitch .... a letter," she cried, with a sob.

CHAPTER II

Besides the general feeling of aversion for all people, Natasha at this time experienced a peculiar feeling of aversion for the members of her own family. All her relatives — father, mother, Sonya — were so near to her, so familiar, so *every-day*, that all their words, their sentiments, seemed to her a disrespect to that world in which she had been lately living, and she looked upon them not only with indifferent but even with hostile eyes. She heard Dunyasha's words about Piotr Ilyitch, about bad news, but she did not take them in.

"What misfortune can have happened to them? what bad news can it be? Everything with them goes on calmly, as it always has," said Natasha, mentally.

As she went into the hall her father was coming hastily out of the countess's room. His face was wrinkled and wet with tears. He was evidently hastening from her room so as to give free course to the affliction that overmastered him. When he saw Natasha he waved his hands in despair, and burst into painfully convulsive sobs, which distorted his round, placid face.

"Pet .... Petya .... go to her, go .... she .... she is .... calling for you ...."

And, crying like a child, swiftly shuffling along on his feeble legs, he went to a chair and almost fell into it, burying his face in his hands.

Suddenly something like an electric shock ran over Natasha's whole being. A terribly acute pain struck her heart. She experienced a cruel agony. It seemed to her that something within her snapped and that she was dying. But immediately succeeding this agony there came a sense of deliverance from the torpor that had been weighing down her life. Seeing her father, and hearing her mother's terribly agonized cry in the

next room, she instantly forgot herself and her own sorrow.

She ran up to her father, but he, feebly waving his arm, pointed to her mother's door.

The Princess Mariya, pale and with her lower jaw trembling, came out of the room, and, taking Natasha by the hand, said something to her.

Natasha saw her not, heard her not. With swift steps she passed through the door, paused for an instant, as if struggling with her own inclinations, and ran to her mother.

The countess lay in her easy-chair, in a strangely awkward and stiff position, and was beating her head against the wall. Sonya and the maids were holding her by the arms.

"Call Natasha! Natasha!" .... cried the countess. "It is false! false! .... He lies! .... Call Natasha!" she cried, trying to tear herself away from those holding her. — "Go away, all of you. It is false! .... Killed? .... Ha! ha! ha! .... 'T is false!"

Natasha leaned her knee on the chair, bent over her mother, threw her arms around her, lifted her up with unexpected strength, turned her face around, and pressed her cheeks against hers.

"Mamenka! .... Darling! .... I am here, dearest! Mamenka!" she kept whispering, without a second's intermission.

She kept her arms firmly around her mother, gently struggled with her, called for cushions and water, and unbuttoned and began to take off her mother's gown.

"Darling, dearest .... mamenka .... dearest heart!"[1] she kept all the time whispering, while she kissed her head, hands, and face, and felt how her tears, like rivulets, tickling her nose and her cheeks, kept flowing.

The countess pressed her daughter's hand, closed her eyes, and was calm for an instant. Then suddenly, with unnatural swiftness, she raised herself up, glared around wildly, and, seeing Natasha, pressed her head with all her might. Then she turned toward her Na-

[1] *Druk moï, galubushka, mamenka, dushenka.*

tasha's face, convulsed with the pain, and long scrutinized it.

"Natasha, you love me," she said, in a low, confidential whisper. "Natasha, you would not deceive me? Tell me the whole truth."

Natasha looked at her with eyes brimming with tears, and her face expressed only a prayer for forgiveness and love.

"Dearest, mamenka," she repeated, exerting all the energies of her love, in order to take upon herself some of the excess of woe that had become too heavy for her mother to bear.

And again, in that unequal struggle against the reality, the mother, refusing to believe that she could still exist when her darling boy, treasured far more than life, was killed, she relapsed from the reality into the world of unreason.

Natasha could not have told how that first day passed, that night, the following day, and the following night. She did not sleep, and did not leave her mother's side. Natasha's love, faithful, patient, every second, as it were, wrapped the countess round about, not with consolation, not with explanation, but with something like a summons back to life.

On the third night the countess grew calm for several minutes, and Natasha closed her eyes, and rested her head on the arm of the chair. The bed creaked; Natasha opened her eyes. The countess was sitting up in bed, and speaking in a low tone:—

"How glad I am that you have come! You are tired; would n't you like some tea?"

Natasha went to her.

"You have grown handsome and strong!" continued the countess, taking her daughter's hand.

"Mamenka, what are you saying?" ....

"Natasha! he is dead, he is dead!" And, throwing her arms around her daughter, the countess for the first time began to weep.

CHAPTER III

The Princess Mariya had postponed her departure.

Sonya and the count tried to take Natasha's place, but they found it impossible. They saw that she was the only one that could keep the mother from wild despair. For three weeks Natasha lived constantly by her mother's side, slept in a chair in her room, gave her food and drink, and talked to her unceasingly, talked because her tender, caressing voice was the only thing that calmed the countess.

A wound in the heart of a mother cannot heal. Petya's death had torn away the half of her life. At the end of a month, after the news of Petya's death had arrived, though it had found her a fresh and well-preserved woman of fifty, she crept out of her room an old woman, half dead, and no longer taking any interest in life. But the same wound which had half killed the countess, — this new wound brought Natasha back to life.

A spiritual wound, arising from the laceration of the spiritual body, exactly like a physical wound, strange as it may seem, after the deep wound has cicatrized, and its edges have come together, — the spiritual wound, like the physical one, heals only through the inward working of the forces of life.

Thus healed Natasha's wound. She had thought that life for her was finished. But suddenly her love for her mother proved to her that the essence of her life — love — was still alive within her. Love awoke and life awoke.

Prince Andreĭ's last days had brought Natasha and the Princess Mariya close together. This new misfortune still more united them. The Princess Mariya postponed her departure, and for three weeks tended Natasha like an ailing child. The weeks spent by her in her mother's room had been a severe drain on her physical energies.

One time, toward noon, the Princess Mariya, observing that Natasha was trembling as if she had a fever,

took her to her room, and made her lie down on her bed. Natasha lay down, but when the princess, pulling down the blinds, started to go, Natasha called her back.

"I don't care to sleep, Marie; sit down with me!"

"You are tired; try to go to sleep."

"No, no! Why did you bring me here? She will be asking for me!"

"She is much better. She talked so naturally to-day," said the Princess Mariya.

Natasha lay on the bed, and in the semi-darkness of the room studied the Princess Mariya's face.

"Is she like him?" Natasha asked herself. "Yes, like him and not like him. But she is peculiar, strange, entirely original, unlike any one else. And she loves me! What is in her heart? Nothing but goodness! But what, what does she think of me? How does she regard me? Yes, she is beautiful!"

"Masha!" said she, timidly, drawing her hand to her. "Masha, don't think that I am bad. You don't, do you? Masha! darling, how I love you! Let us always, always be friends!"

And Natasha, throwing her arms around the Princess Mariya, began to kiss her hands and face. The princess was both embarrassed and delighted at this expression of Natasha's feelings.

From that day forth began between the Princess Mariya and Natasha that passionate and tender friendship which only exists between women.

They were constantly kissing each other, calling each other affectionate names, and spent the larger part of the time together. If one went out the other was restless, and hastened to rejoin her friend. Each felt more at peace with herself when the two were together than when they were alone. There existed between them a stronger feeling than friendship: this was that exclusive feeling that life was possible only when they were together.

Sometimes they sat without speaking for hours at a time; sometimes while in bed they would begin to talk,

and talk till morning. Their conversation ran mainly on their earliest recollections.

The Princess Mariya would tell about her childhood, about her mother, about her father, about her hopes and fancies; and Natasha, who in times gone by, in the serene thoughtlessness of her joyous nature, would have been repelled by this life of devotion, of humility, by this poetry of Christian self-sacrifice, now feeling herself bound in affection to the princess, loved also the princess's past life, and began to comprehend the hitherto incomprehensible side of her life.

She had no idea of applying in her own case the principles of this humility and self-abnegation, because she was accustomed to find other pleasures, but she comprehended and loved in her friend this formerly incomprehensible virtue.

For the Princess Mariya also, when she heard Natasha's stories of her childhood and early youth, a formerly incomprehensible phase of life — faith in life itself and in the joys of life — was revealed.

Neither of them liked to speak of *him*, for fear they should in words desecrate what seemed to them those lofty heights of feeling which were in their hearts; but this reticence concerning him was causing them, little by little, — though they would not have believed it, — to forget him.

Natasha grew thin and pale, and feeble physically, so that they kept talking about her health; but this was agreeable to her. But sometimes, unexpectedly, there came over her not so much a fear of death as a fear of pain, weakness, loss of beauty; and, in spite of herself, she sometimes attentively contemplated her bare arm, marveling at its thinness, or in the morning she gazed into the mirror at her pinched and, as it seemed to her, ugly face. It seemed to her that this was unavoidable, and at the same time it was terrible and melancholy to her.

One time she ran quickly up-stairs, and found herself breathing hard. The next moment she involuntarily invented some excuse to go down again, and then once

more ran up-stairs to test her strength and experiment on herself.

Another time she called Dunyasha, and her voice sounded weak. She tried it once more; she called her, although she heard her coming — called her in those chest tones which she used to use in singing, and listened to them.

She did not know it, she would not have believed it, but under what seemed to her the impenetrable crust of mold with which her soul was covered, already the delicate, tender, young shoots of grass were starting, which were bound to grow, and thus, by their life-giving, victorious force, hide from sight the sorrow which she had suffered, so that it would soon be forgotten. The wound was healing inwardly.

Toward the beginning of February the Princess Mariya went to Moscow, and the count insisted on Natasha's going with her, so as to consult with the doctors.

CHAPTER IV

After the encounter at Viazma, where Kutuzof could not restrain his troops from the desire to overthrow, to cut off, the enemy, the further movement of the fleeing French and the pursuing Russians took place without a battle until they reached Krasnoye.

The flight of the French was so rapid that the Russian army chasing them could not catch up with them, that the horses in the cavalry and artillery came to a standstill, and that information in regard to the movements of the French was always untrustworthy.

The men of the Russian army were so worn out by these uninterrupted marches of forty versts a day, that they could not move onward any faster.

To appreciate the degree of exhaustion which the Russian army suffered, it is only necessary to realize the significance of this fact, that, while the Russian army, on leaving Tarutino, had a hundred thousand

men, and lost during the whole march not more than five thousand in killed and wounded, and less than a hundred taken prisoners, they had only fifty thousand men when they got to Krasnoye.

The swift pursuit of the Russians after the French was as destructive in its effect on them as the retreat was to the French. The difference was only that the Russian army moved at will, without that threat of destruction which hung over the French army, and that, while the stragglers and the sick from among the French would fall into the hands of the enemy, the Russians who were left behind were at home.

The principal cause of the diminution of Napoleon's army was the rapidity of its flight, and indubitable proof of this is furnished by the corresponding diminution of the Russian troops.

All Kutuzof's efforts, just as had been the case at Tarutino and at Viazma, were directed — as far as lay in his power — solely to the preventing of interference with that destructive movement of the French (though this was contrary to desires expressed in Petersburg and in the Russian army by his own generals), but to coöperate with it, and to facilitate the movement of his own troops.

But, moreover, ever since the troops had begun to suffer from fatigue, and from the tremendous losses due to the rapidity of the movement, Kutuzof had discovered still another reason for slackening the exertions of the army, and for delay. The object of the Russian troops was pursuit of the French. The route of the French was unknown, and therefore the more closely our troops followed on their heels, the greater was the distance which they covered. Only by following at a considerable interval and taking the most direct road could they have avoided the zigzags made by the French.

All the intricate manœuvers proposed by the generals involved an increase for the troops in their marches, while the only reasonable course was to minimize these marches; and, to this end, all Kutuzof's efforts were

directed throughout the campaign from Moscow to Vilna, not as a matter of accident or caprice, but so consistently that he did not for a moment relax them.

Kutuzof knew, not by reason or science, but by his whole Russian nature, — knew and felt what every Russian soldier felt, that the French were conquered, that the enemy were running away, and that it was necessary to escort them; but at the same time he felt with his soldiers the burden of a campaign unprecedented for the rapidity of the marches and the time of the year.

But it seemed to the other generals, especially those who were not Russian, — being anxious to distinguish themselves, to astonish the world, for some reason or other to take some duke or king prisoner, — it seemed to these generals that now, when any battle was odious and absurd, it was the very time to give battle and conquer some one.

Kutuzof merely shrugged his shoulders when, one after another, they laid before him their plans for manœuvers to be accomplished by these badly shod, half-famished soldiers, without greatcoats, who, during a month, had been reduced one-half, though they had not fought a battle, and with whom, under the most favorable conditions of a prolonged retreat, he must go to the frontier, — a distance greater than that already traversed.

This desire to gain personal distinction, to manœuver, to harass and cut off the enemy, was especially manifested when Russian troops encountered French troops.

That was the case at Krasnoye, where the Russian generals thought that they had found one of the three columns of the French, and hurled themselves on Napoleon himself with sixteen thousand men. In spite of all the means employed by Kutuzof to avoid this destructive engagement and to save his troops, for three days an indiscriminate attack on the demoralized mob of the French was kept up at Krasnoye by the weary troops of the Russian army.

Toll wrote out a plan: "*Die erste Colonne marschirt* —

The first column will march," etc., — and, as always happens, everything took place contrary to the plan.

Prince Eugene of Würtemberg saw from a hilltop a number of French fugitives fleeing past him down the road, and asked for reinforcements, which did not arrive.

The French, managing during the night to avoid the Russians, scattered and hid through the woods, and made their way onward each as best he could.

Miloradovitch, who declared that he cared nothing whatever about the provisioning of his troops, who could never be found when he was wanted, — a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," as he called himself, — and was fond of talking with the French, sent a flag of truce, demanding their surrender, and lost time and failed to execute the orders intrusted to him.

"Boys, I make you a present of that column," he said, riding up to his troops, and pointing out the French to his cavalry.

And his troops, mounted on horses that could barely move, urged them with spur and sword-pricks into a trot, and, after intense efforts, advanced against the column that had been given to them, — in other words, against a crowd of benumbed Frenchmen half dead with hunger and cold; and this column, which had been given to them, threw down its arms and surrendered, — as it long had been wishing to do!

At Krasnoye they took twenty-six thousand prisoners, and captured hundreds of cannon and a kind of a stick which they called "the marshal's baton"; and they quarreled as to who had distinguished themselves, and they were contented with this, but much regretted that they had not captured Napoleon or some hero, some one of the marshals, and they blamed one another, and especially Kutuzof.

These men, carried away by their passions, were only the blind agents of the most grievous law of necessity, but they considered themselves heroes, and imagined that what they had done was a most worthy and noble work.

They blamed Kutuzof, and declared that ever since the beginning of the campaign he had prevented them from conquering Napoleon, and thought only of his own personal pleasures, and that he had been unwilling to leave Linen Mills [1] because he was comfortable there; that at Krasnoye he stopped the movement because, on learning that Napoleon was there, he had entirely lost his presence of mind, and that it was quite supposable that he had an understanding with Napoleon, that he had been bought over, etc.[2]

Because contemporaries, carried away by their passions, spoke thus, posterity and history call Napoleon "great," while Kutuzof is regarded by foreigners, only as a sly, weak, and debauched old courtier; by Russians as an indefinite sort of person, a puppet useful because of his Russian name. ....

CHAPTER V

In 1812–1813, Kutuzof was openly accused of serious mistakes.

The sovereign was displeased with him; and in the history of the campaign, written not long since, by imperial orders,[3] it is declared that Kutuzof was a crafty court liar, who trembled at the name of Napoleon, and who, by his blunders at Krasnoye and the Beresina, deprived the Russian troops of the glory of a complete victory over the French.

Such is the fate of men who are not *great* — not *grand homme;* or, since the Russian intellect never recognizes them, such is the fate of those rare and always solitary men who, being able to comprehend the will of Providence, subordinate their own wills to it.

The hatred and scorn of the multitude punish these men for their comprehension of the higher laws.

[1] *Polotniani Zavodui.* [2] Wilson's Memoir.

[3] "History of the Year 1812," by Bogdanovitch; characteristics of Kutuzof, and dissertation on the unsatisfactory results of the battles at Krasnoye.

To Russian historians — a strange and terrible thing to say! — Napoleon, that insignificant instrument of history, who never anywhere, even in exile, showed human dignity, — Napoleon is the object of admiration and enthusiasm; he is great — *grand!*

Kutuzof, on the other hand, the man who from the beginning to the end of his activity in 1812, from Borodino to Vilna, not once, by a single act or word, proved a traitor to himself, but offers an example unique in history, of self-sacrifice and present insight into the future significance of an event, — Kutuzof is to them something vague and pitiable, and when they speak of him and of 1812 they seem to be somewhat ashamed.

And yet it is hard to conceive an historical personage whose activity was so faithfully and so constantly devoted to a single aim. It is hard to imagine an aim more worthy or more consistent with the will of a whole people.

Still more difficult it would be to discover another example, in history, where an aim set by an historical personage was so completely realized as the aim to the attainment of which Kutuzof's whole activity was devoted in 1812.

Kutuzof never talked about the forty centuries that looked down from the Pyramids, of the sacrifices he had made for his country, of what he intended to accomplish or had already accomplished.

As a general thing, he spoke little of himself, never played any part, seemed always a most simple and ordinary man, and said only the most simple and the most ordinary things.

He wrote letters to his daughters and to Madame Stahl, read romances, liked the society of pretty women, jested with generals, officers, and soldiers, and never contradicted those that tried to prove anything to him.

When Count Rostopchin galloped across the Yauza bridge up to Kutuzof and loaded him with personal reproaches for the loss of Moscow, and said, "How was it that you promised not to give up Moscow without a battle," Kutuzof replied: —

"I shall not give up Moscow without a battle."

And yet Moscow was already abandoned.

When Arakcheyef came to him from the sovereign and said that Yermolof must be appointed chief of artillery, Kutuzof replied: —

"Yes. Only just now I was proposing that myself."

And yet, a few moments before, he had expressed himself quite differently.

What was it to him, who alone amid the foolish throng about him understood all the mighty significance of the event, what was it to him whether Count Rostopchin attributed to him or any one else the abandonment of the capital? Still less could he be concerned with the question who should be named chief of artillery.

Not only in these circumstances, but on all occasions, this old man, who by experience of life had come to the conviction that thoughts, and the words whereby thoughts are expressed, do not stir men to action, spoke words absolutely without meaning, saying whatever came into his head.

But this same man, who so scorned speech, never once, throughout the whole period of his activity, uttered a single word which would not have agreed with the one object toward the attainment of which he moved throughout the course of the war.

With evident reluctance, with a painful assurance that he would not be understood, again and again in the most varied circumstances he expressed his thought.

From the time of the battle of Borodino, when his quarrel with those around him began, he alone declared that *the battle of Borodino was a victory*, and he repeated it both orally and in his letters, as well as in his reports, until his death.

He alone declared that *the loss of Moscow was not the loss of Russia.*

He, in reply to Lauriston, who was sent to offer terms of peace, said that *peace could not be made, because such was not the will of the people.*

He alone, during the retreat of the French, declared that *all our manœuvers were useless, that everything*

would come out of itself better than we could wish, that it was only necessary to give the enemy the "golden bridge"[1]*; that neither the battle of Tarutino, nor that of Krasnoye, nor that of Viazma, was necessary; that, to reach the frontier, troops were needed; that he would not sacrifice a single Russian soldier for ten Frenchmen.*

And he alone, this deceitful courtier, as he is represented to us, this man who to please his sovereign lied to Arakcheyef, he alone, this courtier, at the risk of winning his sovereign's ill-will, declared, at Vilna, that *war prolonged beyond the frontier would be dangerous and useless.*

But words alone would not prove that he grasped the significance of the event. His acts — all without the slightest variation — were all directed to one and the same threefold object: —

1. To concentrate all his forces for any encounter with the French.
2. To vanquish them, and
3. To drive them from Russia, while alleviating, so far as was possible, the sufferings of the people and the troops.

He, this Kutuzof, the temporizer, whose device was "patience and time," the enemy of decisive actions, he gives battle at Borodino, clothing the preparation for it with unexampled solemnity.

He, this Kutuzof, who at Austerlitz, before the battle began, declares that it will be lost; and at Borodino, in spite of the conviction of the generals that it was a defeat, protests up to the time of his death that the battle of Borodino was a victory, though the example of an army that had won a victory being obliged to retreat was unheard of in history, — he alone, during all the time of the retreat, insists on refraining from further battles, since they were now useless — from beginning a new war, and from crossing the frontier.

It is easy at the present time to comprehend the significance of the event, provided we do not concern ourselves with the mass of plans fermenting in the heads

[1] That is, give them every facility to destroy themselves.

of a dozen men, since the whole event, with all its consequences, lies before us.

But how was it that at that time this old man, alone, against the opinions of many, was able to divine so accurately the significance of the national impression of the event, that he did not once through his whole activity prove false to it?

This extraordinary power of insight into the import of the events accomplishing had its source in that national sentiment which he carried in his heart in all its purity and vigor.

Only the recognition of this sentiment in Kutuzof compelled the people by such strange paths to choose this old man, in disgrace as he was, against the will of the Tsar to be their representative in the national war.

And only this sentiment elevated Kutuzof to the high pinnacle of humanity from which he, the general-in-chief, employed all his efforts, not to kill and exterminate men, but to save and have pity on them.

This simple, modest, and therefore truly majestic figure could not be cast in the counterfeit mold employed by history for the European hero supposed to have governed the nations.

For the valet there can be no great man, because the valet has his own conception of greatness.

CHAPTER VI

The seventeenth of November was the first day of the so-called battle of Krasnoye. Before dark, when after many disputes and blunders caused by generals who did not reach the places where they should have been, after much galloping about of aides with commands and counter-commands, when it was already self-evident that the enemy were everywhere running away, and that a battle could not and would not take place, Kutuzof set forth from Krasnoye and rode to Dobroye, where headquarters had been established for that day.

The day was clear and frosty. Kutuzof, with a big

suite of generals, most of whom were dissatisfied with him and were whispering behind his back, rode to Dobroye, mounted on his stout white cob.

The road all along was crowded with a party of French prisoners captured that day — seven thousand of them had been taken — who were trying to warm themselves around the bivouac fires.

Not far from Dobroye a huge throng of ragged prisoners, wearing whatever they happened to have laid their hands on, were loudly talking, as they stood in the road near a long row of unlimbered French cannon.

As the commander-in-chief approached, the talking quieted down, and all eyes were fixed on Kutuzof, who, in his white hat with red band, and wadded cloak hunched upon his stooping shoulders, slowly moved along the road. One of the generals was reporting to Kutuzof where the prisoners and cannon had been captured.

Kutuzof seemed preoccupied and did not hear the general's words. He blinked his eyes with displeasure and kept gazing attentively and fixedly at the figures of the prisoners, who presented a particularly melancholy spectacle. Most of the French soldiers were maimed, with frost-bitten noses and cheeks, and almost all of them had red, swollen, and festering eyes.

One group of the French was near the roadside, and two soldiers — the face of one was covered with scars — were tearing a piece of raw meat. There was something terrible and bestial in the wild glances which they cast on the newcomers and in the ugly expression with which the scarred soldier, after gazing at Kutuzof, immediately turned away and went on with his operations.

Kutuzof gazed long and attentively at these two soldiers; frowning still more portentously, he blinked his eyes and thoughtfully shook his head.

In another place he observed a Russian soldier, who, with a laugh, gave a Frenchman a slap on the shoulder and made some friendly remark to him. Kutuzof, again with the same expression, shook his head.

"What were you saying?" he asked of the general,

who had gone on with his report and was calling the commander-in-chief's attention to the captured French colors which were bunched in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment.

"Oh, the colors," said Kutuzof, finding it evidently hard to turn his mind from the object that occupied his thoughts. He looked around absent-mindedly. Thousands of eyes, from every side, looked at him, expecting his reply.

He reined in his horse in front of the Preobrazhensky regiment, drew a heavy sigh, and closed his eyes. One of the suite made a signal to the soldiers who had charge of the standards to advance and group the flagstaffs around the commander-in-chief.

Kutuzof said nothing for some seconds, and then, with evident reluctance, yielding to the necessity of his position, raised his head and began to speak.

The officers gathered around him in throngs. With an attentive glance he surveyed the circle of officers, some of whom he recognized.

"I thank you all," he said, addressing the soldiers and then the officers again. In the silence which reigned around him his slowly spoken words were perfectly distinct. "I thank you all for your hard and faithful service. The victory is complete, and Russia will not forget you. Your glory will be eternal."

He was silent and looked around.

"Bend down, bend down its head!" said he to the soldier who held the French eagle and had unexpectedly inclined it toward the Preobrazhensky standard. "Lower, lower still, — that's the way. Hurrah, boys!" he cried, with a quick movement of his chin, turning to his soldiers.

"Hurrah, rah-rah!" roared forth from thousands of voices.

While the soldiers were cheering, Kutuzof bent down to his saddle, inclined his head, and his eyes gleamed with a gentle, perceptibly ironical gleam.

"Well, boys!"[1] he began when the cheering had ceased.

[1] *Bratsui*, brothers; he generally calls them *rebyata*, children.

And suddenly his voice and the expression of his face changed; no longer the commander-in-chief spoke, but a simple old man, who evidently had something of importance to communicate to his comrades.

Through the crowd of officers and the ranks of the soldiers ran a stir, as they pressed forward to hear more distinctly what he should now have to say: —

"Well, boys! I know it's hard for you, but what's to be done? Have patience; it is not for long. When we have escorted our guests out of the country we will rest. The Tsar will not forget your labors, will not forget you. It is hard for you, but you are at home all this time, while they — see what they have come to," said he, indicating the prisoners, — "worse than the lowest beggars. While they were strong we had no pity on them, but now we may pity them. They, too, are men. Is n't that so, boys?"

He glanced around him, and in the earnest, respectfully perplexed glances fixed on him he read their sympathy with what he had said. His face was constantly more and more illumined by the benevolent smile of old age, by the starlike lines irradiating from the corners of his mouth and eyes.

He remained silent for a little, and in apparent perplexity dropped his head: —

"Of course it may be said, who invited them to come to us? They deserve it, t.... d.... s.... b...." said he, suddenly raising his head. And, cracking his whip, he rode off at a gallop, for the first time in the whole campaign followed by roars of laughter and a bellowing hurrah ringing down the long lines of the soldiers as they broke ranks.

The words spoken by Kutuzof could have been scarcely understood by the troops. No one would have been able to report accurately, either the solemn words which the field-marshal had spoken first, or the kindly simplicity of the old man's words at the last; but not only was the tone of sincerity that rang through the whole speech comprehensible, but that peculiar sense of majestic solemnity in union with compassion for their

enemies, and with the feeling of the righteousness of their cause, expressed, if in nothing else, in that old-fashioned, good-natured execration, this feeling found an echo in every man's breast, and found utterance in that joyful, long-undying shout.

When afterwards one of the generals came and asked Kutuzof if he would not prefer to ride in his calash, in his reply he unexpectedly broke into sobs, evidently being overcome by powerful emotion.

CHAPTER VII

On the twentieth of November, the last day of the battles of Krasnoye, it was already twilight when the troops reached their halting-place for the night. The whole day had been calm and cold, with an occasional light fall of snow. Toward evening it had begun to clear off. Even while the last flakes were falling the dark-purple starry sky could be seen and the cold grew more intense.

A regiment of musketeers, which had left Tarutino three thousand strong, and now mustered nine hundred, was one of the first to reach the place of bivouac, — a village on the highway.

The billeters, who met the regiment, explained that all the cottages were occupied by sick and dying Frenchmen, cavalrymen, and staff-officers. There was only one izba for the regimental commander.

The regimental commander went to his quarters. The regiment marched through the village and stacked their arms near the last houses on the highway.

Like a monstrous many-limbed animal, the regiment at once set to work to provide for itself a lair and food. One squad of the men, plowing through snow above their knees, went to a birch grove, at the right of the road, and immediately from the grove were heard the sounds of axes, cutlasses, the crashing of falling limbs, and gay voices.

A second detachment was gathered around the place

where the regiment's carts and horses were drawn up, noisily busy in getting out kettles and hardtack and in foddering the horses.

A third detachment was scattered through the village, preparing quarters for the staff-officers, clearing away the dead bodies of the French that lay in the izbas, and dragging off beams, dry wood, and straw from the roofs for their fires, and wattled hedges for shelter.

A dozen or more soldiers behind a row of cottages at the edge of the village, with a jocund shout, were pulling at the high wattling of a shed from which the roof had already been torn.

"Now then! once more, all together!" cried the voices, and under the darkness of the night the fabric of the wattling, laden with snow, rocked with a frosty, crackling sound.

The lower posts gave way more and more, and at last the wattling started to give way, taking with it the soldiers who were pushing against it. There were heard loud, coarse shouts and laughter.

"Look out there, you two!"

"Give the hand-spike[1] here!"

"There, that's the way!"

"What are you climbing up there for?"

"Now, all together.... Now wait, boys!.... With a chorus!"

All became silent, and a mellow, velvety, sweet voice struck up the song. At the end of the third stanza, as the last note died away, a score of voices took up the refrain in unison:—

"*U—u—u—u! idyot! Razom! Navalis dyetki!* —She falls! once more—a long pull and a strong pull, boys!"

But, in spite of their united efforts, the wattling gave but little, and in the silence that ensued was heard their heavy breathing.

"Ho there, Company Six! Fiends! Devils! Lend a hand!.... We'll do as much for you some day!"

[1] The speaker, a man from Tula perhaps, says *rotchag* instead of *ruitchag*.

A score of men from Company Six, who were passing through the village, joined forces with the others, and the wattling, five sazhens long and a sazhen, or seven feet, wide, bending under its own weight, and crushing and bruising the shoulders of the panting soldiers who carried it, moved along the village street. "Keep step there! .... There you are stumbling! .... Can't you keep your balance?" ....

There was no cessation of the jovial though sometimes coarse objurgations.

"What is the matter with you?" suddenly rang out the imperious voice of a soldier, who came hastening toward them.

"There are gentlemen here! The *anaral* himself is in that izba, but you are devils, fiends incarnate, foul-mouthed wretches! I'll give it to you!" yelled the sergeant, and, with all his might, he struck the first soldier he encountered a blow on the back. "Can't you keep quiet?"

The soldiers ceased their noise. The soldier who had been struck grunted, and began to rub his face, which was lacerated and covered with blood. He had been hit by the wattled branches.

"The devil! How he made me smart for it! See how it made my whole mug bleed!" said he, in a timid whisper, when the sergeant had gone back.

"And so you don't like it!" said a mocking voice, and, moderating their tones, the soldiers went on their way. When once they were beyond the village, they once more began to talk as loud as ever, punctuating their conversation with the same aimless objurgations.

In the cottage by which the soldiers had been passing were collected some of the higher officers, and, as they drank their tea, the conversation waxed lively over the events of the past day and the proposed manœuvers of the following day. It was proposed to make a flank march to the left, to cut off the viceroy and take him prisoner.

When the soldiers brought in the wattling, the fires for cooking were already merrily burning in various

directions. The wood was snapping, the snow was melting, and dark shadows of soldiers were moving up and down over the whole space, trampling down the snow.

Axes and cutlasses were busy at work in various directions. Everything was done without special orders. Wood was brought for the night supply, wigwams were prepared for the officers, kettles were set to boiling, arms and ammunition were put into order.

The wattling brought in by the men of the Eighth Company was set up in the form of a semicircular screen toward the north, and propped up with stakes, while the fire was kindled under its shelter. The drums beat the tattoo, the roll was called, the men took their supper, and disposed themselves for the night around the bivouac fires — one repairing his foot-gear, another smoking his pipe, another (stripped to the skin) roasting his lice!

CHAPTER VIII

It would seem as if in those almost unimaginably difficult conditions of existence in which the Russian soldiers were brought at this time, — lacking warm boots, lacking overcoats, without shelter over their heads, in the snow, with the temperature at eighteen degrees of frost,[1] lacking a sufficiency of provisions, which frequently failed to arrive, — it would seem as if these soldiers might by good rights have presented a most pitiable and melancholy spectacle.

On the contrary, never, even in the very most favorable material conditions, did the army present a more gay and animated spectacle. It was due to the fact that each day the army lost out of its ranks all those who began to show signs of weakness or depression, all who were physically or morally feeble had long since been left behind; the very flower of the army remained — through strength of spirit and of body.

[1] Réaumur.

The Eighth Company, which had set up the shelter of the wattling, had more than its share of men. Two sergeant-majors had come behind it, and their fire blazed up brighter than any of the others. They demanded in exchange for the right to sit behind the shelter a contribution of firewood.

"Hey, Makayef! what's the matter with you?.... Did you get lost, or did the wolves eat you? Bring us some wood," cried one, a rubicund-faced, red-haired soldier, scowling and winking from the smoke, but not stirring from the fire. "Come here, you crow, bring us some wood," cried this soldier, addressing another.

The red-headed man was neither a non-commissioned officer nor an exempt, but was simply a sound, healthy private, and therefore he ordered around those who were weaker than he.

A thin little soldier with a sharp nose, the one they called "Crow," — Vorona, — submissively got up and started to obey the command; but at this time the firelight fell on the slender, graceful figure of a soldier lugging an armful of fagots.

"Give it here, that's first-rate."

The wood was broken up and thrown on, and the men blew it with their mouths and fanned it with their coat-tails, and the flame began to hiss and crackle. The soldiers, gathering closer, lighted their pipes.

The handsome young soldier who had brought the fagots put his arms akimbo and, in order to warm his frozen feet, began swiftly and skilfully to dance a shuffle where he stood.

"*Akh, mamenka,*
kholodnaya rosa
Da khorosha —
Da f mushkatera ...."[1]

He sang it out loud, making a sort of hiccoughing sound at every syllable of the song.

"Hey, there, your soles are flying off," cried the red-

[1] Ah, dear little mother, cold is the dew and beautiful, but to the musketeer ....

haired man, observing that one of the young soldier's soles was hanging loose. "That makes it poison to dance."

The dancer paused, tore off the loose leather, and flung it into the fire.

"That's so, brother," said he, and, sitting down, he got out of his knapsack a piece of blue French cloth and proceeded to wrap it around his foot and leg. "It will do for a pair," he added, stretching his feet out toward the fire.

"We'll soon have new ones. They say, when we've killed 'em all off, we'll all have enough for a couple of pairs."

"But, say, did you see that son of a dog Petrof? He straggled behind, did n't he?" asked one of the sergeant-majors.

"I saw him some time ago," said another.

"So, then, the soldier boy...."

"They say that in the Third Company yesterday nine men missed roll-call."

"Well, but how's a man to walk when his feet are frozen off, tell me that!"

"Eh, it's idle to talk about it," said the sergeant-major.

"Well, how would you like it?" asked an old soldier reproachfully, addressing the one who had spoken about feet being frozen off.

"What's your idea about it?" cried, in a shrill, trembling voice, the sharp-nosed soldier whom they called Vorona, the crow, suddenly getting up from the farther side of the fire. "The fat grows lean, and lean ones has to die. That's my case. My strength's all gone," said he, suddenly taking a resolute tone and addressing the sergeant-major. "Have me sent to the hospital. The rheumatiz has got the upper hand o' me. And, besides, what difference does it make?"....

"There, now, that'll do, that'll do," said the sergeant-major, calmly.

The little soldier relapsed into silence, and the general conversation went on.

"To-day they took a good number of these Frenchmen, but as for boots, it 's safe to say not one had any good for anything — not one worth naming," began one of the soldiers, with the purpose of starting a new subject.

"The Cossacks got all their boots. When they cleaned out the izba for the colonel, they dragged 'em out. It was a pity to see, boys," said the dancer. "How they flung them around. One was so alive that, would you believe it, he muttered something in his own language!"

"They 're a clean people, boys," said the first. "White as a white birch, and some fine fellows among them, I tell you, — noblemen."

"Well, why should n't there be? They 've recruited all sorts."

"But they can't talk with us in our language," said the dancer, with a smile of perplexity. "I says to one of 'em, 'Under what crown — *cheï koronui?*' — who 's your king — and he talks back in his own gibberish. A wonderful people!"

"There 's something odd about it, brothers," pursued the one who had been amazed at their whiteness; "the peasants told me at Mozhaïsk that when they started to clear up the dead where the battle was and where their bodies had been laying most a month, and what do you think, says he, theirs was as white as white paper and just as clean, and there was n't the slightest bit of smell about them."

"Well, don't you suppose 't was from the cold?" suggested one man.

"Well, you are smart! From the cold! Why, it was hot weather. Besides, if it had been from the freezing, then ours would n't have spoiled either. But no, says he, when they came to one of ours, he 'd be all eaten up with worms, says he. And so, says he, we had to put a handkerchief round our noses and turn away our heads and get 'em off — could n't stand it. But theirs, says he, was like white paper; and not a grain of smell about 'em."

All were silent.

"Must be from their victuals," said the sergeant-major. "They feed like gentlemen."

No one replied to this.

"This muzhik told me at Mozhaïsk that they came out from a dozen villages and worked twenty days carting 'em off, and did n't get the job done even then .... the dead, I mean. .... The wolves too, says he ...."

"That battle amounted to something," said an old soldier. "That was a thing to remember; but those since, why, they 've been nothing but a torment to the boys."

"Well, little uncle, day before yesterday, we gave it to 'em. But they won't let us catch up with 'em. They 've been throwing down their muskets lively. Down on their knees! '*Pardon*,' they say. Now take one example. Platof twice took 'Poleon himself. He did not know a word about it. He gets him, gets him. That 's the way, has the bird in his hands, lets him go .... and off he flies, off he flies. And so no chance to kill him."

"What a healthy liar you are, Kiselyef. I 'm looking at you."

"Why liar? Honest truth!"

"If I 'd had the chance, I 'd given it to him. I 'd knocked him down with an aspen cudgel. See how he 's ruined us."

"We 'll do it before we get through. No way of his escaping," said the old soldier, yawning.

The conversation died away; the soldiers began to get ready for the night.

"Just see the stars, terrible lot of them! One would say the women had been spreading out clothes," said a soldier, pointing to the Milky Way.

"Signs of a good year, boys."

"Will any more fuel be needed?"

"My back 's scorching, but my belly 's frozen. Queer things happen."

"O Lord ...."

"What are you jabbering about? Are you the only

one, pray, that 's burning? There .... stretch yourself out."

Amid the gradually established silence was heard the snoring of several sleepers; the rest kept turning from side to side in their efforts to keep warm, and occasionally uttered exclamations.

From a bivouac fire a hundred paces distant was heard a burst of jovial, good-natured laughter.

"Hark! What a noise they 're making in the Fifth Company," said one soldier. "And what a terrible lot of men!"

One soldier got up and went over to Company Five.

"Great fun!" said he, when he came back. "They 've got a couple of Frenchmen:[1] one 's half frozen; but t' other one 's lively enough. He 's singing."

"O-o! let 's go and see!"....

Several of the soldiers went over to Company Five.

CHAPTER IX

THE Fifth Company was stationed near the grove. A huge bivouac fire was brightly blazing in the midst of the snow, casting its light on the branches of the trees, weighed down with their burden of frost.

In the midst of the night the soldiers of Company Five had heard steps in the snow, and the cracking of dry branches in the forest.

"Boys, a bear!"[2] cried one soldier.

All raised their heads and listened; and forth from the forest, into the bright light of the fire, pushed two human forms, strangely clad, and holding each other by the hand.

They were two Frenchmen, who had hidden in the forest. Hoarsely speaking something in a tongue unknown to the soldiers, they approached the fire.

One was tall and wore an officer's hat, and seemed

[1] *Khrantsusa.*

[2] *Rebyata, vyedmed'!* The speaker is from Southern Russia, and says *vyedmed'* for *medvyed'*.

perfectly fagged. Approaching the fire, he tried to sit down, but fell flat.

The other, a small, dumpy private, with his ears tied up in a handkerchief, was stronger. He lifted his comrade, and, pointing to his mouth, said something.

The soldiers gathered around the Frenchmen, spread down a cloak for the sick one, and gave them both kasha-gruel and vodka.

The enfeebled French officer was Ramball; the one with the handkerchief tied around his ears was his servant Morel.

When Morel had drunk the vodka and eaten a small kettle of kasha, he suddenly grew painfully jolly, and kept talking all the time, though the soldiers could not understand a word he said.

Ramball refused the food, and lay silently leaning on his elbow by the fire, with dull red eyes, staring at the Russians. Occasionally he uttered a long, low groan, and then relapsed into silence.

Morel, pointing to his shoulders, made the soldiers understand that he was an officer, and that he needed to be warmed.

A Russian officer who came up to the bivouac fire sent to ask the colonel if he would not take in a French officer; and when the messenger said that the colonel ordered the officer to be brought to him, Ramball was invited to go.

He got up and tried to walk, but tottered, and would have fallen if a soldier who happened to be standing near had not supported him.

"What? Can't you come it?" asked one soldier, turning to Ramball with a wink and a grin.

"Oh, you idiot! durak!" .... "Can't you have some decency?" .... "What a muzhik! Truly a muzhik!" were heard from all sides in accents of reproach to the jesting soldier.

They gathered round Ramball; two of them lifted him up in their arms and bore him to the izba. He threw his arms around their necks and kept repeating in piteous tones: "*Oh! mes braves, oh mes bons, mes bons*

amis! Voilà des hommes! oh mes braves, mes bons amis! — Oh my good friends, you are true men!" and like a child rested his head on the shoulder of one of the soldiers.

Meantime Morel sat in the seat of honor, surrounded by the soldiers.

Morel, a little squat Frenchman, with inflamed, teary eyes, with a woman's handkerchief tied over his cap, was dressed in a woman's shabby sheepskin shubyonka. The vodka had evidently gone to his head, and he, while holding the hand of the soldier who sat next him, was singing, in a hoarse, broken voice, a French song.

The soldiers held their sides as they looked at him.

"Now then, now then, teach us that. How does it go? I'll catch it in a moment. How is it?" asked the jester, who was a singer, and whose hand Morel had seized.

"*Vive Henri Quatre!*
Vive ce roi vaillant!"

sang Morel, winking one eye.

"*Ce diable à quatre!*"....[1]

"*Vivarika Vif seruvaru! Sidiobliaka!*" repeated the soldier, beating time with his hand, and actually catching the tune. "See how clever! ho! — ho! — ho! — ho! — ho!" arose the coarse, jocund laughter from every side. Morel, frowning, laughed also.

"Well, give us some more, more!"

"*Qui eut le triple talent*
De boire, de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant!"[2]

"Now that goes well, too!".... "Now, then, Zaletayef!"....

"*Kiu!*" repeated Zaletayef, with a will, — "*kiu .... iu .... iu*" — he dwelt on the diphthong, trying to stick out

[1] Live Henry IV.! Long live the gallant king, etc. French song. — AUTHOR'S NOTE.

[2] Who had the threefold talent of drinking, of fighting, and of being loved.

his lips, — "*letriptala de bu de ba i detravagala*," he sang.

"Aï! splendid! He's a real Frenchy!"

"Oï — ho! ho! ho! ho!"

"Don't you want something more to eat?"

"Give him some more kasha! It'll take some time to fill up his hunger."

They gave him another bowl of the gruel, and then Morel, laughing, took still a third. Jovial smiles broadened the faces of all the young soldiers as they looked at Morel. The old veterans, counting it unseemly to descend to such trivialities, lay on the other side of the fire, but occasionally raised themselves on their elbows and stared at Morel with a smile.

"They're men like us," said one of them, as he wrapped himself up in his cloak. "Even wormwood has roots to grow by."

"Oo! Lord! Lord! What a terrible lot of stars! It's going to be a cold night." ....

And all grew silent again.

The stars, as if they knew that now no one was looking at them, played merrily in the dark sky. Now flashing out, now dying down again, now twinkling, they seemed to be busily engaged in communing among themselves concerning something pleasant but mysterious.

CHAPTER X

The French troops melted away in a regular mathematical progression.

Even that passage of the Beresina, about which so much has been written, was only one of the intermediate steps in the destruction of the French army, and not at all a decisive episode of the campaign.

If so much has been written and still is written about the Beresina, it is, so far as concerns the French, simply because the misfortunes which the French army had, up to that time, endured coming steadily, here suddenly accumulated in one moment at the broken bridge on

the river — one tragic disaster, which remained in the memory of all.

On the part of the Russians so much has been talked and written about the Beresina, simply because at Petersburg, far away from the theater of war, a plan was made (by Pfuhl) for drawing Napoleon into a strategical snare on the river Beresina.

All were persuaded that everything would be carried out in conformity with the plan, and therefore they insisted that the passage of the Beresina was the destruction of the French.

In reality, the results of the passage of the Beresina were far less disastrous to the French in loss of artillery and prisoners than the battle of Krasnoye, as is proved by statistics.

The only significance of the passage of the Beresina lies in this, that it proved beyond a doubt the absurdity of all plans for cutting off the retreat of the French, and the correctness of the only feasible operation, that demanded by Kutuzof and all the troops (as a whole), — the idea of simply pursuing the enemy.

The throngs of the French hurried on with constantly increasing velocity, with all their energies concentrated on the attainment of their goal. They fled like a wounded animal, and it was impossible to stop them in their course.

This is proved not so much by the arrangements made for the passage as by what occurred at the bridges.

When the bridges were destroyed, — soldiers without weapons, natives of Moscow, women and children, who were in convoy of the French, all carried away by the force of inertia, instead of giving themselves up, pushed on, throwing themselves into boats or into the icy waters.

This impetus was a matter of course.

The situation of the fugitives and of the pursuers was equally bad. Each one being in company with his fellows in misfortune had hope of their help from the definite place which he held among his fellows.

If he surrendered to the Russians, he would be in the same condition of wretchedness, would indeed be far

worse off as far as all the requirements of living were concerned.

The French did not need exact information of the fact that half of the prisoners whom the Russians did not know what to do with, in spite of their desires to save them, had died of hunger and starvation. They felt that this was inevitable.

The most compassionate Russian generals, those well disposed toward the French, Frenchmen in the Russian service, could do nothing for the prisoners. The French perished of the miseries which attended the Russian army.

It was an impossibility to take from their famished, needy soldiers bread and clothes in order to give them to the French, however inoffensive, friendly, and even innocent they might be.

A few even did this, but they were only exceptions.

Behind the French was certain destruction; before them was hope. They had burned their ships, there was no other safety than in associated flight; and on this associated flight all the energies of the French were concentrated.

The farther the French fled and the more pitiable the condition of their remnants became, especially after the Beresina, — on which, in consequence of the Petersburg plan, especial hopes were rested, — the more frantically excited waxed the passions of the Russian generals, who indulged in recriminations of each other and especially of Kutuzof.

Taking for granted that the failure of the Petersburg plan at the Beresina would be attributed to him, their discontent with him, their scorn of him, and their sarcasms at his expense were expressed with greater and greater violence. Their sarcasms and scorn, of course, were couched under the form of respect, so that Kutuzof could not demand in what way and why he was blamed.

They never talked with him seriously; while making their reports to him and asking his advice, they affected to conform with the gravest ceremony, but behind his

back they winked at one another and at every step tried to deceive him.

All these men, from the very reason that they could not understand him, were convinced that there was nothing to be said to this old man, that he would never penetrate into all the wisdom of their plans, that he would simply repeat his phrases — it seemed to them they were nothing but phrases — about "the golden bridge," and how he could not think of crossing the border with a troop of vagabonds, and the like.

This was all that he had ever been heard to say. And all that he said, — for example, that it was necessary to wait for provisions, that the men were unprovided with boots, — all this was so simple, and all that they proposed was so complicated and deep, that it was a self-evident truth for them that he was stupid and old, and they were the commanders of genius, who were only lacking in power.

Especially after that brilliant admiral and hero, Wittgenstein, from Petersburg, joined the army, this disposition and this disaffection reached its height. Kutuzof saw it, and, sighing, simply shrugged his shoulders. But one time — after the Beresina — he lost his temper, and wrote the following note to Wittgenstein, who had made a special report to the sovereign.

Owing to your severe attacks of illness, your excellency[1] will be kind enough on receipt of this to retire to Kaluga, where you will await his imperial majesty's further commands and orders.

But after the retirement of Benigsen came the Grand Duke Konstantin Pavlovitch, who had been present at the beginning of the campaign and had been removed from Kutuzof's army. The grand duke, as soon as he reached the army, assured Kutuzof of his majesty the emperor's dissatisfaction at the insufficient successes of our troops and the slowness of our movements, and informed him that his majesty the emperor, himself, intended shortly to be present with the army.

[1] *Vashe vuisokoprevoskhodityelstvo.*

This old man, who was no less experienced in the affairs of courts than in affairs military, this Kutuzof, who had been appointed commander-in-chief the previous August against the sovereign's will, this man who sent the heir-apparent and the grand duke away from the army, who by the power invested in him had signed the abandonment of Moscow, this same Kutuzof now instantly realized that his time was come, that his part was played, and that the semblance of power which he had held was his no more.

And not by his court instinct alone did he realize this. On the one hand, he saw that the war in which he had played his part was ended, and he felt that his calling was fulfilled. On the other hand, at the same time, he began to feel physical weariness in his old frame and the absolute need of physical rest.

Kutuzof, on the eleventh of December, arrived at Vilna — "his good Vilna," as he called it. Twice during his career Kutuzof had been governor of Vilna. In the rich city, which had not suffered from the devastation of war, Kutuzof found, besides the amenities of life, of which he had been deprived so long, old friends and pleasant recollections. And suddenly, casting off all military and governmental cares, he plunged into this calm, equable life as far as he was allowed to do so by the passions seething around him, as if all that was occurring and about to occur in the historical world concerned him not.

Chitchagof, one of the most disaffected and volatile of men, — Chitchagof, who had at first been anxious to make a diversion into Greece and afterwards against Warsaw, though he was never willing to go where he was sent, — Chitchagof, who was famous for his audacious speech to the sovereign, — Chitchagof, who considered himself Kutuzof's benefactor, because when, in 1811, he had been sent to conclude peace with Turkey, without Kutuzof's knowledge, he, on discovering that the peace was already concluded, acknowledged before the sovereign that the credit of concluding the peace belonged to Kutuzof, — this same Chitchagof was the first

to meet Kutuzof at the castle of Vilna, where Kutuzof was to be lodged. Chitchagof, in naval undress uniform, holding his forage-cap under his arm, gave Kutuzof his report and handed him the keys of the city.

That scornfully respectful demeanor of the young to Kutuzof, who was regarded as in his dotage, was shown in the highest degree in all the behavior of Chitchagof, who knew of the charges made against his senior.

In his conversation with Chitchagof, Kutuzof told him, among other things, that the carriages with plate which had been captured from him at Borisovo were safe and would be restored to him.

"You wish to insinuate that I have nothing to eat on. .... On the contrary, I can furnish you with everything even in case you should wish to give dinner-parties," replied Chitchagof, angrily, in every word that he spoke wishing to prove his correctness of style, and therefore supposing that Kutuzof was occupied with the same.

Kutuzof smiled his peculiar, shrewd smile, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied, "*Ce n'est que pour dire ce que je vous dis* — It was only to tell you, that I told you."

Kutuzof, contrary to the sovereign's wish, kept the larger part of the army at Vilna. Kutuzof, according to those who had most to do with him, was greatly shaken and was very weak physically during his stay at Vilna. He occupied himself with military affairs with a very bad grace; he intrusted everything to his generals, and, while waiting for the sovereign, gave himself up to a life of dissipation.

When, on the twenty-third of December, the sovereign with his suite, — Count Tolstoï, Prince Volkonsky, Arakcheyef, and others, — after a four days' journey from Petersburg, reached Vilna, he drove in his traveling sledge directly to the castle. In spite of the severe cold, a hundred generals and staff-officers, in full-dress uniform, and the guard of honor of the Semyonovsky regiment, were waiting at the castle.

A courier, dashing up to the castle in a sledge drawn

by a sweaty troïka, cried, "He 's coming!" Konovnitsuin hurried into the vestibule to inform Kutuzof, who was expecting him in the Swiss's pretty little room.

In a moment the old general's stout, portly form, in full-dress uniform, his full regalia covering his chest, and with a scarf tied around his abdomen, came tottering and swaying to the head of the stairs. Kutuzof put his three-cornered hat on, point front, took his gloves in his hand, and, letting himself painfully, toilsomely sidewise down the stairs, stepped forth holding in his hand the report which had been prepared to give to the sovereign.

There was a running to and fro, a sound of hurried talking, another troïka came unexpectedly dashing by, and all eyes were fixed on a sledge which came flying up. In it could be already seen the figures of the sovereign and Volkonsky.

All this had its physically exciting effect on the old general, though he had been used to it for half a century. With a hasty, nervous movement he adjusted his decorations and straightened his hat, and the instant that the sovereign, stepping out of the sledge, raised his eyes to him, taking courage and lifting himself up to his full height, he handed him the report and began to speak in his measured, ingratiating voice.

The sovereign, with a swift glance, measured Kutuzof from head to feet, frowned for an instant, but, instantly mastering himself, stepped forward, and, stretching out his arms, embraced the old general.

Once more, owing to the old familiar impression and to the thoughts that came surging into his mind, this embrace had its usual effect upon Kutuzof: he sobbed.

The sovereign greeted the officers and the Semyonovsky Guard, and, having once more shaken hands with the old general, he went with him into the castle.

After the sovereign was left alone with his field-marshal, he freely expressed his dissatisfaction with the slowness of the pursuit, with the mistakes made at Krasnoye and on the Beresina, and gave him his ideas

as to what should be the coming campaign beyond the frontier.

Kutuzof made no reply or remark. That same submissive and stupid expression with which seven years before he had listened to his sovereign's comments on the field of Austerlitz rested now on his face.

When Kutuzof left the cabinet and was passing along the hall with his heavy, plunging gait and with sunken head, some one's voice called him back.

"Your serene highness," cried some one.

Kutuzof raised his head and looked long into the eyes of Count Tolstoï, who, with a small trinket on a silver platter, stood before him.

Kutuzof apparently knew not what was wanted of him.

Suddenly he came to himself; a scarcely perceptible smile flashed across his pudgy face, and, making a low and respectful bow, he took the object lying on the platter.

It was the George of the first degree.

CHAPTER XI

The next day the field-marshal gave a dinner and a ball which the sovereign honored with his presence.

Kutuzof had received the George of the first degree, the sovereign had paid him the highest honors; but the sovereign's dissatisfaction with the field-marshal was noticeable to every one. The proprieties were strictly observed, and the sovereign set the first example of this; but all knew that the old general was considered blameworthy and unfit for further employment.

When, at the ball, Kutuzof, in accordance with an old custom of Catherine's time, commanded the standards captured from the enemy to be inclined before the sovereign as he entered the ball-room, the sovereign frowned with annoyance, and muttered certain words, among which some overheard the expression, — "*Starui Komediant* — the old actor!"

The sovereign's dissatisfaction with Kutuzof was increased in Vilna, especially because Kutuzof evidently would not or could not understand the significance of the campaign before him.

When, on the following morning, the sovereign said to the officers who came to pay their respects to him, "You have saved not Russia alone: you have saved all Europe," every one very well understood that the war was not ended.

Kutuzof was the only one who would not see this, and he openly expressed his opinion that a new war could not improve the position or increase the glory of Russia, but could only weaken her position and diminish the already lofty pinnacle of glory on which Russia, in his opinion, was now standing. He endeavored to show the sovereign the impossibility of recruiting fresh armies; he spoke about the difficult position of the inhabitants, and hinted at the possibility of failure and the like.

Having such ideas, the field-marshal naturally made himself only a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the way of the coming war.

A convenient way of avoiding collisions with the old man presented itself. This was: just as at Austerlitz, and as at the beginning of the campaign when Barclay was commander-in-chief, to take out from under the commander-in-chief the ground of the power whereon he stood, without disturbing him, or even letting him realize it, and to transfer it to the sovereign himself.

With this end in view, the staff was gradually reformed, and all that constituted the strength of Kutuzof's staff was destroyed or transferred to the sovereign's.

Toll, Konovnitsuin, Yermolof, received other appointments. All openly expressed the opinion that the field-marshal was becoming very weak, and that his health was in a precarious condition.

It was necessary for him to be in "feeble health," so that he might transfer his place to his successor. And the truth was his health was feeble.

Just as naturally and simply and gradually as Kutuzof had been summoned from Turkey to appear in the court

of the exchequer at Petersburg to take charge of the militia and afterwards of the army, so now when it was necessary it came about just as naturally, gradually, and simply, when Kutuzof's part had been played to the end, that his place should be filled by the new actor that was required.

The war of 1812, besides accomplishing the national object so dear to every Russian heart, was destined to have another significance still — one European.

The movements of the nations from west to east was to be followed by a movement from east to west, and for this new war a new actor was needed, who had other qualities and views from those of Kutuzof, and was moved by other impulses.

Alexander the First was as necessary to move the nations from east to west and to establish the boundaries of the nations as Kutuzof had been for the salvation and glory of Russia.

Kutuzof had no notion of the meaning of Europe, the Balance of Power, Napoleon. He could not understand this. For the representative of the Russian people, after the enemy had been annihilated, Russia saved and established on the highest pinacle of her glory, for him, a Russian, as a Russian, there was nothing left to do. For the representative of the national war there was nothing left except death.

And he died.

CHAPTER XII

Pierre, as is generally the case, felt the whole burden of his physical deprivations and the long strain to which he had been subjected while a prisoner, only when the strain and the privations were at an end.

After his liberation he went to Orel[1]; and on the second day after his arrival, just as he was about to start for Kief, he was taken ill, and remained in Orel for three months.

[1] Pronounced Ayrél.

He had what the doctors called bilious fever.

The doctors treated him, bled him, and made him swallow drugs; nevertheless he recovered.

All that happened to him between the time of his liberation and his sickness left scarcely the faintest impression on him. He remembered only gray melancholy, sometimes rainy, sometimes snowy days, internal physical distress, pain in his legs, in his side; he had a general impression of unhappy suffering people; he recollected the annoying inquisitiveness of officers and generals, who asked him all sorts of questions; his difficulties in finding carriages and horses; and above all he recalled his disconnected thoughts and his feelings at the same time.

On the day that he was liberated, he saw Petya Rostof's dead body. On the same day he learned that Prince Andreï had lived more than a month after the battle of Borodino, and had died only a short time previously at Yaroslavl, at the Rostofs' house.

On that same day, also, Denisof, who had given Pierre this piece of news, spoke of Ellen's death, supposing that Pierre had known about it long before.

All this, at that time, had seemed merely strange to Pierre. He felt that he could not take in the significance of all this news.

His sole desire at that time was to get away as speedily as possible from those places where men were killing one another, to some quiet refuge, and there to collect his senses, to rest, and to think over all that was so strange and new that he had learned in those days.

But as soon as he reached Orel he was taken ill. When he regained his consciousness, he saw two of his servants, — Terentii and Vaska, — who had come from Moscow, and the oldest of the princesses, who had been residing at Yelets, on one of Pierre's estates, and, hearing of his liberation and illness, had come to take care of him.

During his convalescence, Pierre only gradually got rid of the impressions which the preceding months had made

on him, and accustomed himself to the thought that no one would drive him forth the next morning, that no one would dispossess him of his warm bed, and that he was certain to have dinner and tea and supper. But in his dreams he still, for a long time, continued to see himself in the same conditions of captivity.

In the same way Pierre gradually realized the significance of the news which he had heard on the day of his liberation: Prince Andreï's death, the death of his wife, the annihilation of the French.

The joyous feeling of freedom, that perfect, inalienable freedom inherent in man, a realizing sense of which he had for the first time experienced at the first halting-place, when he was carried away from Moscow, filled Pierre's soul during his convalescence. He was amazed that this inner freedom, which had been independent of all external circumstances, now that he had a superfluity, even luxury, seemed to remain still as external freedom.

He was alone in a strange city, where he had no acquaintances. No one wanted anything of him, no one forced him to go anywhere against his will. He had everything that he wanted; the thought about his wife, which had formerly tormented him, had vanished as if she had never existed.

"Ah, how good! how glorious!" he would say to himself, when a table with a clean cloth was moved up to him with fragrant bouillon, or when, at night, he lay stretched out on the soft, clean bed, or when he remembered that his wife and the French no longer existed. "Ah! how good! how glorious!" And out of old habit he would ask himself the questions: "Well, what next? what am I going to do?" and instantly he would answer himself, "Nothing at all! I 'm going to live. Oh! how glorious!"

The very thing that he had formerly tormented himself about, and constantly sought in vain, — an object in life, — now no longer existed for him.

This long-sought-for object of life was not merely absent by chance for the time being, but he felt that it did not exist and could not exist. And this very absence of

an object in life gave him that full joyous sense of freedom which at this time constituted his happiness.

He could have no object, because now he had a faith — not a faith in any rules or creed or dogmas, but faith in a living, everywhere perceptible God.

Hitherto he had sought for Him in aims which he had set for himself. This searching for an aim was only the seeking for God, and during his captivity he had suddenly learned, not from words, not from reasoning, but from his immediate consciousness, what his old nurse had used long, long before to say, that God was here, there, and everywhere.

He had learned, during his captivity, that God in Karatayef was more majestic, endless, and past finding out than in what the Masons called the Architect of the Universe.

He had a similar experience to that of the man who should find under his very feet the object of his search, when he had been straining his eyes in looking far away. All his life long he had been looking over the heads of the surrounding people, while all the time there had been no need to strain his eyes, but merely to look straight ahead.

He had not been able hitherto to see the Great, the Incomprehensible, the Infinite, in anything. He had only felt that It ought to be somewhere, and he had searched for it.

In all that was near and comprehensible, he had seen only what was limited, the narrow, finite, meaningless. He had provided himself with a mental telescope, and looked out into the distance, yonder, where this narrow, finite object, concealed in the murky distance, seemed to him great and infinite, simply because it was not clearly seen.

In this way European life, politics, Masonry, philosophy, philanthropy, had presented themselves to him.

But at the very moments when he had accounted himself most weak his mind had leapt forth into that same distance, and then he had seen how small and narrow, how finite and meaningless, it all was.

Now, however, he had learned to see the Great, the Eternal, and the Infinite in everything, and therefore, naturally, in order to see it, in order to enjoy the contemplation of it, he had thrown away his telescope, through which he had, till then, been looking over men's heads, and he now joyfully contemplated the ever changing, incomprehensible, and eternal life all around him. And the more closely he looked, the more serene and happy he became.

The terrible question which hitherto had overturned all his mental edifices — the question *Why* — no longer existed for him. Now to that question *Why*, his mind had always ready the simple answer: *Because God is*, that God without whose will not a hair falls from the head of a human being.

CHAPTER XIII

Pierre had scarcely changed in his outward habits.

At first sight he was just the same as he had been before. Just as before he was absent-minded, and seemed inly absorbed, not in what was before his eyes, but in his own thoughts. The difference between his former and his present self lay in this: hitherto, when he had forgotten what was before him, or paid no attention to what was said to him, he would wrinkle his brows with a martyr-like air, as if striving, but without success, to study into something that was far away. Now in the same way he was oblivious of what was said to him, and of what was before him; but now with a scarcely perceptible smile, which one might almost have thought satirical, he looked at what was before him, he listened to what was said to him, although it was evident that his eyes and his mind were concerned with something entirely different.

Hitherto he had seemed to be a good man, but unhappy, and therefore people could not help being repelled by him. Now a smile, called forth by the mere pleasure of living, constantly played around his mouth,

and his eyes were lighted up by a sympathetic interest in people, — in the question, "Were they as happy as he was?"

And people liked to be with him.

Hitherto he had talked much, got easily excited when he talked, and was a poor listener; now he was rarely carried away by the heat of an argument, and had become such a good listener that people were glad to tell him the deepest secrets of their hearts.

The princess, who had never liked Pierre and had cherished a peculiar feeling of animosity against him ever since that time when, after the count's death, she had found herself under obligations to him, greatly to her annoyance and surprise, after a short stay at Orel, whither she came with the intention of showing Pierre that, in spite of his "ingratitude," she considered it her duty to take care of him, — the princess quickly felt that she was growing fond of him.

Pierre did nothing for the sake of winning her good graces. He merely studied her with curiosity. Hitherto the princess had felt that only indifference and irony were expressed in his view of her, and she shrank into herself before him, just as she did in the presence of other people, and showed only her harsh and disagreeable side; now on the contrary she felt that he had, as it were, penetrated into the most intimate and secret recesses of her existence, and she, at first with distrust, but afterwards with gratitude, showed him the good side of her character, which she had kept hidden.

The craftiest of men could not have been more skilful in winning the princess's confidence, than he was in eliciting her recollections of the happiest days of her youth, and in expressing his sympathy. But meantime Pierre's whole craft consisted in his finding his own pleasure in calling out humane feelings in the spiteful, acidulous, and in her own way haughty princess.

"Yes, he is a very, very good man when he is under the influence of people who are not bad — of people like myself," thought the princess.

The change that had taken place in Pierre was re-

marked, in their own way, by his servants Terentii and Vaska. They found that he had grown vastly more simple.

Terentii oftentimes, while undressing his barin, and while he had his boots and his clothes in his hand, and had wished him good-night, would hesitate about leaving the room, thinking that his barin might like to engage him in conversation. And it was a very common occurrence for Pierre to call Terentii back, noticing that he was in a mood for talking.

"Well, now, tell me — how did you manage to get anything to eat?" he would ask.

And Terentii would begin to relate about the destruction of Moscow, or about the late count, and would stand for a long time with the clothes in his hand, telling stories, or sometimes listening to Pierre's yarns, and then, with a pleasing sense of nearness to his barin and of friendliness to him, go into the anteroom.

The doctor who had charge of Pierre's case, and who visited him every day, in spite of the fact that, in accordance with the custom of doctors, he felt it his duty to assume the mien of a man every minute of whose time was precious in the care of suffering humanity, would spend hours with Pierre, relating his favorite stories and making his observations on the peculiarities of the sick in general, and the ladies in particular.

"Yes, there is something delightful in talking with such a man — very different from what one finds in our province," he would say.

In Orel there were several French officers who had been taken prisoner, and the doctor brought one of them, a young Italian, to see Pierre.

This officer began to be a frequent visitor, and the princess laughed at the sentimental affection which the Italian conceived for Pierre.

The Italian was happy only when he could be with Pierre and talk with him, and tell him about his past, about his home life, about his love-affairs, and pour out in his ears his indignation against the French and particularly against Napoleon.

"If all the Russians are in the least like you," he would say to Pierre, "it is a sacrilege to wage war on a people like yours — *c'est un sacrilège que de faire la guerre à un peuple comme le vôtre!* Though you have suffered so much from the French, yet you seem to have no ill-will against them."

This passionate love shown by the Italian, Pierre had won only because he had brought out in him the best side of his nature, and took pleasure in him.

During the latter part of Pierre's stay in Orel, he received a visit from his old acquaintance, the Freemason Count Villarski — the same one who had introduced him into the lodge in 1807. Villarski had married a rich Russian lady, who had a great estate in the government of Orel, and he held a temporary position in the commissariat department in the city.

Learning that Bezukhoï was in Orel, Villarski, though his acquaintance with him had been far from intimate, came to call on him with the same manifestations of friendship and neighborliness which men are apt to show each other when they meet in a wilderness. Villarski was bored to death in Orel, and he was delighted to meet a man of the same social rank as himself, and with similar interests, as he supposed.

But Villarski quickly discovered, to his amazement, that Pierre was far behind the times and had fallen into a state of apathy and egotism, as he expressed it in criticizing Pierre to his face.

"*Vous vous encroutez, mon cher* — You are becoming a fossil," he would say to him. Nevertheless Villarski was more at home with Pierre than he had ever been in times past, and he came to see him every day.

As Pierre looked at Villarski and listened to him now, it was strange and almost incredible to think that he himself had been like him only such a short time before.

Villarski was a married, family man, occupied with the business connected with his wife's estate, and with his public duties and with his family. He looked on all these occupations as a hindrance to life, and felt that they were all worthy of contempt, because their end and

aim was the personal advantage of himself and his family. Military, administrative, political, and Masonic affairs constantly engrossed his attention. And Pierre, without making any effort to change Villarski's views, and not blaming him, studied this strange but only too well-known phenomenon, with his now constantly gentle and pleasant smile of irony.

In Pierre's relations with Villarski, with the princess, with the doctor, with all the people with whom he was now brought in contact, he displayed a new characteristic, which won for him the good-will of all men: this was the recognition of the possibility that every one may think and feel for himself, and look on things in his own way; the recognition of the impossibility of convincing any one of anything by mere words; this legitimate, lawful prerogative of every man, which formerly had excited and annoyed him, now gave him ground for the sympathy and interest which he felt in people. The variance and sometimes the perfect contradiction between the views of people and his life, and among themselves, delighted Pierre, and brought to his lips a gentle, satirical smile.

In practical affairs Pierre now unexpectedly felt that he had a center of gravity that had been lacking before. Hitherto, every question concerning finance, especially demands on him for money, to which he, as a very rich man, was often subjected, aroused in him helpless worry and perplexity.

To give, or not to give? that was the question with him. "I have it, but he needs it. But another one needs it still more. Which needs it the most? But perhaps both are frauds."

And in days gone by, out of all these hypotheses he had found no exit, and was in the habit of giving to all indiscriminately, as long as he had anything to give. He used to find himself in precisely the same quandary at every question which concerned his estate, when one would say that he must do this way, and another would recommend another way.

Now he found, to his amazement, that he was troubled

no longer with doubts and perplexities. He now seemed to have some sense of judgment, which, by some laws unknown to himself, decided what was necessary and what was unnecessary for him to do.

He was no less than before indifferent to pecuniary matters; but now he knew infallibly what he ought to do and what not. The first time that this new sense of justice had to decide a question was in the case of one of the prisoners, a French colonel, who came to him, told him many stories of his great exploits, and, finally, almost demanded that Pierre should give him four thousand francs to send to his wife and children.

Pierre, without the slightest difficulty or effort, refused him, amazed afterward to find how simple and easy it was to do what had always before seemed to him unutterably difficult.

At the very time, however, that he refused the colonel, he made up his mind that it required the utmost shrewdness in order, on the eve of his departure from Orel, to induce the Italian officer to take some money, which he evidently needed.

A new proof for Pierre of the greater soundness in his views of practical affairs was his decision of the question concerning his wife's debts, and whether his houses in Moscow and his villas should be rebuilt or not.

While he was at Orel, his head overseer came to him, and he and Pierre made out a general schedule of his altered income. The conflagration of Moscow had cost Pierre, according to the overseer's reckoning, about two millions.

The head overseer, as a measure of relief for his losses, proposed a scheme whereby, notwithstanding the losses, his income would be not only not diminished, but rather increased, and this was that he should refuse to honor the debts left by the late countess, for which he could not be held accountable, and should not rebuild his Moscow houses and pod-Moskovnaya datcha, which cost him, to keep up, eighty thousand a year, and brought him in nothing.

"Yes, yes, that is true," said Pierre, smiling cheerfully. "Yes, yes, I don't need it at all. The fire has made me vastly richer!"

But in January, Savelyitch came from Moscow, told him about the condition of the city, about the estimate which the architect had made for rebuilding the Moscow mansion and the pod-Moskovnaya, and spoke about it as if it were a matter already decided.

At the same time Pierre received letters from Prince Vasili and other acquaintances in Petersburg. These letters mentioned his wife's debts. And Pierre decided that the scheme proposed by his head overseer, which had pleased him so much at first, was not right, and that he must go to Petersburg to wind up his wife's business affairs, and must rebuild his Moscow houses. Why this was necessary he knew not; he only knew beyond a peradventure that it was necessary. His income, in consequence of this decision, would be reduced to three-fourths; but it was a case of necessity, he felt it.

Villarski was going to Moscow, and they agreed to travel together.

Pierre had experienced during all the time of his convalescence, in Orel, a sense of delight, of freedom, of life; but when, during his journey, he came out into the free world and saw hundreds of new faces, this feeling was still further intensified.

During all the time of his journey he felt as happy as a school-boy at having his vacation. All the faces, — the postilion, the watchman, the peasants along the road or in a village, — all had a new meaning for him.

The presence of Villarski, with his observations and his constantly expressed regret at the poverty, barbarism, and backwardness of Russia compared with Europe, only heightened Pierre's delight.

Where Villarski saw only deadness, Pierre saw the extraordinary fecund power of life, that power which, in the snow, in that expanse of plains, upheld the life of this united, peculiar, and unique people. He did not contradict Villarski, and affected to agree with him —

since pretended agreement was the shortest means of avoiding arguments from which there was no escape — and joyously smiling, listened to him.

CHAPTER XIV

Just as it is hard to explain why and whither the ants rush from a scattered ant-hill, some dragging away little fragments, eggs, and dead bodies, others hurrying back to the ant-hill again, why they jostle one another, push one another, and fight, — so would it be hard to explain the causes that compelled the Russian people, after the departure of the French, to throng back to that place which had formerly been called Moscow.

But just as when one looks at the ants tearing in wild confusion around their despoiled abode, notwithstanding the complete destruction of the ant-hill, one can see by the activity and energy, by the myriads of insects, that everything is utterly destroyed, except the something indestructible and immaterial, which constitutes the whole strength of the ant-hill, — so, in Moscow, in the month of October, though there was an absence of authorities, of churches, of priests, of riches, of houses, still it was the same Moscow as it had been in the month of August.

Everything was destroyed except the something immaterial, but potent and indestructible.

The motives of the people who flocked from all sides into Moscow after its evacuation by the enemy were the most various and personal, and, for the most part, savage, animal. One motive, only, was common to all: that was the attraction toward the place which had once been called Moscow, for the employment there of their activity.

Within a week Moscow already had fifteen thousand inhabitants; in a fortnight twenty-five thousand, and so on. Constantly rising and rising, the population, by the autumn of 1813, reached a figure exceeding that which it had in 1812.

The first Russians to enter Moscow were the Cossacks of Winzengerode's division, the muzhiks from the neighboring villages, and citizens that had fled and concealed themselves in the environs.

Returning to ruined Moscow, the Russians, finding it plundered, began also to plunder. They continued the work begun by the French. Muzhiks brought in carts, in order to carry back to their villages whatever was to be found abandoned in the houses or streets of ruined Moscow.

The Cossacks carried off what they could to their tents; proprietors of houses took possession of whatever they could lay their hands on in other houses, and carried it home under the pretext that it was their own property.

But the first comers were followed by other plunderers, and they by still others; and pillage each day, in proportion as the numbers increased, became more and more difficult, and was conducted under more definite forms.

The French found Moscow, though deserted, yet provided with all the forms of a city the life of which flowed in accordance with organic laws, with its various functions of trade, handicraft, luxury, imperial administration, religion. These forms were lifeless, but they still existed. There were markets, shops, magazines, grain-stores, bazaars, — most of them provided with wares; there were manufactories and workshops; there were palaces, noble mansions filled with objects of luxury; there were hospitals, prisons, court-rooms, churches, cathedrals.

The longer the French stayed, the less these forms of city life were kept up, and toward the end everything was resolving itself into one common dead level of pillage.

The longer the pillage conducted by the French continued, the more it diminished the wealth of Moscow and the strength of the pillagers.

The pillage conducted by the Russians (and the occupation of the capital by the Russians began with this) — the longer it lasted, and the more freely it was shared

by the people, the more rapidly it increased the wealth of Moscow and restored the regular life of the city.

Besides the pillagers, the most varied sort of people, attracted, some by curiosity, some by their duties in the service, some by interest, — householders, clergymen, officials of high and low degree, tradesmen, artisans, muzhiks from various parts, — flowed back into Moscow like blood to the heart.

At the end of a week, already, peasants who drove in with empty carts in order to carry away things, were halted by the authorities and compelled to carry away dead bodies from the city.

Other muzhiks, hearing of the lack of commodities, came in with wheat, oats, hay, by competition with one another reducing prices even lower than they had been before. Master carpenters, hoping for fat jobs, each day flocked to Moscow, and in all directions new houses began to go up and the old burned mansions to be restored.

Merchants displayed their wares in huts. Restaurants and taverns were established in mansions which had been through the flames. The clergy conducted divine service in many churches which had escaped the conflagration. People contributed ecclesiastical furniture which had been stolen.

Chinovniks spread their tables and set up their bureaus in little rooms. High officials and the police made arrangements for restoring property which had been abandoned by the French. The owners of houses in which were found many articles brought from other houses complained of the injustice of the order to bring everything to the court of the exchequer. Others urged that, as the French had brought things from different houses into one place, it was therefore unfair to allow the owner of that house to keep whatever was found in it. They abused the police; they tried to bribe them. Estimates were received, tenfold too high, for building crown edifices that had been burned. Pecuniary assistance was asked for. Count Rostopchin wrote his proclamations.

CHAPTER XV

TOWARD the beginning of February, Pierre came to Moscow and established himself in a wing which remained intact. He paid visits to Count Rostopchin and various acquaintances who had returned to Moscow, and he planned to go two days later to Petersburg.

All were enthusiastic over the victory. There was a ferment of life in the ruined and revivified capital. All welcomed Pierre warmly. All were anxious to meet him, and plied him with questions in regard to all that he had seen.

Pierre felt drawn by special ties of sympathy and friendship to all whom he met; but he now treated every one guardedly, so as not to bind himself to any one. To all questions which he was asked — whether important or the most trivial — where he was going to live? was he going to rebuild? when was he going to Petersburg, and should he try to take his trunk with him? — he would answer "Yes," or "Perhaps so," or "I think so," or the like.

He heard that the Rostofs were in Kostroma, and the thought of Natasha rarely occurred to him. If it came to him, it was only as a pleasant recollection of something long past. He felt himself freed not only from the conditions of life, but also from that sentiment which, as it seemed to him, he had wittingly allowed himself to cherish.

On the third day after his arrival at Moscow, he learned from the Drubetskoïs that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow. Prince Andreï's death, sufferings, and last days had often recurred to Pierre's mind, and now they came back to him with fresh force. When, after dinner, he learned that the Princess Mariya was in Moscow, and was residing in her own house, which had escaped the conflagration, he went, that same evening, to call upon her.

On the way to the mansion on the Vozdvizhenka, Pierre constantly thought about Prince Andreï, about

his friendship for him, about his various meetings with him, and especially their last meeting at Borodino.

"Can he have died in that same sardonic mood in which he then was?" Pierre asked himself. "Can the explanation of life have been revealed to him before his death?"

He remembered Karatayef and his death, and involuntarily he began to compare these two men, so antipodal, and, at the same time, so alike in the love which he had felt for them, and then from the fact that both had lived and both were dead.

In the most serious frame of mind, Pierre reached the old prince's mansion. This house remained intact. It bore traces of wear and tear, but the character of the house was the same as before.

Pierre was met by an old butler,[1] with a stern face, who seemed to wish it to be understood that the prince's absence did not affect the strictness of the *régime*, and said that the princess had been pleased to retire to her room, and received on Sundays.

"Carry her my name; perhaps she will receive me," said Pierre.

"*Slushayu-s*—I obey," replied the butler. "Please come to the portrait gallery."

In a few moments the butler returned to Pierre with Dessalles. Dessalles, in the name of the princess, informed Pierre that she would be very glad to see him, and begged him, if he would excuse her for the lack of ceremony, to come up-stairs to her room.

The princess was sitting in the low-studded room, lighted by a single candle. There was also some one else, in a black dress. Pierre remembered that the princess had always with her lady-companions,[2] but who and what these lady-companions were, Pierre knew not and could not remember.

"That is one of her lady-companions," he said to himself, glancing at the lady in the black dress.

The princess quickly arose, came forward to meet him, and shook hands with him.

[1] *Ofitsiant.* [2] *Kompanyonki.*

"Yes," said she, as she looked into his altered face, after he had kissed her hand. "So we meet again at last. He often used to speak about you during the last days of his life," said she, turning her eyes from Pierre to the "kompanyonka" with an embarrassment that for an instant struck Pierre. "I was so glad to know of your rescue. That was truly the best piece of news we had received for a long time."

Again the princess looked still more anxiously at the "kompanyonka," and wanted to say something, but Pierre did not give her an opportunity.

"You may imagine I knew nothing about it," said he. "I thought he was killed. All that I knew, I knew from others, and that at third hand. All I know is that he fell in with the Rostofs.... what a strange good fortune!"

Pierre spoke rapidly, with animation. He looked once into the "kompanyonka's" face, saw an apparently flattering, inquisitive glance fastened on him, and, as often happens during a conversation, he gathered a general idea that this "kompanyonka" in the black dress was a gentle, kindly, good creature, who would not interfere with the sincerity and cordiality of his conversation with the Princess Mariya.

But when he said the last words about the Rostofs, the embarrassment expressed on the princess's face was even more noticeable than before. She again turned her eyes from Pierre's face to the face of the lady in the black dress, and said: —

"But don't you recognize her?"

Pierre once more looked into the "kompanyonka's" pale, delicate face, with the dark eyes and strange mouth. Something near and dear, something long forgotten and more than kind, was looking at him from those attentive eyes.

"But no, it cannot be," he said to himself. "That face so stern, thin, and pale, and grown so old. That cannot be she! It is only something that reminds me of her!" But at that instant the Princess Mariya said:

"Natasha!"

And the face with the attentive eyes, with difficulty, with an effort, — just as a rusty door opens, — smiled, and from the opened door suddenly breathed forth and surrounded Pierre the perfume of that long-forgotten happiness, of which he had rarely thought, especially of late. Forth breathed the perfume, seized his senses, and swallowed him up entirely. When she smiled, all doubt ceased; it was Natasha, and he loved her!

At the first minute, Pierre involuntarily told both her and the Princess Mariya, and, chief of all, himself, the secret that he long had not confessed even to his own heart. He reddened with delight and passionate pain. He tried to hide his agitation. But the more he tried to hide it, the more distinctly — more distinctly than in the most definite words — he told himself and her and the Princess Mariya that he loved her!

"No, of course, it is only from the surprise," said Pierre to himself; but in spite of all his efforts to prolong the conversation that he had started with the Princess Mariya, he could not help looking again at Natasha, and a still deeper flush suffused his face, and a still deeper agitation of joy and pain clutched his heart. He hesitated in his speech, and stopped short in the midst of what he was saying.

Pierre had not remarked Natasha for the reason that he had not in the least expected to see her there, but the reason he did not recognize her was because of the immense change that had taken place in her since he had seen her last.

She had grown thin and pale. But it was not that that had changed her identity; it was impossible that he should have recognized her on the first moment of his entrance, because that face from whose eyes hitherto had always gleamed forth the secret joy of living, now when he came in and for the first time glanced at her, had not even the shadow of a smile; they were merely attentive, kindly, and pathetically questioning eyes.

Pierre's confusion did not waken any answering confusion in Natasha, but only a contentment which lighted up her whole face with an almost imperceptible gleam.

CHAPTER XVI

"She has come to make me a visit," said the Princess Mariya. "The count and countess will be here in a few days. The countess is in a terrible state. But Natasha herself had need of consulting the doctor. They sent her with me by main force."

"Yes, is there a family without its own special sorrow?" said Pierre, addressing Natasha. "You know that it happened on the very day that we were set free. I saw him. What a charming boy he was!"

Natasha looked at him, but in answer to his words her eyes dilated and a shade crept over them.

"What consolation can be given in either thought or word?" exclaimed Pierre. "None at all! Why should such a glorious young fellow, so full of life, have to die?"

"Yes, indeed, in these days it would be hard to live, if one had not faith ...." said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, yes! That is the real truth," interrupted Pierre, hastily.

"Why?" asked Natasha, gazing attentively into Pierre's eyes.

"How can you ask 'why'?" exclaimed the Princess Mariya. "The mere thought of what awaits us there ...."

Natasha, without hearing the Princess Mariya to the end, again looked at Pierre with questioning eyes.

"Why, because," continued Pierre, "only that man who believes that there is a God who directs our ways can endure such a loss as hers — and yours," added Pierre.

Natasha had her lips parted to say something, but suddenly stopped. Pierre quickly turned from her, and again addressed the princess with a question concerning his friend's last days.

Pierre's embarrassment had now almost disappeared, but at the same time he felt that all his former freedom had also disappeared. He felt that his every

word and act had now a critic, a judge, who was dearer to him than the opinion of all the people in the world.

When he spoke now, he measured at every word the impression which his words produced on Natasha. He did not purposely say what would have pleased her; but whatever he said he judged from her standpoint.

The Princess Mariya, reluctantly at first, as is always the case, began to tell him about the state in which Prince Andreï had come to them. But Pierre's questions, his evidently troubled eyes, his face trembling with emotion, gradually induced her to enter into particulars which she would have been afraid to call back to her recollection for her own sake.

"Yes, yes, indeed it is so...." said Pierre, leaning forward with his whole body toward the Princess Mariya, and eagerly listening to her story, — "Yes, yes, and so he grew calmer? more softened? He so earnestly sought with all the powers of his soul for the one thing: to be perfectly good. He could not have feared death. The faults that he had — if he had any — came from other sources than himself. And so he grew softened?" exclaimed Pierre. "What good fortune that he met you again," he added, turning to Natasha and looking at her, his eyes brimming with tears.

Natasha's face twitched. She frowned, and for an instant dropped her eyes. For a minute she hesitated: should she speak, or not speak.

"Yes, it was good fortune," said she, in a low chest voice. "For me indeed it was a happiness." She became silent. "And he.... he.... he said that it was the very thing that he was longing for when I went to him...."

Natasha's voice broke. She clasped her hands together on her knees, and suddenly, evidently making an effort to contain herself, raised her head and began to speak rapidly: —

"We knew nothing about it when we left Moscow. I had not dared to ask about him. And suddenly Sonya told me that he was with us. I had no idea, I could not imagine, in what a state he was. I only

wanted one thing — to see him, to be with him," said she, trembling and choking. And without letting herself be interrupted, she related what she had never before told a living soul: all that she had lived through in those three weeks of their journey and their sojourn at Yaroslavl.

Pierre listened to her with open mouth and without taking from her his eyes full of tears. In listening to her he thought not of Prince Andreï or of death, or even of what she was telling him. He heard her, and only pitied her for the suffering which she underwent now in telling the tale.

The princess, frowning with her endeavor to keep back her tears, sat next Natasha, and listened for the first time to the story of these last days that her brother had spent with Natasha.

This tale, so fraught with pain and joy, it was evidently necessary for Natasha to relate.

She spoke, commingling the most insignificant details with the intimate secrets of the heart, and it seemed as if she would never reach an end. Several times she repeated the same things.

Dessalles's voice was heard outside the door, asking if Nikolushka might come and bid them good-night.

"And this is the whole story .... all ...." said Natasha.

When Nikolushka came in she quickly sprang up and almost ran to the door, and, hitting her head against the door, which was hidden by a portière, flew from the room with a groan caused partly by pain, partly by grief.

Pierre gazed at the door through which she had disappeared, and could not understand why he seemed suddenly left alone and deserted in the world.

The Princess Mariya aroused him from his fit of abstraction by calling his attention to her nephew, who had come into the room.

Nikolushka's face, which resembled his father's, had such an effect on Pierre, in this moment of soul-felt emotion into which he had come, that after he had kissed the lad he quickly arose, and, getting out his handkerchief, went to the window.

He wanted to bid the Princess Mariya good-night and go, but she detained him.

"No, Natasha and I often sit up till three o'clock; please stay a little longer. I will order supper served. Go down-stairs, we will follow immediately."

But before Pierre left the room the princess said to him: —

"This is the first time that she has spoken so of him."

CHAPTER XVII

Pierre was conducted into the large, brightly lighted dining-room. In a few minutes steps were heard, and the princess and Natasha came into the room. Natasha was now calm, although a grave expression, untouched with a smile, still remained on her face.

The Princess Mariya, Natasha, and Pierre alike experienced that sense of awkwardness which is sure to follow after a serious and intimate conversation. To pursue the former subject is no longer possible; to talk about trifles does not seem right; and silence is disagreeable because such silence seems hypocritical, especially if one wishes to talk.

They silently came to the table. The butlers drew the chairs back and pushed them forward. Pierre unfolded his cold napkin, and, making up his mind to break the silence, looked at Natasha and the Princess Mariya.

Each of them had evidently at the same time made the same resolve; the eyes of both shone with the satisfaction of life, and the avowal that, if sorrow exists, so also joy may abound.

"Will you have vodka, count?" asked the Princess Mariya, and these words suddenly drove away the shadows of the past.

"Tell us about yourself," said the Princess Mariya. "We have heard such incredible stories about you."

"Yes?" replied Pierre, with that smile of good-humored irony which was now habitual with him. "I

too have been told most marvelous things — things that I have never even dreamed of seeing. Marya Abramovna invited me to her house, and told me all that ever happened to me or was supposed to have happened. Stepan Stepanuitch also gave me a lesson in the way that I should tell my story. As a general thing, I have observed that it is a very comfortable thing to be an 'interesting person' (I am now an interesting person)! I am invited out and made the subject of all sorts of stories."

Natasha smiled, and started to say something.

"We were told," said the Princess Mariya, forestalling her, "that you lost two millions here in Moscow. Is that true?"

"But still it made me three times as rich as before," replied Pierre.

Pierre, in spite of his wife's debts and the necessity which he felt of rebuilding his houses, which would alter his circumstances, continued to tell people that he had grown three times as rich as before.

"What I have undoubtedly gained," said he, "is this freedom which I enjoy" — he had begun seriously, but he hesitated about continuing, observing that the topic of the conversation was too egotistical.

"And you are going to rebuild?"

"Yes; Savelyitch advises it."

"Tell me, you did not know at all about the countess's death when you were in Moscow?" asked the Princess Mariya, and instantly reddened, noticing that in having put this question immediately after what he had said about his freedom, she might have given a sense to his words which perhaps they had not.

"No," replied Pierre, evidently not discovering anything awkward in the interpretation which the Princess Mariya had given to his remark about his freedom. "I first heard about it in Orel, and you cannot imagine how it surprised me. We were not a model husband and wife," he quickly added, with a glance at Natasha, and observing in her face a gleam of curiosity as to what he would have to say about his wife. "But her

death gave me a terrible shock. When two persons quarrel, always both are at fault. And a person's fault suddenly becomes awfully serious when the other party comes to die. And then such a death! .... without friends, without consolation! I felt very, very sorry for her," said he, in conclusion, and noticing with a sense of satisfaction a look of joyful approval in Natasha's face.

"Well, and so you are a single man and marriageable again," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre's face suddenly grew livid, and for long he tried not to look at Natasha. When at length he had the courage to look at her, her face was cold, stern, and even scornful as it seemed to him.

"And did you really see Napoleon and talk with him? That's the story they tell us," said the Princess Mariya.

Pierre laughed.

"Not once, never! It always seems to every one that to have been a prisoner was to have been Napoleon's guest. I not only never saw him, but did not hear him talked about. I was in far too humble company."

Supper was over, and Pierre, who at first refused to tell about his captivity, was little by little drawn into stories about it.

"But it is true, isn't it, that you remained behind for the purpose of killing Napoleon?" asked Natasha, with a slight smile. "I imagined as much when we met you at the Sukharef Tower, — do you remember?"

Pierre acknowledged that this was true; and with this question as a starting-point, and gradually led on by the Princess Mariya's questions, and especially by Natasha's, Pierre was brought to give them a detailed account of his adventures.

At first he told his story with that gentle, ironical expression which he now used toward other people and especially himself; but afterwards, when he came to tell about the horrors and sufferings which he had beheld, he, without being himself aware of it, was carried away, and began to talk with the restrained excitement of a man who was re-living, in his recollections, the most vivid impressions.

The Princess Mariya, with a gentle smile, looked now at Pierre, now at Natasha. Throughout all this narration, she saw only Pierre and his goodness.

Natasha, leaning her head on her hand, with her face reflecting in its expression all the varying details of the story, gazed steadily at Pierre without once taking her eyes from him, evidently living with him through all the dreadful scenes of which he told.

Not only her looks, but her exclamations and the brief questions which she asked, showed Pierre that, from his story, she took to heart exactly what he wanted to convey. It was evident that she understood not merely what he told her, but also that which he would have wished but was unable to express in words.

Concerning his adventure with the child and the woman the protection of whom had led to his capture, Pierre told in the following manner: —

"It was a horrible sight: children deserted, some in the flames .... one child was dragged out before my very eyes .... women who were robbed of their possessions, their ear-rings snatched away ...."

Pierre reddened and stammered.

"Then came the patrol and arrested all those who were not engaged in pillage — all the men. — And myself!"

"You certainly are not telling the whole story; you certainly did something," said Natasha, and paused a moment, — "something good!"

Pierre went on with his narration. When he came to tell about the execution, he wished to avoid the horrible details, but Natasha insisted that he should not omit anything.

Pierre began to tell about Karatayef. By this time he had risen from the table, and was walking back and forth, Natasha's eyes following him all the time. But he paused.

"No, you cannot understand how I learned from that illiterate man — half an idiot!"

"Yes, yes, go on," cried Natasha. "What became of him?"

"He was shot almost in my very presence."

And Pierre began to tell about the last period of the retreat of the French, Karatáyef's illness (his voice constantly trembled) and his death. Pierre, in relating his adventures, put them in an entirely new light.

He now found what seemed to be a new significance in all that he had experienced. Now, while he was telling all this to Natasha, he experienced that rare delight afforded by women — not *intellectual* women, who, in listening, try either to remember what is said for the sake of enriching their minds, and, on occasion, of giving it out themselves, or to apply what is said to their own cases, and to communicate with all diligence their intellectual remarks elaborated in the petty workshops of their brains — but the delight afforded by genuine women gifted with the capacity to bring out and assimilate all that is best in the manifestations of a man.

Natasha, without knowing it, was all attention; she did not lose a word or an inflection of his voice, or a glance, or the quivering of a muscle in his face, or a single gesture made by Pierre.

She caught on the wing the word as yet unspoken, and took it straight to her generous heart, divining the mysterious meaning of all the spiritual travail through which Pierre had passed.

The Princess Mariya comprehended his story and sympathized with him, but now she saw something else which absorbed all her attention: she saw the possibility of love and happiness for Pierre and Natasha. And this thought, occurring to her for the first time, filled her heart with joy.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The butlers, with gloomy, stern faces, came to bring fresh candles, but no one heeded them.

Pierre finished his story. Natasha, her eyes gleaming with excitement, continued to look steadily and earnestly at Pierre, as if wishing to read the portions of his story that he had perhaps not told.

Pierre, with a shamefaced but joyous sense of embarrassment, occasionally looked at her, and wondered

what to say next in order to change the conversation to some other topic.

The Princess Mariya was silent. It occurred to none of them that it was three o'clock in the morning and time to go to bed.

"We talk about unhappiness, sufferings," said Pierre. "Yet, if now, this minute, I were asked, 'Would you remain what you were before your imprisonment, or go through it all again?' I should say, 'For God's sake, the imprisonment once more and the horse-flesh.' We think that when we are driven out of the usual path, everything is all over for us; but it is just here that the new and the good begins. As long as there is life, there is happiness. There is much, much before us! I tell you so," said he, addressing Natasha.

"Yes, yes," said she, answering something entirely different. "And I should wish nothing better than to live my life all over again."

Pierre looked at her keenly.

"No, I could ask for nothing more."

"You are wrong, you are wrong," cried Pierre. "I am not to blame because I am alive and want to live; and you also."

Suddenly Natasha hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"What is it, Natasha?" asked the Princess Mariya.

"Nothing, nothing."

She smiled at Pierre through her tears.

"Good-by, it is bedtime."

Pierre got up and took his departure.

The Princess Mariya and Natasha, as usual, met in their sleeping-room. They talked over what Pierre had told them. The princess did not express her opinion of Pierre. Neither did Natasha speak of him.

"Well, good-night, Marie," said Natasha. "Do you know I am often afraid that, in not speaking of him — of Prince Andreï — for fear of doing wrong to our feelings, we may forget him?"

The Princess Mariya drew a deep sigh, and by this

sigh confessed to the justice of Natasha's words; but when she spoke, her words expressed a different thought: — "How could one forget him?" she asked.

"It was so good for me to-day to talk it all over; and hard too, and painful and good — very good," said Natasha. "I was certain that he loved him so. That was why I told him..... There was no harm in my telling him, was there?" she asked, suddenly reddening.

"To Pierre? Oh, no! What a lovely man he is!" exclaimed the Princess Mariya.

"Do you know, Marie," suddenly broke out Natasha, with a roguish smile, which the Princess Mariya had not seen for a long time on her face, "he has grown so clean, neat, fresh, just as if he were out of a bath. Do you know what I mean — morally out of a bath! Is n't that so?"

"Yes," said the Princess Mariya. "He has gained very much."

"And his jaunty little coat,[1] and his neatly cropped hair; exactly — yes, just exactly as if he were fresh from his bath! Papa used...."

"I remember that *he* — Prince Andreï — liked no one so well as Pierre," said the Princess Mariya.

"Yes; and yet they were so different. They say that men are better friends when they are not alike. It must be so. Don't you think that they were very different?"

"Yes, and he 's splendid."

"Well, good-night," replied Natasha; and the same mischievous smile, as if she had forgotten it, long remained in her face.

CHAPTER XVIII

It was long before Pierre went to sleep that night. He strode back and forth through his chamber, now scowling, now burdening himself with heavy thoughts, then suddenly shrugging his shoulders and starting, and then again smiling.

[1] *Surtoutchek korotenkii.*

He was thinking about Prince Andreï, about Natasha, and their love; and sometimes he felt jealous of her for what was past, sometimes he reproached himself for it, sometimes he justified it.

It was already six o'clock in the morning, and still he kept pacing through his room.

"Well, what's to be done? Is it still impossible? What is to be done? Of course it must be so," said he to himself, and, hastily undressing, he got into bed, happy and excited, but free from doubt and irresolution. "Yes, strange and impossible as this happiness seems, I must do everything, everything, to make her my wife," he said to himself.

Several days previously, Pierre had fixed on Friday for the day of his departure for Petersburg. When he woke up it was Thursday, and Savelyitch came to him for orders in regard to the packing of his things for the journey.

"Petersburg? What about Petersburg? Who is going to Petersburg?" he could not help asking of himself! "Oh, yes, some time ago, before ever this happened, I had some such thought — I was going to Petersburg for some reason or other," he remembered. "Why was it? Yes, perhaps I shall go as it is. How good and attentive he is! How he remembers everything," he said to himself, as he looked into Savelyitch's old face. "And what a pleasant smile," he thought.

"Are n't you always longing to have your freedom, Savelyitch?" demanded Pierre.

"Why should I wish my freedom, your illustriousness? While the late count was alive — the kingdom of heaven be his — we lived with him, and now we have nothing to complain of from you."

"Well, but your children?"

"The children will live also, your illustriousness; one can put up with such masters."

"Yes, but my heirs," suggested Pierre. "I may suddenly marry..... You see, that might happen," he added, with an involuntary smile.

"And may I be bold enough to say, a very good thing, too, your illustriousness!"

"How easy it seems to him," thought Pierre. "He cannot know how terrible, how perilous, a thing it is. Too early or too late.... terrible!"

"What orders do you please to give? Do you wish to start to-morrow?" asked Savelyitch.

"No, I am going to postpone it for a few days. I will tell you when the time comes. Forgive me for putting you to so much trouble," said Pierre, and, as he saw Savelyitch's smile, he said to himself, "How strange it is that he does n't know that Petersburg is now nothing to me, and that this matter must be decided before anything is. Of course he must know — he 's only pretending! Shall I talk with him about it? How will he like it?" wondered Pierre. "No, I will wait a little."

At breakfast Pierre informed his cousin, the princess, that he had been the evening before to call upon the Princess Mariya, and whom did she suppose he found there? Natasha Rostova!

The princess pretended that she saw nothing more extraordinary in this than if he had seen Anna Semyonovna.

"Do you know her?" asked Pierre.

"I have met the princess," she replied. "I have heard that she has become engaged to young Rostof. That would be a very good thing for the Rostofs; they say their affairs are in perfect confusion."

"No, but do you know the Countess Natasha?"

"I have heard something about her story. It 's very sad."

"Either she does not understand, or she is pretending not to understand," said Pierre to himself; "I 'd better not tell her, either."

The princess also had been making some preparations for Pierre's journey.

"How kind they all are," thought Pierre, "when now there can be nothing at all interesting to them in all this, to take so much trouble with my affairs. And all for me! truly it 's wonderful!"

On that same day Pierre went to the chief of police to tell him that he would send a trusty servant to receive the property that was to be restored to the citizens that day at the *granavitaya palata*, or court of the exchequer.

"And now this man, also," thought Pierre, as he looked into the officer's face. "What a splendid, fine-looking officer, and how kind he is! Now he is occupied with such trifles! And yet they say that he is not honest, and is making use of his opportunities! What nonsense! Besides, why should he not take advantage? He was educated to do so. And that 's the way they all do. But he had such a pleasant, good face! and smiled so agreeably when he looked at me."

Pierre went that evening to dine at the Princess Mariya's.

As he went along the streets, lined with the blackened ruins of houses, he was amazed at the beauty that he discovered in these ruins. The chimney-stacks, the fallen walls, vividly reminding Pierre of the Rhine and the Colosseum, stretched along one behind another, all through the burnt districts. The hack-drivers and passers-by, the carpenters hewing timbers, merchants and shop-keepers, all with jovial, shining faces, gazed at Pierre, and seemed to say, 'Ah, there he goes. Let us see what will come of it.'

Before he reached the Princess Mariya's, the doubt occurred to Pierre's mind whether it were true that he had been there the evening before, and seen Natasha and talked with her.

"Perhaps I was dreaming. Perhaps I shall go in and find no one."

But he had no sooner entered the room, than, in his whole being, by the instantaneous loss of his freedom, he realized her presence. She wore the same black dress with soft folds, and her hair was done up in the same way as the evening before, but she herself was entirely different. If she had been like that the evening before, when he went into the room, he could not for a single instant have failed to recognize her.

She was just the same as she had been when almost

a child, and afterwards, when she was Prince Andreï's affianced bride. A merry questioning gleam flashed in her eyes; her face had a genial and strangely roguish expression.

Pierre dined with them, and would have spent the whole evening, but the Princess Mariya was going to vespers, and Pierre accompanied them.

The following day, Pierre went early, dined with them, and spent the whole evening.

Although the Princess Mariya and Natasha were evidently glad of his company, although all the interest of Pierre's life was now concentrated in this house, still, as the evening wore away, they had talked everything out, and the conversation constantly lagged from one trivial subject to another, and often flagged altogether.

Pierre stayed that evening so late that the Princess Mariya and Natasha exchanged glances, evidently feeling anxious for him to go. Pierre saw it, and yet could not tear himself away. He felt embarrassed and awkward, but still he stayed because he *could not* get up to go.

The Princess Mariya, not seeing any end to it, was the first to get up, and, pleading a headache as an excuse, started to bid him good-night.

"And so you are going to Petersburg to-morrow?" she asked.

"No, I don't expect to go," hastily replied Pierre, with surprise and apparent annoyance. "Yes, ... no, ... oh, to Petersburg? Day after to-morrow, perhaps. Only I won't say good-by now. I will call to see if you have any commissions," said he, standing in front of the Princess Mariya, with flushed face and embarrassed manner.

Natasha gave him her hand, and left the room. The Princess Mariya, on the contrary, instead of going, resumed her chair, and, with her luminous, deep eyes, gazed gravely and earnestly at Pierre. The weariness which she had really felt just before had now entirely passed away. She drew a long and deep sigh, as if nerving herself for a long conversation.

All Pierre's confusion and awkwardness instantly disappeared the moment that Natasha left the room, and gave place to an agitated excitement.

He swiftly drew his chair close to the Princess Mariya.

"Yes, I wanted to have a talk with you," said he, responding to her look, as if it were spoken words.

"Princess! help me! What am I to do? Have I reason to hope? Princess, my friend, listen to me. I know all about it. I know that I am not worthy of her. I know that it is wholly impossible, at the present time, to speak about it. But I wish to be like a brother to her. .... No, I do not, I cannot wish that .... I cannot...."

He paused and rubbed his face and his eyes with his hands.

"Now, here!" he pursued, evidently making an effort to command himself to speak coherently. "I don't know when I first began to love her. But she is the only one in all my life I have loved, and I love her so that I cannot imagine life without her. I cannot make up my mind to sue for her hand now; but the thought that perhaps she might be mine, and that I had lost this possibility .... possibility .... is horrible to me. Tell me, have I reason to hope? Tell me what I must do. Dear princess," said he, after a little silence, and he touched her hand when she did not reply.

"I was thinking of what you have told me," returned the Princess Mariya. "Now .... hear what I have to say. You are right that to speak to her now of love .... "

The princess paused. She meant to say, to speak to her of love was impossible now; but she paused because for two days past she had observed, from the change that had taken place in Natasha, that Natasha would not only not be offended if Pierre should confess his love for her, but that this was the very thing that she was longing for him to do.

"To tell her now .... is impossible," said the Princess Mariya, nevertheless.

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave it all to me," said the Princess Mariya. "I know .... "

Pierre looked into the Princess Mariya's eyes. "Well .... well .... " said he.

"I know that she loves you .... will love you," said the Princess Mariya, correcting herself.

She had scarcely spoken these words before Pierre sprang up, and, with a frightened face, seized the Princess Mariya's hand.

"What makes you think so? Do you really think that I may hope? Do you think so?" ....

"Yes, I think so," said the Princess Mariya, with a smile. "Write to her parents. And trust it all to me. I will tell her when the suitable time comes. I am desirous of it. And my heart tells me that it will be."

"No, it cannot be! How happy I am! .... But it cannot be!" repeated Pierre, kissing the princess's hand.

"Go to Petersburg; that is best. And I will write to you," said she.

"To Petersburg? Go away? Yes, very good, I will go. But may I come to call to-morrow?"

On the following day, Pierre went to say good-by. Natasha was less animated than on the preceding days; but to-day when Pierre occasionally looked into her eyes he felt that his existence was nothing, that he was not and that she was not, but that one feeling of bliss filled the world.

"Can it be? No! impossible!" he said to himself at each glance, word, motion of hers, so filling his heart with joy.

When, on saying "good-by," he took her delicate, slender hand, he involuntarily held it rather long in his.

"Can it be that this hand, this face, these eyes, — all this marvelous treasure of womanly beauty, — can it be that it will be mine forever, as familiar to me as I am to myself? No, it is impossible!"

"Good-by, count — *prashchaïte, graf!*" said she to him aloud. "I shall wait your return with impatience," she added in a whisper.

And these simple words, the look and the expression of her face that accompanied them, constituted the

basis of inexhaustible recollections, memories, and happy dreams during Pierre's two months' absence.

"'I shall await your return with impatience.' Yes, yes, how did she say? — Yes, 'I shall await your return with impatience.' Akh! how happy I am! How can it be that I am so happy?" Pierre kept saying to himself.

CHAPTER XIX

In Pierre's soul nothing now took place like what had taken place in similar circumstances at the time of his engagement with Ellen.

He did not repeat as before, with a sickening sense of shame, the words that he had said; he did not ask himself: "Akh! why did I not say that, and why, why did I say, *Je vous aime?*"

Now, on the contrary, every word that she said, every one of his own words, he repeated in his imagination with all the various details of her face and her smile, and he had no wish to take away or add a single one. His sole desire was to repeat them.

There was now not the slightest shadow of doubt as to whether what he was going to do was right or wrong. Only one terrible doubt ever occurred to his mind: Was it not all a dream? Was not the Princess Mariya mistaken? "Am I not too proud and self-conceited? I believe I am; but this surely might happen — the Princess Mariya might tell her, but she would smile and reply, 'How strange! He is surely mistaken! Does he not know that he is a man, a simple man? while I .... I am entirely different, vastly superior.'"

This was Pierre's only doubt, and it frequently recurred to him. He now even ceased to make plans. His actual happiness seemed to him so incredible that the accomplishment of this seemed enough of itself, and anything more was a work of supererogation. All was over.

A joyous, unexpected insanity, of which Pierre be-

lieved himself incapable, possessed him. All the meaning of life, not for himself alone, but for the whole world, seemed to him to be included only in his love for her and the possibility of her love for him.

It sometimes seemed to him that all men were occupied with only one thing — his future happiness. It sometimes seemed to him that they were all rejoicing, just as he was, and were only trying to hide this happiness, while pretending to be absorbed in other interests. In every word and action he discovered hints pointing toward his happiness. He often surprised the people who met him by his blissful looks and smiles, which expressed some secret, inward harmony.

But when he realized that these people could not know about his happiness, he pitied them with all his heart, and experienced a keen desire somehow to explain to them that all that occupied their time was perfect rubbish and trifles not worthy of their attention.

When it was proposed to him to take some office, or when criticisms were made on the general course of political events or the war, and suppositions were advanced that such and such a method of procedure would bring happiness to all men, he listened with his gentle, compassionate smile, and amazed those who were talking with him by his strange observations.

But as those men who seemed to Pierre to comprehend the real meaning of life, that is, his own views of it — as well as those who were unfortunate enough apparently not to comprehend it — in fact, all men at this particular time were brought into such a brightly concentrated light, radiating from his own heart, that without the slightest difficulty he at once on meeting with any one saw in him whatever was good and worthy of love.

On examining his late wife's affairs and papers, he, in his memory of her, experienced nothing, no other feeling than one of pity, that she knew not the happiness which he now knew. Prince Vasili, who was now especially proud of a new place and new decorations, seemed to him a touchingly good and pitiable old man.

Pierre often in after days remembered this time of happy folly. All the judgments which he formed for himself of men and events at this time remained forever established in his mind. He not only did not afterward renounce these views of men and things, but, on the contrary, in all his inward doubts and contradictions, he came back to that view which he had during this time of folly, and this view always seemed correct.

"Perhaps," he would say to himself, "I seemed strange and absurd at that time. But I was not so foolish as it might appear. On the contrary, I was wiser and more sagacious than ever before, and I understood all that is worth understanding in life, because .... I was happy."

Pierre's folly or unreason consisted in this, that he did not as before wait for the personal reasons — the merits of people, as he called them — to be displayed before he loved them, but love filled his heart, and he, by constantly loving his fellow-men, found undoubted reason for making it worth his while to love them.

CHAPTER XX

From that first evening when Natasha, after Pierre had left them, had told the Princess Mariya with a joyously mischievous smile that he was just as if he had come out of his bath, and called attention to his jaunty coat and his closely cropped hair, from that moment something in her heart awoke that had lain dormant, and was unknown even to her, but irresistible.

Everything about her suddenly underwent a change — her face, her gait, her look, her voice. Unexpectedly to herself the power of life and hope of happiness flashed forth outwardly and demanded satisfaction. From that first evening Natasha seemed to have forgotten all that had happened to her. Henceforth she never once complained of her situation or said one single word about the past, and she had no hesitation even in forming pleasant plans for the future.

She had little to say about Pierre; but when the Princess Mariya mentioned him, the long-extinguished gleam was kindled in her eyes, and her lips were curved with a strange smile.

The change that took place in Natasha at first amazed the Princess Mariya; but when she understood the significance of it she was grieved.

"Can it be that she loved my brother so little that she is so ready to forget him?" mused the Princess Mariya, when by herself she pondered over this change that had come over Natasha.

But when she was with Natasha she neither felt angry with her nor reproached her. The awakening powers of life, which had taken such hold of Natasha, were evidently so uncontrollable, so unexpected to herself, that the Princess Mariya while in her presence felt that she had no right to reproach her even in her heart.

Natasha gave herself up with such completeness and frank honesty to this new feeling, and made so little pretense to hide it, that now she became glad and merry instead of sad and sorry.

When the Princess Mariya, after that midnight declaration of Pierre's, returned to her room, Natasha met her on the threshold.

"He has spoken? Yes? He has spoken?" she insisted, and an expression, joyous, and at the same time pathetically pleading for forgiveness for her joy, came into Natasha's face. "I was tempted to listen at the door; but I knew that you would tell me."

Thoroughly as the princess understood the look which Natasha gave her, touching as it was, much as she pitied her emotion, still Natasha's words, at the first instant, offended the Princess Mariya. She remembered her brother, his love for her.

"But what is to be done? She cannot be otherwise than what she is," reasoned the Princess Mariya, and with a melancholy and rather stern face she told Natasha all that Pierre had said to her.

When she heard that he was going to Petersburg, Natasha was surprised.

"To Petersburg?" she repeated, apparently not taking it in. But when she observed the melancholy expression which the Princess Mariya's face wore, she surmised the reason for her melancholy, and suddenly burst into tears.

"Marie," said she, "tell me, what must I do? I am afraid I am doing wrong. I will do whatever you say; teach me...."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes," whispered Natasha.

"What makes you cry, then? I am glad for you," said the Princess Mariya, already, because of these tears, completely pardoning Natasha's joy.

"It will not be very soon, if ever..... Just think what happiness when I am his wife and you marry Nicolas."

"Natasha, I have asked you never to speak about that. We will talk about yourself."

Both were silent.

"But why must he go to Petersburg?" suddenly exclaimed Natasha, and made haste to answer her own question. "Well, well, it is best so..... Yes, Marie, it is best so."....

EPILOGUE

PART FIRST

CHAPTER I

SEVEN years had passed. The storm-tossed historical sea of Europe lay sleeping on its shores. It seemed at peace; but the mysterious forces which move humanity — mysterious because the laws that govern their movements are unknown to us — were continually at work.

Though the surface of the historical sea seemed motionless, humanity was pressing onward with a motion as continuous as the passage of time.

Distinct groups of men were organized and disorganized; causes for the formation and disintegration of empires and the migrations of nations were set to work.

The historical sea no longer, as before, swayed in vast swells from shore to shore. It boiled in its secret depths.

Historical characters no longer, as before, rode on the crest of the billows from shore to shore; they now seemed to be gathered together in one place. Historical personages, who before, at the head of armies, had reflected the motion of the masses by calls to war, by campaigns and battles, now reflected this movement by political and diplomatic combinations, laws, treaties. ....

This activity of historical personages historians call *reaction.*

Historians, in describing the activity of these historical personages, who, according to their judgment, were the cause of what they call the *reaction*, are very severe

in their strictures upon them. All the famous people of that time, from Alexander and Napoleon to Madame de Staël, Fothier, Schelling, Fichte, Châteaubriand, and the like, are haled before this stern court of justice, and justified or condemned, from the standpoint of whether they helped *progress* or *reaction.*

In Russia, also, according to their writings, reaction set in about this same time, and the one principally to blame for this reaction was Alexander I. — that same Alexander I. who, according to their writings, was the principal cause of the liberal tendencies of his reign and the salvation of Russia.

In Russian literature at the present time there is no one, from the school-boy to the accomplished historian, who would not cast a stone at Alexander for his faulty behavior at this period of his reign.

"He ought to have done this or done that."

"In such and such a case he did well, in something else he did ill."

"He behaved splendidly at the beginning of his reign and during 1812; but he did wrong in giving a constitution to Poland, in establishing the Holy Alliance, in granting power to Arakcheyef, in encouraging first Golitsuin and mysticism, and afterwards encouraging Shishkof and Fothier."

"He made an error in employing the van of the army; he blundered in disbanding the Semyonovsky regiment," and so on and so on.

One might fill a dozen pages with the enumeration of all the reproaches which the historians have made against him on the ground of that knowledge of the welfare of humanity which they possess.

What is the significance of these reproaches?

The very same actions for which the historians praise Alexander I., — for instance, the liberal tendency of his reign, his quarrel with Napoleon, the firmness which he displayed in the year 1812 and during the campaign of 1813, — do they not flow from exactly the same sources — the conditions of blood, education, life, which made Alexander's personality what it was — from which also

flowed the actions for which the historians blame him; for instance, the Holy Alliance, the restoration of Poland, the reaction of the twenties?

What constitutes the essence of these reproaches?

In this, — that such an historical personage as Alexander I., a personage standing on the highest possible pinnacle of human power, as it were in the focus of the dazzling light of the historical rays concentrated on him; a personage subjected to the most potent influences in the world, in the form of intrigues, deceptions, flatteries, inseparable from power; a personage who, every moment of his life, bore the responsibility of all that took place in Europe; and not an imaginary personage, but as much alive as any other man, with his own individual peculiarities, passions, aspirations for the good, the beautiful, the true, — that this personage, fifty[1] years ago, lacked not virtue (the historians do not reproach him for that), but those views concerning the welfare of humanity which are now held by any professor who from early youth has been occupied with science, that is, with the reading of books and lectures and the copying of these books and lectures into a note-book.

But even if it be granted that Alexander I. fifty years ago was mistaken in his views as to what constitutes the true welfare of nations, it cannot but be taken for granted that the historian also who criticizes Alexander will, in exactly the same way, after the lapse of some time, prove himself incorrect in his view as to what is the welfare of humanity.

This proposition is all the more natural and inevitable from the fact that, in the development of history, we see that every year, with every new writer, the standard as to what is the welfare of humanity changes: thus what once seemed good becomes evil in the course of ten years, and *vice versa*. Still, we find occurring, at one and the same time, perfectly contradictory views as to what is good or what is evil: some regard the constitution granted to Poland and the Holy Alliance as creditable, others as disgraceful, to Alexander.

[1] "War and Peace" was written between 1864 and 1869.

As to the activity of Alexander and Napoleon, it is impossible to declare that it was advantageous or harmful, since we cannot say wherein it was advantageous or wherein it was harmful. If this activity fails to please any one, then it fails to please simply in consequence of its failure to coincide with this person's limited comprehension as to what is good.

Apart from the question whether the preservation of my father's house in Moscow in 1812, or the glory of the Russian troops, or the weal of the Petersburg or any other university, or the freedom of Poland, or the might of Russia, or the balance of Europe, or a certain state of European enlightenment — progress — appear to me advantageous, I must acknowledge that the activity of every historical personage had, besides these ends and aims, still others, more universal and beyond my comprehension.

But let us grant that so-called science has the capacity of reconciling all contradictions, and has for all historical personages and events an invariable, absolute standard of right and wrong.

Let us grant that Alexander might have done everything in a different way. Let us grant that he might, according to the prescription of those who accuse him, those who profess to have a knowledge of the final causes of the movements of humanity, — that he might have acted in accordance with the program of nationality, liberty, equality, and progress, which his present-day accusers would have laid down for him. Let us grant that this program might have been possible and might have been laid down, and that Alexander might have acted in accordance with it. What, then, would have become of the activity of all those men who at that time were in opposition to the tendency of the administration? — of that activity which, according to the opinion of the historians, was good and profitable?

This activity would not have existed; there would have been no life; there would have been nothing.

If it is admitted that human life can be directed by reason, then the possibility of life is annihilated.

CHAPTER II

If it is admitted, as the historians do, that great men lead humanity toward the attainment of certain ends, such as the greatness of Russia or France, or the balance of Europe, or the propagation of the ideas of the Revolution, or progress in general, or anything else, then it is impossible to explain the phenomena of history without the concept *chance* or *genius*.

If the object of the European wars at the beginning of the present century had been the greatness of Russia, this object might have been attained without the preliminary wars and without the invasion.

If the object had been the greatness of France, this object might have been attained without the Revolution and the empire.

If the object had been the propagation of ideas, the printing-press would have accomplished it far better than soldiers.

If the object had been the progress of civilization, it is perfectly easy to suppose that there are ways for the propagation of civilization more expedient than the destruction of men and their property.

Why did it happen this way and not that?

Simply because it happened so.

"*Chance* created the situation, *genius* profited by it," says history.

But what is chance, and what is genius?

The words "chance" and "genius" represent nothing that actually exists, and therefore cannot be defined.

These words only indicate a certain degree of comprehension of phenomena.

I know not the cause of a certain phenomenon; I believe that I cannot know it; therefore I do not try to know it, and I say *chance*.

I see that a force has produced an action disproportionate to the ordinary human qualities: I cannot understand the cause of this force, and I cry *genius*.

To the flock of sheep, the sheep that is driven off

every evening by the shepherd to a separate pen, and given extra food, and becomes twice as fat as the others, must seem to be a genius. The very fact that every evening this particular sheep, instead of going to the common fold, has a special pen and extra food, and that this sheep, this particular sheep, once fattened, is killed for mutton, doubtless impresses the other sheep as a remarkable combination of genius with a whole series of extraordinary chances.

But if the sheep will only stop thinking that everything that happens to them results solely for the attainment of their sheepish welfare, if they grant that the events happening to them may have objects which they cannot comprehend, they will immediately perceive a unity and logic in what happened to the fattened sheep.

Even if they cannot know why it was fattened, they will, at least, know that nothing that happened to the sheep happened by chance, and they will not need either the concept of *chance* or the concept of *genius*.

Only when we rid ourselves of the idea of the proximate and visible object, the end of things, and recognize that the ultimate end is wholly unattainable by us, can we see a logical connection in the lives of historical personages; there will be revealed to us the cause of that disproportion between the capacities of ordinary men and the deeds they perform, and we shall not need the words *chance* and *genius*.

It is sufficient only to admit that the object of the movements of European nations is unknown to us, and that we know only facts, such as the butcheries first in France, then in Italy, in Africa, in Prussia, in Austria, in Spain, in Russia, and that the movement from west to east and from east to west constituted the essence and object of events, and we shall not only no longer need to find *genius* or anything exceptional in the characters of Napoleon and of Alexander, but it will be impossible for us to imagine these personages as anything else than men like all other men, and we shall not only not need to explain on the score of *chance* the little events that made these personages what they were, but

it will be evident to us that all these little events were necessary.

When we rid ourselves of the knowledge of the ultimate end, we clearly understand that, just as it is impossible to imagine on a given plant other flowers and other fruits than those which it produces, so is it impossible to imagine two other men with all that they did who would have been fitted to such a degree and in the smallest details to the mission which they were called upon to fulfil.

CHAPTER III

The fundamental, essential fact in European events at the beginning of the nineteenth century is the warlike movements of masses of the nations of Europe from west to east, and then from east to west.

The first element of this movement was the movement from west to east.

In order that the nations of the West might push their warlike advance as far as Moscow — and this they succeeded in accomplishing — it was necessary : —

1. That they should be concentrated into a warlike mass of sufficient magnitude to endure a collision with the warlike mass of the East ;

2. That they should renounce all their long-founded traditions and habits ; and

3. That, when this warlike movement was accomplished, they should have at their head a man of their own sort, who could justify himself and them for the lies, the pillage, and the slaughter which, as an essential concomitant, accompanied this movement of theirs.

And, beginning with the French Revolution, the primitive group, which is not large enough, disperses ; old habits and traditions come to naught ; little by little, a group of new precedents, new habits, and new traditions is formed, and the man who is to take his place at the head of the coming movement, and bear all the responsibility of the events to follow, is prepared for his mission.

A man without convictions, without habitudes, without traditions, without name, not even a Frenchman, — by what seems strange chances, — glides through all the parties agitating France, and, taking part with none, is borne to his destined place.

The stupidity of his associates, the weakness and inanity of his rivals, his own frankness in lying, and his brilliant and self-confident narrow-mindedness place this man at the head of the army.

The excellent quality of the soldiers in his Italian army, the disinclination of the enemy to fight, his childish audacity and self-confidence give him military glory.

An infinite number of so-called chances meets him everywhere.

The disfavor into which he falls with the authorities of the French serves to his advantage.

His attempts to change his predestined career are failures; he is not received into the Russian service, the appointment to Turkey is not given to him.

During the war in Italy, he several times comes to the very brink of destruction, and every time escapes in some unexpected way.

The Russian troops, the very ones who have the power to extinguish his glory, through various diplomatic combinations do not enter Europe while he is there.

On his return from Italy, he finds the government at Paris in a state of decomposition so far advanced that the men forming it are inevitably doomed to ruin; and an escape from this dangerous situation offers itself to him in the senseless, unreasonable expedition to Africa.

Again so-called chances accompany him. Impregnable Malta surrenders without the firing of a shot; the most foolhardy plans are crowned with success.

The hostile fleet, which afterwards would not allow a single rowboat to pass, allows his army to pass!

In Africa, a whole series of atrocities are committed on the almost unarmed inhabitants. And the men who unite with him in these atrocities, and especially their

chief, persuade themselves that this is admirable, that this is glory, that this is like Cæsar and Alexander of Macedon, and that this is great!

This ideal of *glory* and *greatness*, which consists in the not only considering nothing wrong for him, but of being proud of every crime, attributing to it an inconceivable and supernatural significance, — this ideal, which is destined to be the guide of this man and of those allied with him, has full field for increase in Africa.

All that he undertakes prospers. The plague touches him not. The cruelty of massacring prisoners is not imputed to him as a fault.

His puerile, senseless, unreasonable, dishonorable departure from Africa, from his companions in distress, is accounted to him as meritorious, and again, the second time, the hostile fleet allows him to pass.

When, dazzled by the fortunate crimes committed by him, and ready to play his part, but without any definite object in view, he reaches Paris, the republican government, which a year before might still have put an end to him, has now attained the last degree of disintegration, and the fact that he, a man belonging to no party, is on hand, can now only exalt him.

He has no plan; he fears every one; but the parties resort to him, and beg his support.

He alone, with his ideal of glory and greatness built up in Italy and Egypt, with his senseless self-adoration, with his audacity in crime, with his frankness in falsehood, — he alone is able to direct the events about to take place.

He is needed for the place that is waiting for him, and therefore, almost independently of his own will, and notwithstanding his irresolution, his lack of any determined plan, and all the blunders that he makes, he is drawn into a conspiracy the aim of which is the possession of power, and the conspiracy is crowned with success.

He is thrust into a session of the Directorate. Alarmed, he wishes to escape, counting himself lost; he pretends that he is faint; he utters senseless things

which ought by good rights to have been his destruction.

But the directors of France, once so bold and haughty, now feeling that their part is played, and being more confused than he is, say just the words they should not have said to retain their power and overthrow him.

Chance, millions of *chances* give him power, and all men, as if by common agreement, agree to confirm this power.

Chances form the characters of the members of the Directorate of France, at that time subservient to him.

Chances form the character of Paul I., who recognizes his power.

Chance forms against Napoleon a conspiracy which, instead of being prejudicial to him, confirms his power.

Chance brings the Prince d'Enghien into his hands, and unexpectedly compels him to assassinate him, this very act, more than any other, proving to the multitude that he had the right, since he had the might.

Chance brings it about that he gives all his powers to an expedition against England which would evidently have ruined him, and never carries out the plan, but falls unexpectedly upon Mack and the Austrians, who surrender without a battle.

Chance and *genius* give him the victory at Austerlitz, and, by *chance*, all men, not only the French but all Europe (with the exception of England, which takes no part in the events about to occur), all men, in spite of their former horror and repulsion at his crimes, now recognize his power, his title, which he has given himself, and his ideal of glory and greatness, which seems to them all reasonable and beautiful.

As if practising and preparing for the impending movement, the forces of the West several times push toward the East in 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1809, all the time strengthening and increasing.

In 1811 a group of men formed in France unites into an enormous group with the nations of Central Europe.

While this group of men goes on increasing, the man at the head of the movement and directing it finds his powers more and more developed.

During the ten years' preparatory period preceding this great movement, this man has been the leader of all the crowned heads of Europe. Dethroned rulers of the world have no reasonable ideal to oppose to the senseless Napoleonic ideal of *glory* and *greatness*. One after another they strive to show him their own insignificance.

The king of Prussia sends his wife to solicit the great man's favor; the emperor of Austria considers it a favor if this man will take to his bed the daughter of the Kaisers; the Pope, holy guardian of the nations, makes use of his religion to raise the great man higher.

Napoleon does not prepare himself for the fulfilment of his part so much as it is his whole environment, which makes him assume all the responsibility for what is taking place and for what is about to take place.

No act, no crime, no petty deception which he essays fails to be instantly hailed by those around him as some mighty deed.

The best entertainment for him which the Germans can think of is the celebration of Jena and Auerstädt.

Not alone is he great: his ancestors, his brothers, his stepsons, his brothers-in-law are also great.

Everything conspires to take from him the last vestige of reason, and to make ready for his terrible career.

When he is ready, the forces are also ready.

The invasion rushes toward the East, reaches its final goal — Moscow.

The capital is taken. The Russian army is more completely shattered than ever were the hostile armies in former battles from Austerlitz to Wagram.

But suddenly, instead of the *chances* and that *genius* which have borne him so steadily till now through an uninterrupted series of successes to the predestined end, appears an incalculable quantity of contrary *chances*, from the influenza at Borodino, to the frosts, and the spark that set fire to Moscow; and instead of *genius* appear unexampled stupidity and baseness.

The invasion runs away, turns back, again runs away,

and all the chances are now not in his favor but against him.

There occurs a counter-movement, from east to west, bearing a close resemblance to the preceding movement from west to east.

The same symptoms of the movement from east to west as occurred in 1805–1807 and 1809 precede the great movement: the same union into a group of colossal proportions; in the same way the nations of Central Europe rally to this movement; the same irresolution in the midst of the way, and the same velocity in proportion as the goal is approached.

Paris, the ultimate goal, is reached. The Napoleonic government and army are overthrown.

Napoleon himself no longer has any of his former significance; all his actions strike men as pitiable and disgusting: but once more an inexplicable chance supervenes; the allies hate Napoleon, in whom they see the cause of their misfortunes; deprived of prestige and power, convicted of crimes and perfidy, he ought to have been regarded as he had been ten years before, and as he was a year later, as a bandit and outlaw. But, by a strange chance, no one sees this.

His *rôle* is not yet finished.

The man who, ten years before and a year later, men held to be a bandit and outlaw, is sent two days' distance from France to an island, which is given to him as a domain, with a guard, and millions which are paid to him, for some reason!

CHAPTER IV

The movement of the nations begins to calm itself along the shores. The waves of the great uprising fall back, and on the tranquil sea are formed various eddies on which float diplomatists, imagining that they have brought about the cessation of the commotion.

But the sea grown so calm suddenly rises again. The diplomatists imagine that they, their dissensions, are the

cause of the new access of violence; they expect another war among their sovereigns. The situation seems to them inextricable.

But the billow the approach of which they feel arises not from the source from which they expect it.

It is the same billow arising from the same point of departure, Paris. The last recoil of the movement from the West takes place — a recoil which is destined to solve the diplomatic difficulties, which have seemed inexplicable, and to put an end to the warlike movement of that period.

The man who has devastated France returns to France alone, without the aid of a conspiracy, without soldiers. Any guardsman may capture him, but, by a strange chance, not only does no one touch him, but all run with enthusiasm to meet this man whom they had cursed the day before, and whom they will curse a month later.

This man is still needed for the completion of the last act.

The act is ended.

The last *rôle* is played. The actor is told to remove his costume, and wash off the antimony and the rouge.

He is no longer needed.

And several years pass while this man, in solitude on his island, plays by himself and for himself a miserable comedy, intrigues and lies, justifying his actions, when justification is no longer necessary, and shows to the whole world what it was that men took for a force when the invisible Hand made use of it.

The Manager, having ended the drama and unmasked the actor, exposes him to us.

"See in whom you have believed! Here he is. Do you see now that not he, but I, moved you?"

But blinded by the violence of the movement, men long failed to understand this.

Even greater logical sequence and necessity is shown by the life of Alexander I., that personage who was at the head of the counter-movement, from east to west.

What qualities should the man possess who should take precedence of others and be placed at the head of this movement from east to west?

He must have the sense of justice, distant and perfectly disinterested participation in the affairs of Europe.

He must have a loftier moral character than any of his contemporaries, — sovereigns of that time. He must have a sweet and captivating personality. And he must have a personal grievance against Napoleon.

And all this is found in Alexander I.; all this was produced by innumerable so-called chances throughout his past life: his education, his liberal beginnings, and the counselors by whom he was surrounded, by Austerlitz and Tilsit and Erfurt.

Throughout the patriotic war, this personage is inactive, because he is not needed.

But, as soon as the necessity of a general European war becomes evident, this personage is found at the given moment in his place, and, rallying the nations of Europe, he leads them to their goal.

The goal is reached.

After the final war of 1815, Alexander finds himself at the highest pinnacle of human power.

What use does he make of this power?

Alexander I., the pacificator of Europe, the man who from his youth had striven only for the welfare of his people, the first to introduce liberal innovations in his country, now, it seems, when he possesses unlimited power, and therefore the ability to bring about the welfare of his people at the very time that Napoleon, in exile, is making childish and fictitious plans how he would benefit humanity if he had the power, — Alexander I., who has fulfilled his mission, and feels the hand of God upon him, suddenly comes to a realizing sense of the nothingness of this presumable power, renounces it, and surrenders it into the hands of despicable men whom he scorns, and merely says: —

"'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name!' I am a man like other men. Let me live like a man, and think of my soul and of God."

As the sun and every atom of ether is a sphere perfect in itself, and at the same time only an atom in the mighty All inaccessible to man, so each individual has within himself his own objects, and at the same time serves the common object inaccessible to man.

The bee, poising on a flower, stings a child. And the child is afraid of bees, and declares that the end of the bee is to sting people.

The poet admires the bee sucking from the calyx of a flower, and declares to us that the end of the bee is to absorb into itself the aroma of the flowers.

The bee-keeper, observing that the bee gathers pollen and brings it home to the hive, declares that the end of the bee is the manufacture of honey.

Another bee-keeper, observing more closely the habits of the swarm, declares that the bee gathers pollen for the nourishment of the young bees and the exploitation of the queen, and that the object of the bee is the propagation of the species.

A botanist observes that the bee, in flying with the dust of a diœcious flower to the pistils of another, fertilizes it; and the botanist sees in this the object of the bee.

Another, observing the transmigration of plants, sees that the bee assists in this transmigration; and this new observer may say that in this consists the object of the bee.

But the final object of the bee is not wholly included in the first or the second or the third of the objects which the human mind is able to discover.

The higher the human mind rises in its efforts to discover these objects, the more evident it is that the final object is inaccessible to man.

Man can only observe the correlation existing between the life of the bee and the other phenomena of life. The same is true in regard to the objects of historical personages and nations.

CHAPTER V

NATASHA'S marriage to Bezukhoï, which took place in 1813, was the last happy event for the older generation of the Rostofs. That same year Count Ilya Andreyevitch died, and, as always happens, his death brought about the end of the former family.

The events of the preceding year, the conflagration of Moscow and the family's flight from the city, the death of Prince Andreï and Natasha's despair, Petya's death, the countess's grief, all taken together, blow upon blow, fell on the old count's head.

It seemed as if he could not comprehend, and as if he realized that he had not the strength to comprehend, the significance of all these events; he morally, as it were, bent his old head, as if he expected and invited the new blows which would finish him.

He appeared sometimes frightened and abstracted, sometimes unnaturally excited and alert.

Natasha's marriage, for the time being, gave him something to think about outside of himself. He ordered dinners and suppers, and evidently tried to be cheerful; but his gayety was not contagious as of yore; on the contrary, it aroused compassion in people who knew and liked him.

After Pierre and his bride had taken their departure, he fell into a very feeble condition, and began to complain of not feeling well. In a few days he grew really ill and took to his bed. From the first days of his illness, in spite of the doctor's encouragement, he felt certain that he should not recover.

The countess, without undressing, spent a fortnight in her arm-chair by his bedside. Every time she gave him his medicine, he would sob and silently kiss her hand. On the last day he wept and begged the forgiveness of his wife and his absent son for the dissipation of their property, the chief blame for which, he felt, rested on himself.

Having taken the last communion and final unction,

he died peacefully, and on the following day a throng of acquaintances, who came to pay their duties to the late lamented, filled the Rostofs' lodgings. All these acquaintances, who had so many times dined and danced at his house, who had so many times made sport of him, now, with a unanimous feeling of inward reproach and emotion, said, as if in justification of themselves before some one: —

"Yes, whatever may be said, he was, after all, one of the best of men. We don't often find such men these days. .... And who has not his failings?" ....

Just at the very time when the count's affairs had become so entangled that it was impossible to see what the end would be if they were allowed to go on for another year, he had unexpectedly died.

Nikolaï was with the Russian troops in Paris when the news of his father's death reached him. He immediately tendered his resignation, and, without waiting for it to be accepted, took a furlough and hastened to Moscow.

The state of the family finances within a month after the count's death were completely scheduled, and surprised every one by the magnitude of the sum to which the various little debts amounted, the existence of which no one had even suspected.

The property would not half pay the debts.

Nikolaï's relatives and friends advised him to renounce the inheritance. But Nikolaï saw in this suggestion the implication of a reproach to his father's memory, which he held sacred, and therefore he refused to hear anything said about renouncing the inheritance, and accepted it with all the obligations to settle the debts.

The creditors, who had been so long silent, being kept good-natured during the count's lifetime by the vague but powerful influence which his easy-going generosity had exerted on them, now all suddenly began to clamor for their debts to be paid. As always happens, there sprang up a regular competition as to who should be the first to be paid; and those very persons, like Mitenka and others, who held accommodation

notes — gratuities often — now showed themselves as the most pressing of the creditors.

Nikolaï was given no rest or respite; and those who apparently had had pity on the old man — the cause of their losses, if losses they were — were now pitiless toward the young heir, who was evidently innocent toward them, but had honorably assumed his father's debts.

Not one of the speculations which Nikolaï tried to engineer was successful: the real estate was sold by auction, but did not bring half its value, and still half the debts remained unliquidated. Nikolaï took thirty thousand rubles which his brother-in-law, Bezukhoï, offered him to pay that portion of the debts which he considered most pressing. And, in order that he might not be sent to jail for the remaining obligations, as the other creditors threatened, he again entered the service.

To return to the army, where at the first vacancy he would be promoted as regimental commander, was impossible, because his mother now clung to her only son as the last joy of her life; and therefore, in spite of his disinclination to remain in Moscow, in the circle of those who had always known him, notwithstanding his distaste for the civil service, he stayed in Moscow and accepted a place in the civil section, and, giving up the uniform which he so loved, he settled down with his mother and Sonya in a modest apartment on the Sivtsevoï Vrazhek.

Natasha and Pierre were at this time living at Petersburg, and had not a very definite idea of Nikolaï's position. Nikolaï, who had already had some money from his brother-in-law, strove to hide from him his unhappy situation. His position was rendered peculiarly hard because, with his twelve hundred rubles salary, he was not only obliged to support himself, Sonya, and his mother, but he was obliged to live in such a way that his mother would not suspect that they were poor. The countess could not conceive of any existence without those conditions of luxury to which she had been accustomed from childhood; and without a suspicion that it

was hard for her son, she was continually requiring a carriage, though they had none, to send for a friend, or some rich delicacy for herself or wine for her son, or money to provide some gift for a surprise to Natasha, Sonya, or Nikolaï himself.

Sonya had charge of the domestic arrangements, waited on her aunt, read aloud to her, endured her whims and her secret ill-will, and aided Nikolaï in hiding from the old countess the condition of poverty to which they were reduced.

Nikolaï felt that he owed Sonya a heavier debt of gratitude than he could ever repay for all that she had done for his mother; he admired her patience and devotion, but he tried to avoid her.

In the depths of his heart, he, as it were, reproached her for her very perfection, and because there was nothing for which to reproach her. She had every quality which people prize; but still there was lacking the something which would have compelled him to love her. And he felt that the more he prized her, the less he loved her. He had taken her at her word when she wrote the letter releasing him from his promise, and now he treated her as if all that had taken place between them had been long, long forgotten, and could never by any chance return.

Nikolaï's condition grew worse and worse. The idea of saving something from his salary became a dream with him. Instead of laying up anything, he was driven by his mother's constant demands on him to incur petty debts. There seemed to be no way out of his difficulties.

The idea of making a wealthy marriage, such as had been proposed to him by his relatives, was repugnant to him. The only other escape from his situation — the death of his mother — never occurred to him. He had no wishes, and he had no hope, and in the deepest depths of his heart he experienced a stern and gloomy enjoyment in thus resignedly enduring his situation. He tried to avoid his old acquaintances, their condolence and humiliating offers of assistance; he avoided every sort of amusement and dissipation, and did not even do

anything at home except play cards with his mother, or pace in gloomy silence up and down the room, smoking pipe after pipe.

He cherished, as it were, this gloomy state, in which alone he felt himself capable of enduring his position.

CHAPTER VI

Early in the winter the Princess Mariya came to Moscow. From the current gossip of town she learned of the position of the Rostofs, and how "the son was sacrificing himself for his mother," for so it was said in the city.

"I should have expected nothing else from him," said the Princess Mariya to herself, feeling a joyful confirmation of her love for him.

When she remembered her relations of friendship, almost of kinship, to the whole family, she felt it her duty to go to see them. But when she remembered her relations to Nikolaï at Voronezh, she dreaded to do so. At length, several weeks after her return to the city, she made a powerful effort and went to the Rostofs'.

Nikolaï was the first to meet her, for the reason that the countess's room could be reached only by passing through his. When he first caught sight of her, his face, instead of showing that joy which the princess had expected to see, assumed a cold, haughty, and repellent expression which the princess had never before seen in it. Nikolaï inquired after her health, conducted her to his mother, and, after remaining five minutes, left the room.

When the princess left the countess, Nikolaï again met her, and with especial ceremony and reserve ushered her into the anteroom. He answered never a word to her remark about the countess's health.

"What have I to do with you? Leave me in peace," his look seemed to say.

"Now, what makes her come round? What does she want? I can't endure these fine ladies and all their

inquisitive ways," he said aloud in Sonya's presence, evidently not able to restrain his annoyance after the princess's carriage had rolled away.

"Oh! how can you say so, Nicolas!" said Sonya, who could scarcely restrain her joy. "She is so good, and *maman* loves her so."

Nikolaï made no answer, and would have preferred not to say anything more about the princess. But from that time forth the old countess kept talking about her a dozen times a day.

The countess praised her, insisted on her son going to return her call, expressed her anxiety to see her more frequently, but at the same time, whenever she spoke of her, she always got out of sorts.

Nikolaï tried to hold his tongue when his mother spoke of the princess; his silence annoyed his mother.

"She is a very worthy and lovely girl," she would say, "and you must go and call upon her. At all events, you will see somebody. It seems to me it must be tedious for you with us."

"I don't care to see anybody, mamenka!"

"A little while ago you wanted to see people, but now it's—'I don't care to.' Truly, my dear boy, I don't understand you. You have been finding it tedious, but now suddenly you don't wish to see any one!"

"But I have not said it was tedious to me."

"Did you not just say that you did not want to see her? She is a very worthy girl and you always liked her, but now you find some excuse or other. It's all a mystery to me!"

"Why, not at all, mamenka!"

"If I had asked you to do something disagreeable—but no, all I ask of you is to go and return this call! It would seem as if politeness demanded it. .... I have asked you, and now I shall not interfere any more, since you have secrets from your mother."

"But I will go, if you wish it."

"It's all the same to me. I wish it for your sake."

Nikolaï sighed, and, gnawing his mustache, proceeded to lay out the cards, trying to divert his mother's attention to something else.

On the next day, on the third, and on the fourth, the same conversation was renewed.

After her call upon the Rostofs and the unexpectedly cool reception which Nikolaï had given her, the Princess Mariya confessed to herself that she had been right in not wishing to go to the Rostofs' first.

"I expected as much," said she to herself, calling her pride to her assistance. "I have nothing to do with him, and I only wanted to see the old lady, who has always been good to me, and who is bound to me by so many ties."

But she could not calm her agitation by these arguments; a feeling akin to remorse tormented her when she remembered her visit. Although she had firmly resolved not to go to the Rostofs' again, and to forget all about it, she could not help feeling that she was in a false position. And when she asked herself what it was that tormented her, she had to confess that it was her relation to Rostof.

His cool, formal tone did not really express his feelings, — she knew this, — and this tone only covered something. She felt that it was necessary for her to discover this something. And until she did, she felt that it was impossible for her to be at peace.

One time in midwinter she was in the school-room, attending to her nephew's lessons, when the servant came and announced that Rostof was in the drawing-room.

With a firm determination not to betray her secret and not to manifest her confusion, she summoned Mlle. Bourienne and went down with her into the drawing-room.

At her first glance into Nikolaï's face she perceived that he had come merely to fulfil the duty of politeness, and she firmly vowed that she would keep to the same tone in which he treated her.

They talked about the countess's health, about com-

mon acquaintances, and about the latest news of the war, and when the ten minutes demanded by etiquette had passed, at the end of which the caller can take his departure, Nikolaï rose to say good-by.

The princess, with Mlle. Bourienne's aid, had sustained the conversation very well; but at the very last moment, just as he rose to his feet, she had grown so weary of talking about things that interested her not, and the thought why she alone had so little pleasure in life came over her so powerfully, that she fell into a fit of abstraction, and sat motionless with her radiant eyes looking straight ahead and not perceiving that he had arisen.

Nikolaï glanced at her, and, feigning not to notice her abstraction, spoke a few words to Mlle. Bourienne, and again looked at the princess. She sat as before, motionless, and an expression of pain showed itself in her gentle face.

Suddenly he felt a sense of compassion for her, and a dim consciousness that he himself might be the cause of the sorrow that was expressed in her face. He wanted to help her, to say something cheering to her; but he could not think what to say.

"Good-by, princess," said he.

She came to herself, flushed, and drew a long sigh.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said she, as if awakening from a dream. "Are you going already, count? Well, good-by. .... Oh, but the pillow for the countess?"

"Wait, I will fetch it down to you," said Mlle. Bourienne, and left the room.

Both were silent, though they occasionally looked at each other.

"Yes, princess," said Nikolaï at last, with a melancholy smile. "It does not seem very long ago, but how much has happened[1] since you and I met first at Bogucharovo. How unfortunate we all seemed then; but I would give a good deal for that time to return again .... but what is past is past."

The princess looked steadily into his face with her

[1] Russian: "How much water has flowed."

clear, radiant eyes, while he was saying this. She seemed to be striving to discover some secret significance in his words which might interpret his sentiments toward her.

"Yes, yes," said she. "But you have nothing to regret in the past, count. When I think what your life is now, I am sure that you will always remember it with pleasure, because the self-sacrifice which at the present time you...."

"I cannot accept your words of praise," said he, hastily interrupting her. "On the contrary, I am constantly reproaching myself; but this is not at all an interesting or amusing subject of conversation."

And again his eyes assumed their former expression of reserve and coldness.

But the princess had once more seen in him that man whom she had known and loved, and she was now talking only with that man.

"I thought you would permit me to say this to you," said she. "You and I have been brought so near together.... and your family.... and I thought that you would not consider my sympathy out of place; but I was mistaken," said she. Her voice suddenly trembled. "I do not know why," she continued, correcting herself, "you were so different before, and...."

"There are a thousand reasons *why*" — he laid a special stress on the word *why* — "I thank you, princess," said he, gently. "Sometimes it is hard...."

"So that is the reason, then, that is the reason," said a voice in the Princess Mariya's heart. "No, it was not alone his merry, kind, and open eyes, not alone his handsome exterior, which I loved him for: I suspected his nobility, firmness, and sacrificing heart," said she to herself. "Yes, now he is poor, and I am rich..... Yes, that, then, was the sole reason..... Yes, if it were not that...."

And, as she remembered his former gentleness, and looked now into his kind and melancholy face, she suddenly realized the reason of his coolness.

"Why is it, count, why is it?" she suddenly almost

cried, and involuntarily came closer to him. "Why is it? tell me. You ought to tell me."

He was silent.

"I don't know, count, what your *why* is," she went on to say — "but it is hard for me too, for me.... I confess it to you. For some reason you wish to deprive me of your old friendship. And this pains me."

The tears were in her eyes and in her voice.

"I have so little happiness in life that every loss is hard for me to bear. Excuse me.... good-by."

She suddenly burst into tears, and started to leave the room.

"Princess! Wait! for God's sake!" he cried, trying to detain her. "Princess!"

She looked around. For several seconds they looked into each other's eyes, each in silence, and what had been distant and impossible suddenly became near, possible, and inevitable.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER VII

In the autumn of the year 1813, Nikolaï was married to the Princess Mariya, and went with his wife, his mother, and Sonya to live at Luisiya Gorui.

In the course of four years, without selling any of his wife's property, he settled the last of his debts, and, having inherited a small estate by the death of a cousin, he also paid back what he had borrowed of Pierre.

Three years later still, in 1820, Nikolaï had so managed his pecuniary affairs that he had purchased a small estate adjoining Luisiya Gorui, and was in negotiations for repurchasing Otradnoye, which was one of his favorite dreams.

Having been forced by necessity to manage his own estate, he quickly grew so passionately interested in farming that it came to be his favorite and almost exclusive occupation.

Nikolaï was a farmer of the simple old-fashioned

school;[1] he did not like innovations, especially English ones, which at that time were coming into vogue; laughed at theoretical works on farming, disliked machinery, expensive processes, the sowing of costly grains, and as a general thing had no patience with occupying himself with only one side of farming. He always kept before his eyes the idea of the estate as a whole, and favored no part of it to the exclusion of the rest.

The chief element of success in an estate was not the azote and the oxygen found in the soil and in the atmosphere, or any especial form of plow or manure, but rather the principal instrument by means of which the oxygen and the nitrogen and the manure and the plow act, — the *muzhik* — the working peasant.

When Nikolaï took up the care of his estate and began to study the different parts of it, the muzhik especially attracted his attention. The muzhik seemed to him not only a tool and instrument, but the object and judge. From the very first he studied the muzhik, striving to comprehend what he wanted, what he considered good and bad, and only pretended to give orders and lay out work, while in reality he was learning of the peasants, both from their ways and their words, and their judgment as to what was good or bad.

And only when at last he learned to understand the tastes and aspirations of the muzhiks, learned to speak their speech and comprehend the secret significance of their sayings, when he felt himself one with them, only then did he dare boldly to direct them, that is, to fulfil toward them the duties that were demanded of him.

And Nikolaï's management[2] brought about the most brilliant results.

When he undertook the management of the estate, Nikolaï at once unerringly, by some gift of second sight, appointed as *burmistr*, or village bailiff, or as *starosta*, or as the peasant delegate, the very men who would have been chosen by the muzhiks themselves, if

[1] *Khozyaïn prastoï*, simple proprietor, landowner, householder, etc.
[2] *Khozdyaïstvo.*

the choice had been in their hands; and his appointees were never changed.

Before he made investigations into the chemical properties of manures, before he entered into the question of "debit and credit," as he laughingly termed it, he learned about the number of cattle that the peasants had, and increased it by all the means in his power.

He tried to keep the families of the peasants as large as possible, not permitting them to break up.[1] He kept a strict oversight upon the lazy, the dissolute, and the feeble, and tried to rid the community of such. During seed-time and haymaking and harvest, he gave the same careful attention to his own fields and those of his muzhiks. And few proprietors got their seed in so early or averaged such good crops as Nikolaï did.

He liked not to have anything to do with the *dvorovuie*, or domestic serfs, called them drones, and, as every one said, neglected them and spoiled them; when it was necessary to do anything, or make any disposition concerning a domestic serf, especially when it was necessary to punish one, he was always undecided, and had to ask the opinion of all in the house; only when it was possible to send a domestic serf as a soldier in place of a muzhik, he would do so without the slightest hesitation.

But in regard to all the dispositions which he had to make concerning the muzhiks, he never experienced the slightest hesitancy. He knew that any disposition that he might make concerning the muzhiks would be approved by all excepting perhaps one or a very few.

Likewise, he never allowed himself to overwork or punish a field-hand out of any personal whim or caprice, nor would he ease a man's labors or reward him simply because such a thing constituted his personal desire. He could not have said where he got his standard for what he ought and what he ought not to do; but this standard was firm and inflexible in his heart.

[1] The communal system of Russia is patriarchal, the head of the family having control of all the sons and daughters, married and single, living under his roof.

Yet often, in vexation at some failure or disorder, he would exclaim: "With this Russian people of ours!" and try to argue to his own satisfaction that he could not put up with the muzhik.

But with all the strength of his heart he loved "this Russian people of ours," and their ways; and this reason alone made him appreciate and adopt the only manner and method of managing his estate which could bring him in good results.

The Countess Mariya was jealous of her husband because of this love of his, and regretted that she could not share in it; but she could not understand the joys and annoyances which for him constituted this world, so foreign and apart from her own. She could not understand why he should be so peculiarly animated and happy, when, having arisen with the dawn and spent the whole morning in the field or the threshing-floor, he came back from the sowing, the mowing, or the harvest, to drink tea with her.

She could not understand what should so kindle his enthusiasm as he told of the wealthy and enterprising muzhik Matvyei Yermishin, who had spent the whole night with his family in carrying sheaves, and who had his corn-stacks all made up, while as yet the others had not touched theirs.

She could not understand why he was so glad, and smiled under his mustaches so joyously, as he came from the window out on the balcony, while the warm frequent showers fell on the dry and thirsty young oats; or why, when during haymaking or harvest-time the wind drove away the threatening clouds, he would come in from the threshing-floor flushed, sunburnt, and sweaty, and with the scent of wormwood and wild gentian in his hair, and, gayly rubbing his hands, exclaim:

"Well, now, one more short day, and my grain and the peasants' will all be in the barn."

Still less was she able to understand why he, with his kindness of heart, with his never failing readiness to anticipate her desires, was almost in despair when she presented to him petitions from peasant women or

muzhiks who had applied to her for relief from some drudgery or other, — why he, this good Nicolas, was so obstinate in refusing to do so, and begged her sternly not to interfere in what was not her business. She felt that he had a special world of his own which he passionately loved, and which was governed by laws she could not understand.

When, sometimes, in her endeavors to understand him, she would speak to him of the service he was rendering in doing so much good to his dependents, he would lose his temper and reply: —

"Not in the least; it never entered my head, and I am not doing anything for their good. That is all poetry and old woman's tales, all this talk about kindness to one's neighbor. What I want is, that our children should not become beggars; what I want is, to get our property on a satisfactory basis while I am alive: that is all. And to do that, order is necessary, and so is sternness. .... That 's all there is of it," said he, clenching his sanguine fist, "..... and justice of course," he added. "Because if the peasant is naked and hungry, and has only one little horse, then he will work neither for himself nor for me."

And there can be no doubt that for the very reason that Nikolaï allowed himself not to think that he was doing anything for others, in the way of a benefactor, that all he did was so abundantly successful, his property rapidly increased; neighboring muzhiks came to him and begged him to buy them, and, long after he was dead and gone, a devout memory of his *régime* obtained among the peasantry.

"He was a manager.[1] .... He looked after his peasants' affairs first, and then his own. And he did not show too much indulgence, either. In one word, he was a manager."

[1] *Khozyaïn.*

CHAPTER VIII

One thing sometimes troubled Nikolaï in relation to his administration of affairs, and this was his quick temper and a propensity, which was a relic of his old life as a hussar, to enforce his will by means of his hands. At first, he saw nothing reprehensible in this; but in the second year of his married life his views in regard to this form of inflicting punishment underwent a sudden change.

One time during the summer the starosta of Bogucharovo, the successor of Dron, who was now dead, was summoned over to Luisiya Gorui charged with various rascalities and villainies. Nikolaï met him on the porch, and at his first reply the sound of cries and blows rang through the vestibule.

On going into the house for breakfast, Nikolaï joined his wife, whom he found sitting with her head bent low over her embroidery-frame, and began to tell her, as his wont was, about all that occupied him that morning, and, among other things, about the *starosta*, or headman, of Bogucharovo. The Countess Mariya, turning red, then pale, and compressing her lips, sat with her head still bent, and made no reply to her husband's words.

"Such an impertinent scoundrel!" exclaimed he, growing hot at the mere recollection. "If he had only told me that he was drunk .... I never saw .... but what is the matter, Marie?" he suddenly asked.

The countess raised her head and tried to say something, but again hastily drooped her head, and compressed her lips.

"What is it? What is the matter, my darling?"[1] ....

Plain as the Countess Mariya was, she always grew pretty when tears were in her eyes. She never wept because of pain or annoyance, but always from melancholy and pity. And when she wept her liquid eyes acquired an irresistible charm.

[1] *Druzhok moï;* druzhok is a caressing diminutive of *druk*, friend.

The moment Nikolaï took her by the hand, she could no longer restrain herself, but burst into tears.

"Nicolas, I saw .... he is at fault, but, oh, Nicolas, why did you?" ....

And she hid her face in her hands.

Nikolaï said nothing, turned crimson, and, turning away from her, began to pace up and down the room. He understood what made her weep; but at the same time he could not agree with her in his heart, that what he had been used to regarding since childhood as a customary thing was wrong.

"Is it her amiability and feminine weakness, or is she right?" he asked himself. Not being able to decide this question for himself, he once more looked into her suffering, loving face, and suddenly realized that she was right, and that he had been wrong even in his own eyes for a long time.

"Marie," said he, gently, and he came to her, "this shall never happen again; I give you my word. Never!" he repeated, in a trembling voice like a lad asking forgiveness.

The tears rolled faster than ever from the countess's eyes. She took her husband's hand and kissed it.

"Nicolas, when did you break your cameo?" she asked, for the purpose of changing the conversation, and examining his hand, on which he wore a ring with a head of Laocoon.

"To-day; it 's all the same story. Akh! Marie, don't speak of it again." He flushed once more. "I give thee my word of honor that this shan't happen again. And let this always be a reminder to me," he added, pointing to the broken ring.

From that time forth, when he had to enter into explanations with the starostas, and the hot blood flew into his face, and he began to clench his fists, Nikolaï would turn the broken ring round on his finger and drop his eyes before the man who was angering him. However, once or twice a year he would forget himself, and then, when he came into his wife's presence, he would confess, and again give his promise that it should be the last time.

"Marie, truly you will despise me," he would say to her. "I deserve it."

"You should go away, go away as fast as you can, if you find that you have not the strength of mind to restrain yourself," said the Countess Mariya, in a tender voice, trying to console her husband.

Nikolaï was respected but not liked among the gentry of the province. He did not care about the interests of the nobility. And on this account some considered him proud, others stupid.

During the summer, he spent all his time in the management of his farms, from the time that the seed was put in until the crops were garnered.

During the autumn, he gave himself up to hunting with the same practical seriousness which he showed in the care of his estates, and, for a month or two, he would ride out with the hounds.

During the winter, he rode off to visit his other villages, and occupied himself with reading. His reading consisted, principally, of historical works, for the purchase of which he spent a certain amount each year. He was forming for himself, as he said, a "serious library," and he made it a rule to read through every book which he purchased. With a grave face, he would shut himself up in his library for this reading, which, at first, he imposed on himself as a duty; but in time it came to be his ordinary occupation, furnishing him with a certain kind of satisfaction, and the consciousness that he was occupied with a serious task.

Except for the time he spent out of doors, in the prosecution of his affairs, during the winter he was mostly in the house, entering into the domestic life of the family, and taking an interest in the every-day relations between the mother and children. He kept growing closer and closer to his wife, each day discovering in her new spiritual treasures.

Sonya, since the time of Nikolaï's marriage, had been an inmate of his house. Some time before his marriage, Nikolaï, laying all blame on himself, and praising her, had told the Princess Mariya what had occurred between

him and Sonya. He had begged the Princess Mariya to be kind and good to his cousin. The Countess Mariya fully realized her husband's fault. She also felt that she was to blame toward Sonya; she realized that her own position had influenced Nikolaï's choice, and she could not see that Sonya was in any way blameworthy, and she wanted to love her; but not only did she not love her, but she often found bitter feelings against her arising in her soul, and she could not overcome them.

One time she was talking with her friend Natasha about Sonya and about her own injustice toward her.

"Do you know," said Natasha, — "you have read the New Testament a great deal, — there is one place that refers directly to Sonya."

"What is that?" asked the Countess Mariya, in amazement.

"'*For unto every one that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.*' Do you remember? She is the one that hath not. Why, I do not know; it seems to me she has no selfishness about her. I don't know, somehow, but it is taken away from her — everything has been taken away from her. I am terribly sorry for her sometimes; I used to be terribly anxious for Nicolas to marry her, but I always had a sort of presentiment that it would never be. She is a sterile flower; you have seen them in the strawberry patch, have n't you? Sometimes I am sorry for her, but then, again, I think that she does n't feel it as we should."

And although the Countess Mariya explained to Natasha that these words from the Gospel must have a different meaning, still, as she looked at Sonya, she agreed with the explanation which Natasha gave to them. It really seemed to her that Sonya was not troubled by her uncomfortable position, and was perfectly satisfied with her name of "sterile flower."

It seemed that she did not so much care for any special individual as for the family as a whole. Like a cat, she attached herself, not to the household, so much as to the house itself. She took care of the old countess,

she petted and spoiled the children, was always ready to show such little services as she could; but all this was accepted unwittingly, without any special sense of gratitude. ....

The establishment at Luisiya Gorui had now been restored to good order, but not on the same footing as it had been during the late prince's lifetime. The new buildings, begun during the hard times, were more than simple. The enormous mansion-house, erected on the original stone foundations, was of wood, merely plastered on the inside. The great, spacious mansion, with its unpainted deal floors, was furnished with the simplest and coarsest divans and easy-chairs, tables and chairs made from their own lumber by their own carpenters. The house was capacious, with rooms for the domestics, and special suites for guests.

The relatives of the Rostofs and Bolkonskys often came to visit at Luisiya Gorui, with their families and almost a score of horses, with dozens of servants, and would spend months there. Moreover, three or four times a year, on the name-day or birthday festivals of the host and hostess, a hundred guests would be present at once for several days.

The rest of the year the regular life moved in its regular channels with the usual occupations — teas, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, supplied from the resources of the estate.

CHAPTER IX

It was the eve of St. Nicholas Day, in the winter[1] — the seventeenth of December, 1820.

That year Natasha with her children and husband had come early in the autumn to visit her brother. Pierre was in Petersburg, where he had gone on private business for three or four weeks, as he said, but where

[1] *Zimnii Nikolina dyen'* or *Nikola zimnii* (as the peasants call it) comes Dec. 6. (O.S.), in contradistinction to *Nikola lyetnii* or St. Nicholas Day in the summer, the 9th (21st) May.

he had already spent seven. They were expecting him at any moment.

On the seventeenth of December the Rostofs had, besides the Bezukhoï family, Nikolaï's old friend, General Vasili Feodorovitch Denisof, who was now on the retired list.

Nikolaï knew that on the eighteenth, the day of the festivity for which the guests had assembled, he should have to take off his *beshmet* or Tatar blouse, put on his dress-coat and tight, narrow-toed shoes, and go to the new church which he had just built, and then receive congratulations and offer lunch, and talk about the elections and the crops; but he felt that on the eve of his name-day he had the right to spend his time in the usual way.

Just before dinner Nikolaï had been verifying the accounts of the *burmistr*, or bailiff, from the Riazan estate of his wife's nephew, had written two business letters, and had made the round of the granaries, the cattle-yard, and his stables. Having taken precautions against the general drunkenness which was to be expected on the morrow in consequence of its being a capital festival, he came in to dinner, and, without having had a chance for a few moments of private conversation with his wife, he took his seat at the long table set with twenty covers for his whole household.

At the table were his mother, the old dowager Countess Byelova, who was still living, his wife, his three children, their governess, their tutor, his nephew with his tutor, Sonya, Denisof, Natasha, her three children, their governess, and the little old Mikhaïl Ivanuitch, the prince's architect, who lived at Luisiya Gorui on a pension.

The Countess Mariya was sitting at the opposite end of the table. As soon as her husband took his place she knew by the gesture with which he took his napkin and quickly pushed away the tumbler and wine-glass that were set before him, that he was in bad humor, as was sometimes the case with him especially before soup, and when he came directly from his work to dinner.

The Countess Mariya knew perfectly well this disposition of his, and, when she herself was in her usual good spirits, she would calmly wait until he should finish his soup, and not till then would she begin to talk with him and make him realize that his ill temper was groundless; but on the present occasion she had entirely forgotten this observation of hers; it hurt her to feel that he was angry with her without cause, and she felt that she was innocent.

She asked him where he had been.

He told her.

Then again she asked him if he found everything in good order. He scowled disagreeably at her unnatural tone, and answered hastily.

"So I was not mistaken," thought the Countess Mariya. "Now, why is he vexed with me?"

By the tone in which he answered her the Countess Mariya detected what she thought was ill-will toward herself, and a wish to cut short the conversation. She realized that her own words had been unnatural, but she could not refrain from asking several other questions.

The conversation during dinner, thanks to Denisof, quickly became general and animated, and the Countess Mariya had no chance to say anything to her husband. When they left the table and went to thank the old countess, the Countess Mariya, offering her hand, kissed her husband and asked him why he was vexed with her.

"You *always* have such strange ideas! .... I had no thought of being vexed with you," said he. But this word *always* said with sufficient clearness to the Countess Mariya: "Yes, I am angry, and I won't tell you."

Nikolaï lived so harmoniously with his wife that even Sonya and the old countess, who out of jealousy might have been happy to see some discord between them, could not find any excuse for reproach; but still they had their moments of hostility. Sometimes, especially after their happiest times, they were suddenly assailed by the feeling of repulsion and animosity; this feeling was particularly liable to occur when the Countess Mariya was with child. She was now in this condition.

"Well, *messieurs et mesdames*," said Nikolaï, in a loud and apparently gay tone, — it seemed to the Countess Mariya that it was on purpose to hurt her feelings, — "I have been on my feet ever since six o'clock. Tomorrow I shall have to endure a good deal, and now I 'm going to rest."

And, without saying anything more to the Countess Mariya, he went into the little divan-room and lay down on the divan.

"That 's the way it always is," thought the Countess Mariya. "He talks with all the rest, but not with me. I see, I see that I am repulsive to him, especially when I am in this condition."

She looked at her changed figure, and caught sight in the mirror of her yellowish-pale, thin face, with her large eyes more prominent than ever.

And everything seemed disagreeable to her, — Denisof's shouts and laughter, and Natasha's talk, and especially the look which Sonya hastily threw after her.

Sonya was always the first pretext which the Countess Mariya took to excuse her irritation.

After sitting down for a little while with her guests, and not comprehending a word of what they said, she softly got up and went to the nursery.

The children were on chairs, "going to Moscow," and they begged her to join them. She sat down and played with them, but the thought of her husband and his causeless vexation tormented her without ceasing. She got up and went to the little divan-room, painfully trying to walk on her tiptoes.

"Perhaps he is not asleep; I will have a talk with him," said she to herself.

Andryusha, her oldest boy, imitating her, followed her on his tiptoes. The Countess Mariya did not notice him.

"*Chère Marie*, I think he is asleep; he is so tired," said Sonya, from the large divan-room; it seemed to the countess as if she met her everywhere! "Andryusha might wake him."

The Countess Mariya looked round, saw Andryusha at her heels, and felt that Sonya was right; this very thing made her angry, and it was evidently with difficulty that she restrained herself from a sharp reply.

She said nothing, and, affecting not to have heard her, she made a gesture with her hand to Andryusha not to make a noise but to follow her, and went to the door.

Sonya passed through another door.

From the room where Nikolaï was sleeping could be heard his measured breathing, so well known to his wife, even to its slightest shadow of change.

As she listened to his breathing she could see before her his smooth, handsome brow, his mustache, his whole face, at which so often she had gazed in the silence of the night, while he was asleep.

Nikolaï suddenly started and yawned. And at that same instant Andryusha cried from the door: —

"Papenka, mamenka is there!"

The Countess Mariya grew pale with fright, and started to make signs to her son. He became still, and for an instant the silence, so terrible to the Countess Mariya, continued. She knew how Nikolaï disliked being awakened.

Suddenly in the room were heard fresh yawns, rustling, and Nikolaï's voice said in a tone of annoyance: —

"Can't I have a moment's rest! Marie, is it you? What made you bring him here?"

"I only came to see if .... I did not see him .... forgive me ...."

Nikolaï coughed, and said nothing more. The Countess Mariya went away from the door, and led her son to the nursery.

Five minutes later, the little, dark-eyed, three-year-old Natasha, her father's favorite, hearing her brother say that her papenka was asleep and her mamenka was in the divan-room, ran to her father unobserved by her mother. The dark-eyed little maid boldly pushed the door open with a slam, ran on her energetic little stumpy legs up to the divan, and, after attentively looking at her father, who was lying with his back turned

toward her, raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed his hand, on which his head was resting. Nikolaï, with a fond smile, turned over.

"Natasha! Natasha!" the Countess Mariya was heard saying in a terrified whisper outside the door, "papenka wants to get a nap."

"No, mamma! he does n't want a nap," replied the little Natasha, in a tone of settled conviction. "He 's laughing."

Nikolaï put down his feet, sat up, and took his daughter in his arms. "Come in, Masha," said he to his wife.

The Countess Mariya went in and sat down near her husband.

"I did not see that he was tagging behind me," said she, timidly. "That 's the way with me."

Nikolaï, holding his daughter in one arm, looked at his wife, and, perceiving the apologetic expression in her face, he put his other arm around her and kissed her on the hair.

"May I kiss mamma?" he asked Natasha.

Natasha smiled shyly.

"Again!" said she, with an imperative gesture designating the spot where Nikolaï had kissed his wife.

"I don't know why you should think that I am out of sorts," said Nikolaï, answering the question which he knew was in his wife's heart.

"You cannot imagine how unhappy, how lonely, I feel when you are so! It seems to me all the time ...."

"Marie, stop! What nonsense! Are n't you ashamed of yourself?" he asked gayly.

"It seems to me that you cannot love me, that I am so plain .... always .... but now .... in this con...."

"Akh! how absurd you are! Beauty does not make sweetness, but sweetness makes beauty! It is only such women as the Malvinas who are loved for their beauty. Do I love my wife? I don't love her in that way .... but I can't explain it. Without thee .... or even if a cat should run between us, I should be quite lost and should n't know what to do. Well, then, do I love

my little finger? I don't love it, but .... just try it .... cut it off .... "

"No, I 'm not like that, but I understand you. And so you are not vexed with me?"

"Oh, yes, I am .... horribly vexed," said he, smiling; then, getting up, and smoothing his hair, he began to pace up and down the room. "You know what I was thinking about," he began, now that peace had been made, immediately beginning to think aloud in his wife's hearing. He did not ask whether she were ready to listen to him; it was all the same to him. If he had any thoughts she *must* have the same. And he told her his intention of inviting Pierre to remain with them till spring.

The Countess Mariya listened to him, made some observation, and began in her turn to think her thoughts aloud. Her thoughts were about her children.

"How the woman can be seen in her already!" said she in French, alluding to the little Natasha. "You accuse us women of being illogical. Well, she is our logic personified. I say, 'Papa wants to get a nap,' but she says, 'No, he is laughing.' And she is right," said the Countess Mariya, with a happy smile.

"Yes, yes," and, taking his daughter by his strong hands, he lifted her up in the air, set her on his shoulder, holding her by the feet, and began to walk up and down the room with her. The faces of father and daughter alike expressed the most absurd happiness.

"But you know you are apt to be partial. You love this one more than the others," whispered the Countess Mariya in French.

"But how can I help it? .... I try not to show it." ....

At this instant sounds of slamming doors and steps were heard in the vestibule and anteroom, as if there was an arrival.

"Some one has come."

"I think it must be Pierre. I 'll go and find out," said the Countess Mariya, and she left the room.

During her absence Nikolaï permitted himself to give his little daughter a gallop around the room.

All out of breath, he quickly set down the laughing child, and pressed her to his heart. His gambols reminded him of dancing, and, as he gazed into the little maid's round, radiant face, he thought of the future, when he should be a nice old man and lead her out and dance the mazurka with her, as his own father had once danced "Daniel Cooper" with his daughter.

"Yes, 't is he, 't is he, Nicolas," said the Countess Mariya, returning to the room after a few minutes. "Now our Natasha has got back her spirits. You ought to see how happy she is! and how he caught it for having been away so long! But come quick, let us go and see him, come! Do let him go," said she, looking with a smile at her daughter, who clung to her father.

Nikolaï started off, holding the little girl by the hand.

The Countess Mariya remained in the divan-room.

"Never, never, would I believe that I could be so happy," she whispered to herself. Her face was radiant with a smile; but at the same time she sighed, and a gentle melancholy showed itself in her deep eyes. It was as if over and above that happiness which she now experienced there were another kind of happiness, unattainable in this life, and she at that moment involuntarily remembered it.

CHAPTER X

Natasha had been married in the early spring of 1813, and in 1820 she had already three daughters and one son — the child of her desires, whom she was now suckling.

She had grown plump and fleshy, so that it would have been difficult to recognize in the strong matron the slender, vivacious Natasha of yore. The features of her face had grown more marked, and bore an expression of sedate gentleness and serenity. Her face had lost all of that ever flashing light of animation

which had formerly constituted her chief charm. Often now you would see only her face and her bodily presence and nothing of the animating soul. All you could see was a healthy, handsome, fruitful female.

Very rarely now the old fire flashed forth. This happened at times when, as now, her husband returned from a journey, or when a sick child was convalescing, or when she and the Countess Mariya talked over old memories of Prince Andreï (she never talked about him with her husband, imagining that he might be moved by some jealousy of such memories), and at the very rare times when something happened to make her sing, though, since her marriage, she had entirely abandoned this accomplishment. And at these rare moments, when the old fire flashed forth, she, with the beauty of her mature development, was even more fascinating than before.

Since the time of her marriage, Natasha and Pierre had lived at Moscow, at Petersburg, and their pod-Moskovnaya estate, and with her mother, or rather with Nikolaï.

The young Countess Bezukhoï was seen little in fashionable society, and those who met her were not attracted by her. She was neither genial nor careful of pleasing. It was not that Natasha liked solitude, — she knew not whether she liked it or not, it even seemed to her that she did not, — but while engaged in the bearing and nursing and rearing of children, and sharing in each moment of her husband's life, she could not satisfy these demands otherwise than by denying herself society.

All who had known Natasha before her marriage were amazed at the change that had taken place in her, as if it were something extraordinary. Only the old countess, who knew by her maternal insight that all Natasha's impulses of enthusiasm had their origin merely in the need of having a family, of having a husband, as she had cried more in earnest than in jest that winter at Otradnoye. The mother was amazed at the amazement of people who did not understand Natasha, and

she insisted that she had always known that Natasha would be a model wife and mother.

"Only she carries her love for her husband and children to extremes," the countess would say, "so that it even seems stupid in her."

Natasha did not follow that golden rule preached by clever men, especially the French, to this effect, that when a young lady marries she must not neglect, must not abandon, her talents, must even more zealously than when she was a girl cultivate her personal adornment, must charm her husband as much after as she did before marriage.

Natasha, on the contrary, abandoned all at once all her accomplishments, even the one that was most of an accomplishment — her singing. She abandoned it for the very reason that it was an accomplishment.

Natasha took no pains either with her deportment or the elegance of her language, nor did she try to give herself graces before her husband, or think about her toilet, or dream of not imposing irksome exactions on her husband.

She proceeded in direct opposition to this rule.

She felt that those witcheries which instinct had taught her to employ before would now be absurd in the eyes of her husband, to whom she had surrendered entirely from the first minute — that is, with her whole soul, not leaving one single corner secret from him. She felt that the bond between her and her husband was held, not by those poetic feelings which had attracted him to her, but by something else, vague and undefined, but irresistible, like the union of her own soul and body.

To shake her curls, to put on *robronui*,[1] and to sing romances in order to attract her husband to her, would have seemed to her as ridiculous as to adorn herself for the purpose of giving herself pleasure.

To adorn herself to please others, possibly, might have been pleasing to her, — she knew not, — but she never did such a thing. The chief reason that she did

[1] French, *robe ronde*, a kind of dress, fashionable many years ago.

not indulge in singing or the witcheries of the toilet, or in using elegant language, was that she had absolutely no time to indulge herself in these things.

It is a well-known fact that a man has the capacity of completely immersing himself in any object, no matter how insignificant that object may be. And it is a well-known fact that any such object, however insignificant, through the attention concentrated on it, may expand into infinite proportions.

The object in which Natasha was absolutely absorbed was her family, that is to say, her husband, whom she had to hold so that he would cling to her and his home, — and her children, who had to be born, nursed, and reared and educated.

And the more she studied, not with her intellect but with her whole soul, her whole being, into this object which absorbed her, the more this object waxed in her estimation, and the weaker and more insignificant seemed to her her own powers, so that she concentrated them on one and the same thing, and still did not succeed in accomplishing what seemed to her so necessary.

The discussions and criticisms on the rights of women, on the relations of marriage, on the liberty and the rights of husband and wife, although at that period they had not yet begun to be called questions, were nevertheless just the same as they are at the present time; but not only did these questions not interest Natasha, but she really failed to understand them.

These questions, even then just the same as at the present time, existed only for those who looked for nothing but that sensual gratification in marriage which husband and wife afford each other: that is, merely the beginning of marriage, and not its whole significance — the family.

These arguments and the present-day questions are analogous to the question how can one get the most possible enjoyment from dinner? and at that time did not exist any more than they do now for men whose object in eating dinner is nourishment, and in marriage is raising a family.

If the object in eating dinner is the nourishment of the body, then the person who should eat two dinners at a sitting would perchance attain great enjoyment, but would not attain his object, since his stomach would not digest the two dinners.

If the object of marriage is a family, then the person who should wish many wives (or husbands) would perhaps get much enjoyment, but would not in any case be likely to have a family.

The whole question, provided the object of a dinner is nourishment, and the object of marriage is a family, is settled simply by not eating more than the stomach can digest, and by a person not having more husbands or wives than are necessary for a family; that is, one.

Natasha wanted a husband. The husband was given to her. And the husband gave her the family. And she not only saw no need of any better husband, but, since all the energies of her soul were directed toward serving her husband and family, she could not imagine, and saw no possible amusement in imagining, what would have been if things had been otherwise.

Natasha cared not for society in general, but she clung all the more to the society of her relatives — the Countess Mariya, her brother, her mother, and Sonya.

She took delight in the society of those whom she could run in to see, with unkempt hair, in her morning gown, right from the nursery, with happy face, to show them the yellow instead of green stain on the baby linen, and to hear the comforting words that now the baby would soon be much better.

Natasha was so neglectful of herself that her dresses, her mode of doing up her hair, her carelessly spoken words, her jealousy, — she was jealous of Sonya, of the governess, of every woman, whether pretty or plain, — were a common subject for amusement for the whole family.

The general impression was that Pierre was "under his wife's slipper," as the saying goes, and this was really so.

During the very first days of her married life, Na-

tasha laid down her demands. Pierre was greatly amazed at this idea of his wife's, which was so absolutely new to him; she insisted that every minute of his life belonged to her and his children; Pierre was amazed at his wife's demand, but he was flattered by it and submitted to it.

Pierre's submission lay in his acceptance of the implied prohibition not merely of paying attentions to other women, but even of talking and laughing with them, of going to the club to dinner or for the purpose of merely passing away the time, of spending his money on whims, or taking long journeys except on business, — and in this category his wife included his interest in scientific pursuits, to which she attributed great importance, though she had no understanding of such things.

In return for this, Pierre had a perfect right to dispose of himself and his whole family as he might please — Natasha, in her own home, placed herself on the footing of a slave toward her husband, and the whole house went on tiptoes when he was busy reading or writing in his library. Pierre had only to manifest any desire, and his wish would be instantly fulfilled. He had only to express a desire, and Natasha would make haste to have it carried out.

The whole house was conducted according to the husband's supposititious commands, in other words, in accordance with Pierre's wishes, which Natasha tried to anticipate. The style, the place of living, their acquaintances, their intercourse with society, Natasha's occupations, the education of their children, — everything was done not merely in accordance with Pierre's expressed will, but Natasha strove to find out what would elicit hints of his ideas when he was talking. And she actually discovered what constituted the essence of Pierre's desires, and when she thus did, she firmly clung to what she had once adopted. When Pierre himself showed signs of changing his mind, she would turn his own weapons against him.

Thus, during the trying time, which Pierre never forgot, after the birth of their first child, which was ailing,

and they were obliged three times to change wet-nurses, and Natasha fell ill from anxiety, Pierre one time told her of the ideas of Rousseau, with whom he was always in perfect concord, as to the unnaturalness and harmfulness of wet-nurses.

When the next child was born, Natasha, in spite of the opposition of her mother, the doctors, and her husband himself, who revolted against her suckling the child, as at that time something unheard-of and harmful, insisted on doing so, and from that time forth she always nursed all her children.

Very often, in moments of irritation, it would happen that husband and wife would have animated discussions; but long after the quarrel was forgotten, Pierre would find, to his joy and amazement, not only in what his wife said, but in what she did, his own ideas, against which she had rebelled. And not only would he find his own idea, but find it purified of everything superfluous that had been elicited by the excitement of the argument.

After seven years of married life, Pierre felt a joyous, settled consciousness that he was not a bad man, and this consciousness arose from the fact that he saw himself reflected in his wife. In himself he felt that all that was good and bad was mixed together and confused. But, in his wife, only that which was truly good found expression; all that was not absolutely good was purged away in her. And this reflection resulted, not along the line of logical thought, but from another mysterious, proximate reflection.

CHAPTER XI

Pierre, two months before, while he was still visiting the Rostofs, received a letter from Prince Feodor, urging him to come to Petersburg to help decide some weighty questions that were agitating the members of a society of which Pierre was one of the most influential members.

On reading this letter, Natasha, — for she always read

her husband's letters, — hard as it was for her to bear her husband's absence, herself was the first to urge him to go to Petersburg. Every intellectual, abstract interest of her husband's she considered of immense importance, even though she did not understand it, and she was constantly afraid of being a hindrance to this activity of her husband's. In reply to Pierre's timid, questioning look, on reading this letter, she begged him to go, but to make the time of his return as definite as possible. And leave of absence of a month was given him.

After this leave of absence had expired, a fortnight before, Natasha found herself in a state of constant alarm, depression, and irritation.

Denisof, now a general on the retired list, and greatly dissatisfied with the actual state of affairs, had been visiting at the Rostofs' for the past fortnight, and looked upon Natasha in amazement and grief, as on an unlike portrait of some once beloved face. Dejected, melancholy looks, haphazard replies, and perpetual talk about the children were all that was left of his former enchantress.

Natasha was melancholy and irritable all the time, especially when her mother, her brother, Sonya, or the Countess Mariya tried to excuse Pierre and find reasons for his delay.

"All nonsense, trivial nonsense," Natasha would say; "all these considerations of his, — leading to nothing, — and all these foolish societies," she would say, in regard to those very things of the immense importance of which she was firmly convinced. And off she would go to the nursery to nurse her only son, the little Petya.

No one could tell how consoling, how reasonable, this little creature of only three months was when he lay at her breast, and she felt the motion of his mouth and the snuffling of his little nose. This being said to her: "Thou art cross, thou art jealous, thou desirest vengeance, thou hast thy fears; but here .... I am! Oh, yes, here I am!" ....

And there was no answer to be made. It was more than the truth!

Natasha, during those two weeks of anxiety, went so many times to her baby for consolation, she made such a to-do over him, that she overfed him, and he had an ill turn. She was horror-struck at his illness, and at the same time it was the very thing that she needed. In caring for him, she more easily endured her husband's absence.

She was nursing him when a commotion, caused by Pierre's arrival, was heard; and the nurse, who knew how much it would delight her mistress, came running in noiselessly but swiftly, with a beaming face.

"Has he come?" asked Natasha, in a hurried whisper, afraid to move lest she should awaken the sleeping infant.

"He 's come, matushka!" whispered the nurse.

The blood rushed into Natasha's face, and her feet made an involuntary movement, but it was impossible to jump up and run. The child again opened his eyes and looked up at her. 'Art thou here?' he seemed to say, and again smacked his lips.

Cautiously withdrawing the breast, Natasha rocked him a little, and then handed him to the nurse and ran swiftly to the door. But at the door she paused, as if her conscience reproached her for having, in her joy, too hastily given up the child, and she looked round. The nurse, with her elbows in the air, was just putting the baby safely into its cradle.

"Yes, go right along, go right along, matushka, have no fears, go right along," whispered the nurse, smiling with the familiarity which always exists between nurse and mistress.

And Natasha with light steps ran to the anteroom.

Denisof, with his pipe, coming from the library into the hall, now for the first time recognized the Natasha of yore. A bright, gleaming light of joy poured forth in streams from her transfigured face.

"He 's come!" she called to him, as she flew along, and Denisof felt that he was enthusiastic over Pierre's

arrival, though he had never had any great love for him.

As Natasha came running into the anteroom, she caught sight of the tall form in a shuba, untying his scarf.

"Here he is! Here he is! Truly, he is here!" she said to her own heart, and, flying up to him, she threw her arms around him, pressed him to herself with her head on his breast, and then, pushing him away, she gazed into Pierre's frost-covered, ruddy, happy face.—"Yes, here he is! happy and satisfied!" ....

And suddenly she recalled all the torments of disappointed expectation which she had endured during the last two weeks; the radiance of joy beaming from her face was suddenly clouded; she frowned, and a stream of reproaches and bitter words was poured out upon Pierre.

"Yes, it's very fine for you; you are very glad, very happy! .... But how is it with me? You've had a great longing for your children! I nurse them, and the milk was spoilt because of you. ..... Petya almost died. And you are very gay .... yes, you are very gay." ....

Pierre knew that it was not his fault, because it was impossible for him to return sooner; he knew that this explosion of hers was unbecoming, and he knew that within two minutes it would be all over; he knew, chief of all, that he himself felt gay and happy. He would have preferred to smile, but he had no time to think about it. He put on a scared, timid face, and stooped down to her.

"By all the powers, I could not help it .... but how is Petya?"

"He is all right now! Let us go to him. But aren't you ashamed? Didn't you know how I missed you, how I was tormented without you?"....

"Are you well?"

"Come, let us go, come," said she, not letting go of his hand.

And they went to their rooms.

When Nikolaï and his wife came to inquire after

Pierre, he was in the nursery, and was holding on the huge palm of his right hand his babe, now awake, and was tending him. A jolly smile hovered over its broad face with its toothless mouth. The storm had long since passed over, and the bright sun of joy shone in Natasha's eyes as she gazed tenderly at her husband and son.

"And so you talked everything over satisfactorily with Prince Feodor," Natasha was saying.

"Yes, admirably."

"Do you see, he 's holding it up!" — Natasha meant the baby's head. — "Well, how he startled me!"

"And did you see the princess? Is it true that she 's in love with that ...."

"Yes, you can imagine ...."

At that instant, Nikolaï and the Countess Mariya came in. Pierre, not putting down his little son, stooped down and kissed them, and replied to their questions.

But evidently, notwithstanding the much that was interesting that they had to talk over, still the baby in its cap, with its vain efforts to hold up its head, absorbed all Pierre's attention.

"How sweet!" exclaimed the Countess Mariya, looking at the child and beginning to play with it. "There 's one thing I can't understand, Nicolas," said she, turning to her husband, "and that is, why you can't appreciate the charm of these marvelous little creatures."

"I don't and I can't," said Nikolaï, looking at the baby with indifferent eyes. "A lump of flesh. Come, Pierre."

"But really he is such an affectionate father," said the Countess Mariya, apologizing for her husband. "Only at that age, before they are a year old ...."

"No, but Pierre makes a splendid nurse," said Natasha. "He says that his hand was made on purpose for a baby's back. Just look!"

"Well, not for that alone," said Pierre, suddenly, with a laugh, and, seizing the baby, he handed him over to the nurse.

CHAPTER XII

At the Luiso-Gorsky home, as in every genuine family, there lived together several absolutely distinct microcosms, which, while each preserved its own individuality and made mutual concessions, united into one harmonious whole.

Every event that happened to the household was alike glad or sad — alike important — for all these microcosms; but each one had its own personal, independent reasons for joy or sorrow at any particular event.

Thus, Pierre's coming was one of these happy, important events, and it affected the members of the household in somewhat this way: —

The servants (who are always the most reliable judges of their masters, because they judge not by words and the expressions of feelings, but by actions and the manner of life) were glad of Pierre's return, since they knew that, when he was there, the count would cease to make the tour of the estate every day, and would be jollier and kinder, and still more because all would receive rich presents on the holidays.

The children and governesses were delighted at Pierre's return, because there was no one like Pierre to keep up the general life of any occasion. He alone was able to play on the harpsichord that "*Écossaise*" — his one piece! — to which they could dance, as he said, all possible dances, and then besides he would probably make them, too, holiday presents.

Nikolenka, who was now a thin, sickly, intellectual lad of fifteen, with curling flaxen hair and handsome eyes, was glad, because "Uncle Pierre," as he called him, was the object of his admiration and passionate love. No one had tried to instil in the lad a special love for Pierre, and he had only seen him a few times. His aunt and guardian, the Countess Mariya, exerted all her energies to make Nikolenka love her husband as she loved him; and Nikolenka did love his uncle, but his love had an almost perceptible tinge of scorn

in it. He worshiped Pierre. He had no desire to be a hussar or a cavalier of St. George; he preferred to be a learned, good, and intellectual man like Pierre. In Pierre's presence, his face always wore a look of radiant delight, and he flushed and choked when Pierre addressed him. He never lost a word that Pierre uttered; and afterwards, when with Dessalles or even alone by himself, he recalled and pondered over the meaning of every word.

Pierre's past life, his misfortunes before 1812 (concerning which he had formed a vague poetic idea from hints that had been dropped), his adventures in Moscow, his imprisonment, Platon Karatayef (of whom he had heard from Pierre), his love for Natasha (whom also the boy loved with a peculiar love), and, above all, his friendship for his father, whom Nikolenka did not remember, — all this made of Pierre a hero and a sacred being for the boy.

From snatches of conversation concerning his father and Natasha, from the emotion which Pierre always showed when he spoke of the lamented prince, from the guarded tone of veneration and affection with which Natasha spoke of him, the lad, who was only just beginning to have an idea of love, gathered that his father had loved Natasha, and in dying had bequeathed her to his friend.

This father of his, whom the lad did not remember, seemed to him a divinity whom it was impossible to picture to himself, and he never thought of him except with an oppression of the heart and with tears of tenderness and enthusiasm.

And this boy was glad at Pierre's return.

The guests were glad, because Pierre was always a man full of life, and a bond of union in any sort of society.

The adult members of the household, to say nothing of his wife, were glad of a friend who made life easier and smoother.

The old women were glad, because of the presents which he brought, and principally because his coming gave Natasha new life.

Pierre felt the effect on himself of these varying views of the varying microcosms, and hastened to give to each what each expected.

Pierre, the most abstracted, the most forgetful, of men, now, by the advice of his wife, took a memorandum, and, without forgetting a single item, executed the commissions of her mother and brother, buying such things as the dress for Madame Byelova and toys for his nephews.

When he was first married, this demand of his wife that he should do all her errands and not forget a single thing that he had undertaken to purchase seemed very strange to him, and he was greatly amazed at her grave displeasure when, on his first journey from home, he forgot absolutely everything. But afterwards he became used to it. Knowing that Natasha never ordered anything for herself, and ordered for the others only when he himself suggested it, he now took a boyish enjoyment, quite unexpected to himself, in these purchases of gifts for the whole household, and he never forgot anything any more. If he deserved reproaches from Natasha, it was solely because he bought needless and over-expensive gifts. In addition to her slackness and negligence, — faults, as they seemed to the majority; qualities, as they seemed in Pierre's eyes, — Natasha had also that of excessive frugality.

From the time Pierre began to live on a grand scale, and his family demanded large outlays, he noticed, much to his surprise, that he spent only half as much as before, and that his affairs, which had been in great confusion of late, especially by reason of his first wife's debts, were beginning to improve.

It was cheaper to live, because his life was tied down; since the most expensive luxury consists in a style of life that can at any minute be changed, Pierre no longer went into this extravagance, and had no longer any wish to do so. He felt that his style of life was determined now until death, that to change it was not in his power, and consequently this style of life was cheap.

Pierre, with a jovial, smiling face, unwrapped his purchases.

"How much do you suppose?" he asked, as, like a shopkeeper, he unwrapped a roll of cloth.

Natasha was sitting opposite him holding her oldest daughter on her lap, and swiftly turning her shining eyes from her husband to what he was exhibiting.

"Is that for Byelova? Splendid!" She examined the niceness of the material. "That cost about a ruble, did n't it?"

Pierre told her the price.

"Too dear," said Natasha. .... "Well, how glad the children and *maman* will be. .... Only 't was of no use to buy that for me," she added, unable to restrain a smile, as she looked at a gold comb set with pearls, which were just then becoming fashionable.

"Adèle tried to dissuade me; I did n't know whether to buy it or not."

"When should I wear it?"

Natasha took it and put it in her braid. "And you brought this for Mashenka: perhaps they 'll wear them again. Come, let us go."

And, having decided on the disposition of the gifts, they went first to the nursery, and then to the countess's room.

The countess was sitting as usual with Madame Byelova, playing *grand-patience*, when Pierre and Natasha, with their parcels under their arms, came into the drawing-room.

The countess was now sixty years old. She was perfectly gray, and wore a cap which framed her whole face in ruching. Her face was wrinkled, her upper lip sunken, and her eyes were dimmed.

After the loss of her son, followed so quickly by that of her husband, she felt herself unexpectedly forgotten in this world, — a being without aim or object. She ate, drank, slept, sat up, but she did not live. Life left no impression on her.

She asked nothing from life except repose, and this repose she could find only in death. But till death should come she had to live, in other words, she had to employ all her vitality. She exemplified in a high de-

gree what is noticeable in very young children and very old people. Her life had no manifest outward aim, but was merely, so far as could be seen, occupied in exercising her own individual proclivities and peculiarities. She had to eat and drink, sleep a little, think a little, talk, shed a few tears, do some work, lose her temper occasionally, and so on, simply because she had a stomach, brains, muscles, nerves, and a liver.

All this she did, not because action was called forth by anything external, not as people in the full vigor of life do, when above and beyond the object for which they are striving is the unnoticeable object of putting forth their strength.

She talked, simply because she felt the physical necessity of exercising her lungs, her tongue. She wept like a child, because she had to blow her nose and the like. What for people in the full possession of their faculties was an object and aim, was evidently for her only an excuse.

Thus in the morning, especially if the evening before she had eaten anything greasy, she manifested a disposition to show temper, and then she would choose the handiest pretext, Madame Byelova's deafness. She would begin to say something in a low tone of voice from the other end of the room.

"It seems warmer to-day, my love," she would say in a whisper, and when Madame Byelova would reply, "What, has he come?" she would grumble: —

"Oh, dear me,[1] how stupid and deaf!"

Another pretext was her snuff, which she complained of, as being now too dry, now too damp, now badly powdered.

After these displays of temper her face would show that there had been an effusion of bile, and her maids had infallible signs to know when it would be the deaf Byelova, and when it would be that the snuff was too damp, and when she would have a bilious countenance.

Just as it required some preparations for her bilious

[1] *Bozhe moï.*

fits, so also she had to exert herself for her other peculiarities, — the pretext for thinking would be "patience."

When she had occasion to shed tears, then the pretext would be the late count.

When she wanted to be anxious, her pretext was Nikolaï and his health.

When she wanted to speak sarcastically, then her pretext was the Countess Mariya.

When she wanted to exercise her voice, — this was generally about seven o'clock, after her *digesting nap*, in her darkened room, — then the pretext was forever the same old stories, which she would always tell to the same audience.

This state of second childhood was understood by all the household, though no one ever mentioned it, and all possible endeavors were made to gratify her desires. Only occasional glances, accompanied by a melancholy half-smile, exchanged between Nikolaï and Pierre, Natasha and the Countess Mariya, would express the reciprocal comprehension of her state. But these glances also said something else: they declared that she had already played her part in life, that what was now to be seen in her was not wholly herself, that all would at last come to be the same, and that it was a pleasure to yield to her, to restrain ourselves for this poor creature who was once so dear, who was once as full of life as we ourselves.

Memento mori, said these glances. Only utterly depraved and foolish people and little children failed to understand this, and avoided her.

CHAPTER XIII

When Pierre and his wife came into the drawing-room, the countess found herself, as usual, absorbed in what she considered the intellectual labor of working out her *grand-patience*, and therefore, according to her custom, she spoke the words which she was sure to speak on the return of Pierre or her son, namely, "Late, late, my dear;

we have been expecting you. Well, thank the Lord;" and when she was given the presents, she said other perfunctory words: "Was n't it too expensive a present for me, my dear boy? Thanks for remembering the old lady." ....

But it was evident that Pierre's intrusion was distasteful to her at that moment because it distracted her attention from her unfinished game of *grand-patience*. She completed the laying out of the cards, and then only turned her attention to her gifts.

The gifts consisted of a beautifully carved card-casket, a bright blue Sèvres cup with a cover and adorned with a pastoral scene, and, finally, a gold snuff-box with a portrait of the late count, which Pierre had commissioned a Petersburg miniaturist to paint. The countess had been long wishing for one.

She was not now in one of her tearful moods, and therefore she looked with indifference on the portrait, and took more interest in her card-case. "Thank you, my dear; you have cheered me up," said she, just as she always said. "But, best of all, you have brought yourself back. But you can't imagine how naughty it was, you ought to give your wife a good scolding. Why! she was like a crazy person while you were away! She had n't any eyes or any memory for anything!" said the countess, in the usual strain. "Look, Anna Timofeyevna, see what a beautiful case my dear son has brought to us."

Madame Byelova lauded the gifts, and felt of the silk that was her gift.

Although Pierre, Natasha, Nikolaï, the Countess Mariya, and Denisof were anxious to talk over many things which they were not in the habit of discussing in her presence, not because they wanted to keep anything from her, but because she was so out of the ordinary current of life that when any topic of conversation was brought up in her presence, it was always necessary to answer her questions, however untimely, and repeat for her benefit what had already been many times repeated, — tell her who was dead, who was married, and other things that she could not seem to comprehend, — they

sat down as usual to tea in the drawing-room, around the samovar, and Pierre replied to all the countess's questions, which were wholly unnecessary to her, and uninteresting to every one else: as to whether Prince Vasili began to show his age, and whether the Countess Marya Alekseyevna sent any message to her, and the like.

Conversation of this sort, though interesting to no one, was unavoidable, and lasted all through their tea-time. All the adult members of the family were gathered for tea at the round table, over which Sonya presided.

The children, the tutors, and the governesses had already finished drinking their tea, and their voices were heard in the adjoining divan-room.

While the elders were at tea, all sat in their accustomed places: Nikolaï near the stove, at the small table, where they handed him his glass. The old *Borzaya Milka* — Milka the swift, daughter of Milka I., — lay on the chair near him, with her perfectly gray face, from which occasionally bulged forth a pair of great black eyes. Denisof, with his curly hair, his mustaches, and side whiskers fast turning gray, sat next the Countess Mariya, with his general's coat unbuttoned. Pierre sat between his wife and the old countess. He was relating what, as he knew, would greatly interest the old lady and be comprehensible to her. He was telling her of the superficial events of the society and about those people who had once formed the circle of the old countess's intimate friends, who, in days gone by, had been an active, lively, distinct "coterie," but who now were, for the most part, scattered here and there, like herself waiting for the final summons, gathering the last gleanings of what they had sowed in life.

But these were the very ones, these contemporaries of hers, who seemed to the old countess the only important and actual world.

Natasha knew by Pierre's excitement that his journey had been interesting, that he had much he wanted to talk about but dared not mention in the old countess's presence.

Denisof, who had not been a member of the family

long enough to understand the cause of Pierre's reserve, and, moreover, as a "malcontent" was greatly interested in what was going on in Petersburg, kept urging Pierre to tell about the trouble in the Semyonovsky regiment, which had just then broken out, and about Arakcheyef, and about the Bible Society. Pierre was occasionally drawn away and would begin to tell about these things, but Nikolaï and Natasha would always bring him back to the health of Prince Ivan or the Countess Marya Antonovna.

"Now tell me, what is all this nonsense about Hosner and Tatarinof?" asked Denisof. "Is it going to last always?"

"Last always?" screamed Pierre; "it's worse than ever. The Bible Society is in full control of the government."

"What is that, *mon cher ami?*" asked the countess, who had finished drinking her tea, and was now evidently anxious to find some excuse for peevishness after her meal. "What is that you said about the government? I don't understand."

"Yes, you know, *maman*," put in Nikolaï, who knew how to translate what was said into language suitable for his mother's comprehension, "Prince A. N. Golitsuin has started a society, and he is now a man of great influence, they say."

"Arakcheyef and Golitsuin," said Pierre, incautiously, "are now the real heads of the government. And what a government! They affect to see plots in everything; they are afraid of their own shadows."

"What! Prince Aleksandr Nikolayevitch[1] in any way blameworthy! He is a very fine man. I met him once at Marya Antonovna's," said the countess, in an offended tone, and she grew still more offended because no one made any further reply. She went on, "Nowadays, they're always criticizing everybody. What harm is there in the Gospel Society?"

And she got up (all the rest also arose), and, with a stern face, sailed into the divan-room, to her own table.

[1] Golitsuin (Galitzin).

Amid the gloomy silence that ensued could be heard the talking and laughter of the children in the adjoining room. Evidently there was some joyous excitement going on among the little ones.

"It's done! It's done!" rang out little Natasha's merry shriek above all the others.

Pierre exchanged glances with the Countess Mariya and Nikolaï (his eyes were always on Natasha), and smiled gayly.

"That is wonderful music!" said he.

"Anna Makarovna must have finished a stocking," said the Countess Mariya.

"Oh, I'm going to see!" cried Pierre, jumping up. "You know," he added, as he paused by the door, "why I specially love that kind of music — they make me know for the first time that everything is well. To-day, on my way home, the nearer I come, the more afraid I am. As soon as I come into the anteroom, I hear little Andryusha's voice, and of course I know that all's well." ....

"I know, I know what that feeling is," said Nikolaï in corroboration. "But I can't go with you, for you see those stockings are to be a surprise for me!"

Pierre joined the children, and the shouts and laughter grew still louder.

"Well, Anna Makarovna," Pierre's voice was heard saying, "now I'll stand in the middle here, and at the word — one, two — and when I say three, you come to me. Clap your hands! Now, then, one — two ...." cried Pierre.

There was perfect silence. "Three!" and a rapturous shout of children's voices rang from the room. "Once more! once more!" cried the children.

There were two stockings which, by a secret process kept to herself, Anna Makarovna had been knitting at the same time, and it was always her habit triumphantly to produce the one out of the other, in the children's presence, when the stockings were done.

CHAPTER XIV

SHORTLY after this the children came in to say good-night. The children kissed every one, the tutors and governesses bowed and left the room. Dessalles and his charge were alone left. The tutor whispered to his charge to go down-stairs.

"No, M. Dessalles, I will ask my aunt to let me stay," replied Nikolenka Bolkonsky, also in a whisper. — "*Ma tante*, let me stay," pleaded Nikolenka, going to his aunt. His face was full of entreaty, excitement, and enthusiasm.

The Countess Mariya looked at him and turned to Pierre.

"When you are here, he cannot tear himself away," said she. ....

"M. Dessalles, I will bring him to you very soon; *bon soir*," said Pierre, giving the Swiss gentleman his hand; and then, turning with a smile to Nikolenka, he said: "Really, we have n't had a chance to see each other. Marie, how much he is growing to resemble...." he added, turning to the Countess Mariya.

"My father?" asked the boy, flushing crimson, and surveying Pierre from head to foot with enraptured, gleaming eyes. Pierre nodded, and went on with his story, which had been interrupted by the children.

The Countess Mariya was working on her embroidery; Natasha, without dropping her eyes, gazed at her husband. Nikolaï and Denisof had got up, asked for their pipes, were smoking, and getting an occasional cup of tea of Sonya, who sat downcast and in gloomy silence behind the samovar, and kept asking questions of Pierre.

The curly-headed, sickly lad, with gleaming eyes, sat, unobserved by any one, in the corner, and merely craned his slender neck from his turned-down collar, so as to look toward Pierre, occasionally starting, or whispering something to himself, and was evidently under the influence of some new and powerful emotion.

The conversation turned on the contemporary gossip

about the higher members of the government, in which the majority of people usually find the chief interest in internal politics.

Denisof, who was dissatisfied with the government on account of his lack of success in the service, was rejoiced to learn of the follies which, in his opinion, were being committed at that time at Petersburg, and his comments on Pierre's remarks were made in keen and forcible language.

"Once upon a time you had to be a German: now you must dance with Tatawinova and Madame Kwüdener, and wead Eckarsthausen and the like. Okh! if we could only set our bwave Bonaparte upon 'em! He would dwive the folly out of 'em! Now, I 'd like to know what 's the sense of giving the Semyonovsky wegiment to a man like Schwartz?" he cried.

Nikolaï, though he had no wish at all to find fault with everything, as Denisof did, felt that it was a thoroughly dignified and suitable thing to make some criticisms on the government, and he felt that the fact that A had been appointed minister in this department, and that B had been appointed governor-general of this city, and that the sovereign had said this or that, and this minister something else, and all these things, were very significant. And he considered it necessary to take an interest in these things, and to ask Pierre questions.

Owing to the questions of the two men the conversation did not get beyond that general character of gossip concerning the upper spheres of the administration.

But Natasha, who knew her husband's every habit and thought, saw that Pierre had been long vainly wishing to lead the conversation into another path, so that he might speak his mind and tell why he had gone to Petersburg to consult with his new friend, Prince Feodor, and she tried to help him with a question: —

How had his business with Prince Feodor succeeded?

"What is that?" asked Nikolaï.

"Oh, it 's all one and the same thing," said Pierre, glancing around him. "All see that affairs are so rotten that they cannot be allowed to remain so, and that

it is the duty of all honorable men to oppose them to the best of their ability."

"What can honorable men do?" asked Nikolaï, slightly contracting his brows. "What can be done?"

"This can...."

"Come into the library," suggested Nikolaï.

Natasha, who had been for some time expecting to be called to suckle the baby, heard the nurse's call, and went to the nursery. The Countess Mariya went with her.

The men went into the library; and Nikolenka Bolkonsky, unobserved by his uncle, went with them, and sat down in the shadow by the window, at the writing-table.

"Well, then, what are you going to do?" asked Denisof.

"Forever visionary!" exclaimed Nikolaï.

"This is what," began Pierre, not sitting down, but striding through the room, occasionally pausing and making rapid gestures while he spoke. "This is the way of it: the state of affairs in Petersburg is like this: the sovereign takes no part in anything. He is wholly given over to mysticism [Pierre could not pardon mysticism in any one now]. All he asks for is to be left in peace, and this peace can be given him only by the men *sans foi ni loi*, who are perfectly unscrupulous in their rough and cruel treatment of every one: Magnitsky, Arakcheyef, *e tutti quanti*..... You must admit that if you yourself were not busy with your management of the estate, but merely wanted comfort and peace, the crueler your bailiff was, the more quickly you would attain your aim," said he, addressing Nikolaï.

"Well, now, why do you say that?" demanded Nikolaï.

"Well, everything's going to pieces. Robbery in the courts; the army under the rod; harsh discipline — deportation — torturing the people — civilization crushed. All the young men and the honorable are persecuted. All see that this cannot go on so. The strain is too great, and there must be a break," said Pierre (as men, regarding the deeds of any government, have always said

and will always say as long as governments shall last). "I told them one thing at Petersburg...."

"Told whom?" asked Denisof.

"Why, you know whom," exclaimed Pierre, giving him a significant look from under his brows. "Prince Feodor and all of them. To make rivals of enlightenment and charity is a fine thing, of course. The aim is admirable and all that, but something else is necessary in the present circumstances."

At this moment, Nikolaï noticed that his nephew was present. His face clouded; he went over to him: —

"Why are you here?"

"Why, let him stay," said Pierre, taking Nikolaï by the hand and proceeding: "'That's not all,' said I to them, 'something else is necessary. While you stand and wait, this strained cord breaks; while we are all expecting some imminent change, we ought to be gathering closer together, and taking hold of hands, more and more of us, in order to prevent the general catastrophe. All that is young and vigorous is crowding there and becoming corrupt. One is seduced by women; another, by ambition and grandeur; a third, by vanity or money; and then they go over to the other camp. There are getting to be no independent, free men at all, like you and me. I say — widen the circle of the society; let the *mot d'ordre* be not merely virtue, but also independence and activity.'"

Nikolaï, who had let his nephew remain, angrily moved his chair, sat down in it, and while he listened to Pierre he involuntarily coughed and scowled still more portentously.

"Yes, but what is to be the object of this activity?" he cried. "And what position do you hold toward the government?"

"What position? The position of helpers. The society might not remain a secret one if the government would give us its favor. It is not only not hostile to the government, but this society is composed of genuine conservatives. It is a society of gentlemen[1] in the full

[1] *Dzhentelmenof.*

meaning of the word. We exist merely to prevent Pugachof[1] from coming to cut the throats of my children and yours, and Arakcheyef from sending me to one of his military colonies; for this purpose we have banded together, with the single aim of the general welfare and the general safety."

"Yes, but a secret society must necessarily be harmful and prejudicial — is bound to produce nothing but evil."

"Why so? Did the *Tugendbund*, which saved Europe," — even then they dared not imagine that it was Russia that saved Europe, — "did that produce anything harmful? *Tugendbund* — that means a society of the virtuous; it was love, mutual aid, it was what Christ promised on the cross ...."

Natasha, who had come into the room in the midst of the discussion, looked joyfully at her husband. It was not that she was pleased with what he said. It did not even interest her, because it seemed to her that it was all so perfectly simple, and that she had known it all long before, — it seemed so to her because she knew so well the source from which it all came, from Pierre's mind, — but she was pleased because she looked into his lively, enthusiastic face.

With still more joyful enthusiasm, the lad, who again had been forgotten by all, gazed at Pierre, craning his thin neck from his turned-down collar. Every word that Pierre spoke made his heart glow, and, with a nervous motion of his fingers, without knowing what he was doing, he broke the pens and pieces of sealing-wax on his uncle's table.

"But I beg of you not to think that the German *Tugendbund* and the one to which I belong are at all alike."

"Come, now, bwother, this *Tugendbund* is well enough for the sausage-eaters, but I don't understand it, and I don't say anything against it," cried Denisof, in his loud, decisive tones. "Everything 's wotten, and going

[1] Emilian Pugachof, a vagabond Cossack, during the reign of Catherine the Great, gave himself out for Peter III., and, after about a year of varying success, was captured and quartered in January, 1775.

to wuin, I admit, but as for your *Tugendbund*, I know nothing about it, and I don't like it — give us a weal wevolt,[1] that's the talk! *Je suis vot'e homme.*"

Pierre smiled, Natasha laughed, but Nikolaï still further knitted his brows and tried to prove to Pierre that there was no revolution to be apprehended, and that all the danger of which he spoke existed only in his imagination.

Pierre argued to the contrary; and, as his powers of reasoning were stronger and better trained, Nikolaï felt that he was driven into a corner. This still further incensed him, since, in the bottom of his heart, not through any process of reasoning, but by something more potent than logic, he knew the indubitable truth of his opinion.

"Well, this is what I tell you," he cried, rising, and with nervous motions putting his pipe in the corner and finally throwing it down. "I can't prove it to you. You say that everything is all rotten, and that there will be a revolution, I don't see it; but you say that an oath of secrecy is an essential condition, and in reply to this I tell you: You are my best friend, — you know it, — but if in founding a secret society you should undertake anything against the administration, whatever it was, — I know that it would be my duty to obey it. And if Arakcheyef should order me to go against you with a squadron instantly, and cut you down, I should not hesitate a second, but should start. So, then, decide as you please."

An awkward silence followed these words.

Natasha was the first to speak; she took her husband's side and opposed her brother. Her defense was weak and clumsy, but her object was attained. The discussion was renewed on a different topic, and no longer in that hostile tone with which Nikolaï's last words had been spoken.

When all got up to take supper, Nikolenka Bolkonsky went to Pierre with pale face and gleaming, luminous eyes.

[1] A pun in the original: *bunt* (a revolt), from German *Bund*, and pronounced the same.

"Uncle Pierre .... you .... no .... if my papa were alive .... he would agree with you, would n't he?" he asked.

Pierre suddenly realized what a peculiar, independent, complicated, and powerful work must have been operating in this lad's mind during this discussion; and when he recalled what had been said, he felt a sense of annoyance that the lad had listened to them. However, he had to answer him.

"I think so," said he, reluctantly, and left the library.

The lad bent his head, and then for the first time seemed to realize what mischief he had been doing on the writing-table. He flushed, and went to Nikolaï.

"Uncle, forgive me for what I have done. I did not mean to," said he, pointing to the broken pens and pieces of sealing-wax.

Nikolaï gave an angry start.

"Fine work, fine work," said he, flinging the fragments of pens and wax under the table. And, evidently finding it hard to restrain the anger that overmastered him, he turned away.

"You ought never to have been here at all," said he.

CHAPTER XV

At supper, the talk no longer turned on politics and secret societies, but, on the contrary, proved to be particularly interesting to Nikolaï, owing to Denisof's bringing it round to reminiscences of the war of 1812, and here Pierre was particularly genial and diverting. And the relatives parted for the night on the most friendly terms.

When, after supper, Nikolaï, after having changed his clothes in his library and given orders to his overseer, who was waiting for him, returned in his khalat to his sleeping-room, he found his wife still at her desk; she was writing something.

"What are you writing, Marie?" asked Nikolaï.

The Countess Mariya reddened. She feared that what she was writing would not be understood and

approved by her husband. She would have preferred to conceal from him what she had been writing, but at the same time she was glad that he had found her and that she had to tell him.

"It is my diary, Nicolas," said she, — showing him a bluish note-book written in a fair round hand.

"A diary!" exclaimed Nikolaï, with just a shade of irony in his tone, and he took the note-book. It was written in French.

Dec. 16. To-day, Andryusha [her oldest son], when he woke up, did not wish to be dressed, and Mlle. Luise sent for me. He was capricious and wilful, and when I tried to threaten him, he only grew the more obstinate and angry. Then I took him to my room, left him alone, and began to help the nurse get the rest of the children up, but I told him that I should not love him. He was silent for a long time, as if in amazement; then he jumped up, ran to me in nothing but his little night-shirt, and sobbed so that it was long before I could pacify him. It was evident that he was more grieved because he had troubled me than by anything else! Then, when I put him to bed this evening, and gave him his card, he again wept pitifully, and kissed me. You can do anything with him through his affections.

"What do you mean by 'his card'?" asked Nikolaï.

"I have begun to give the older children cards in the evening, when they have been good."

Nikolaï glanced into the luminous eyes that gazed at him, and continued to turn the leaves and read. In the diary was written everything concerning the children's lives that seemed important in the mother's eyes as expressing the character of the children, or that suggested thoughts concerning their education. These were, for the most part, the most insignificant trifles, but they seemed not such to the mother, or the father when now, for the first time, he read this journal about his children.

The entry for the seventeenth of December was: —

Mitya played pranks at table; papa would not let pastry be given to him. It was not given to him, but he looked so

eagerly and longingly at the others while they were eating! I think that the punishment of not letting him have a taste of the sweets only increases his greediness. Must tell Nicolas.

Nikolaï put down the book and looked at his wife. Her radiant eyes looked at him questioningly: did he approve, or disapprove, of the diary? There could be no doubt of his approval or of his admiration for his wife.

"Perhaps there was no need of doing it in such a pedantic manner, perhaps it was not necessary at all," thought Nikolaï; but this unwearied, everlasting, sincere effort, the sole end and aim of which was the moral welfare of the children, roused his admiration. If Nikolaï could have analyzed his feelings, he would have discovered that the chief basis of his firm, tender, and proud love for his wife was found in his amazement at her cordial sincerity and her spiritual nature, at that lofty moral world in which his wife always lived, but which was for him almost unattainable.

He was proud that she was so intelligent and so good, acknowledging his inferiority to her in the spiritual world, and rejoicing all the more that she in her soul not only belonged to him but formed a part of him.

"I approve and thoroughly approve, my dear," said he, with a meaning look. And, after a little silence, he added: "I have behaved very scurvily to-day. You were not in the library. Pierre and I had a discussion, and I lost my temper. Yes, I can't help it. He 's such a child. I don't know what would become of him if Natasha did not hold him in leading-strings. Can you imagine why he went to Petersburg? .... They have started there a ...."

"Yes, I know," interrupted the Countess Mariya; "Natasha told me about it."

"Well, then, you must know," pursued Nikolaï, growing hot at the mere memory of the quarrel, "he wanted to make me believe that it is the duty of every honorable man to go against the government, even though he has

taken the oath of allegiance. .... I am sorry that you were not there. But they were all against me, — Denisof and Natasha. .... Natasha is ludicrous. You know how she keeps him under her slipper, but when there is anything to be decided, she can't speak her own mind at all. She simply says what he says," added Nikolaï, giving way to that vague tendency which men have to criticize their nearest and best friends. Nikolaï forgot that, word for word, what he said about Natasha might be said about him and his wife.

"Yes, I have noticed it," said the Countess Mariya.

"When I told him that my duty and my oath of allegiance were above everything, he tried to prove Heaven knows what. Pity that you were n't there, I should like to know what you would have said."

"In my opinion, you were perfectly right. I said so to Natasha. Pierre says that all are suffering, persecuted, corrupt, and that it is our duty to render help to our neighbors. Of course he is right," said the Countess Mariya; "but he forgets that we have other obligations, nearer still, which God Himself has imposed on us, and that we may run risks for ourselves but not for our children."

"There, there, that is the very thing I told him," cried Nikolaï, who actually thought that he had said that very thing. "But they made out that this was love to the neighbor, was Christianity, and all that, before Nikolenka, who stole into the library and broke up everything on my table."

"Akh! do you know, Nicolas, Nikolenka so often makes me anxious," said the Countess Mariya. "He is such an extraordinary boy. And I am afraid that I am too partial to my own children and neglect him. Our children have both father and mother, but he is absolutely alone in the world. He is always alone with his own thoughts."

"Well, now, it seems to me that you have nothing to reproach yourself with in regard to him. All the most affectionate mother could do for her son, you have done and are doing for him. And of course I am glad of it.

He is a splendid, splendid boy. To-day, he listened to Pierre, and had no ears for anything else. And you can imagine; as we were going out to supper, I look, and lo! he has broken into flinders everything on my table, and he instantly told me. I never knew him to tell an untruth. Splendid, splendid boy," repeated Nikolaï, who really, at heart, did not like the lad, though he always took pains to call him *slavnui*, — splendid.

"Well, I am not like a mother to him," said the Countess Mariya; "I feel that I am not, and it troubles me. He's a wonderful lad, but I'm terribly anxious about him. More society would be a good thing for him."

"Well, it won't be long; this summer I'm going to take him to Petersburg," said Nikolaï. "Yes, Pierre always was and always will be a visionary," he went on to say, returning to the discussion in the library, which had evidently greatly agitated him. "Now, what difference does it make to me that Arakcheyef is not good and all that? What difference did it make to me when I was married and had so many debts that I might have been put into the sponging-house, and mother, who could not see it and understand? And then you and the children and my affairs? Is it for my own enjoyment that I spend the whole day from morning till night in attending to business and in the office? No, I know that it is my duty to work in order to soothe my mother's last days, to pay you back, and so as not to leave the children in such a condition of beggary as I was!"

The Countess Mariya wanted to tell him that not by bread alone is manhood nourished, that it was possible to set too great store in these affairs of his, but she knew that it would be unnecessary and unprofitable to say this.

She only took his hand and kissed it. He accepted this act of his wife's as approval and confirmation of his words, and, after some little time of silent meditation, he went on aloud with his thoughts.

"Do you know, Marie," said he, "Ilya Mitrofanuitch" — this was their man of business — "came to-day

from our Tambof estate, and told me that they would give eighty thousand for the forest there."

And Nikolaï, with animated face, began to speak about the possibilities of being very soon able to buy back Otradnoye. "If only I live ten years longer, I shall leave the children .... in a splendid position."

The Countess Mariya listened to her husband and understood all that he said to her. She knew that when he thus thought aloud, he sometimes asked her what he had said, and was vexed to find that she had been thinking of something else. But she had to use great effort over herself, for she was not in the least interested in what he said.

She looked at him, and, if she was not thinking of something else, she had other feelings. She felt an obstinate, tender love for this man, though he would never be able to understand what she understood, and, as it were, for this very reason she loved him all the more, with a touch of passionate affection.

Besides this feeling, which entirely absorbed her, and made her enter into all the details of her husband's plans, her mind was filled with ideas which had no connection with what he was talking about. She was thinking of her nephew — the story that her husband told of his excitement at Pierre's remarks had powerfully impressed her — and the various characteristics of his tender, sensitive nature arose to her mind, and the thought about her nephew made her think of her own children. She made no comparison between her nephew and her own children, but she compared her respective feelings toward them, and found to her sorrow that there was something lacking in her feeling for Nikolenka.

Sometimes the thought came to her that this difference arose from the difference in their ages, but she felt that she was blameworthy toward him, and in her heart she vowed that she would do better and would make every effort; that is, that during her life she would love her husband and her children and Nikolenka and all her neighbors as Christ loved the human race.

The Countess Mariya's soul was always striving toward the Infinite, the Eternal, and the Absolute, and therefore she could never rest content. Her face always wore the stern expression of a soul kept on a high tension by suffering, and becoming a burden to the body.

Nikolaï gazed at her.

"My God! what would become of us if she should die, as it sometimes seems must be when her face has that expression?" he said to himself, and, stopping in front of the holy pictures, he began to repeat his evening prayers.

CHAPTER XVI

NATASHA and her husband, left alone, also talked as only wife and husband can talk, namely, with extraordinary clearness and swiftness, recognizing and communicating each other's thoughts, by a method contrary to all logic, without the aid of reasoning, syllogisms, and deductions, but with absolute freedom. Natasha had become so used to talking with this freedom with her husband that the surest sign, in her mind, that there was something wrong between her and him was for Pierre to give a logical turn to his arguments with her. When he began to bring proofs and to talk with calm deliberation, and when she, carried away by his example, began to do the same, she knew that they were surely on the verge of a quarrel.

From the moment that they were entirely alone, and Natasha with wide, happy eyes went quietly up to him, and, suddenly, with a swift motion, taking his head between both her hands, pressed it to her breast, and said: "Now, thou art all mine, mine! Thou wilt not go!" — from that moment began that intimate dialogue, contrary to all the laws of logic, — contrary simply because the talk ran at one and the same time upon such absolutely different topics.

This simultaneous consideration of many things not only did not prevent their clearly understanding each

other, but, on the contrary, was the surest sign that they understood each other.

As in a vision everything is illusory, absurd, and incoherent except the feeling which is the guide of the vision, so in this intercourse, so contrary to all the laws of logic, the phrases uttered were not logical and clear, while the feeling that guided them was.

Natasha told Pierre about her brother's mode of life, how she had suffered and found it impossible to live while he, her husband, was absent, and how she had grown fonder than ever of Marie, and how Marie was in every respect better than she was.

In saying this, Natasha was genuine in her acknowledgment that she saw Marie's superiority, but, at the same time, in saying this she claimed from Pierre that he should still prefer her to Marie and all other women, and now again, especially after he had been seeing many women in Petersburg, that he should assure her of this fact.

Pierre, in answering Natasha's words, told her how unendurable it was for him to go to dinners and parties with ladies.

"I had really forgotten how to talk with the ladies," said he. "It was simply a bore. Especially when I was so busy."

Natasha gazed steadily at him and went on: —

"Marie! she is so lovely!" said she. "How well she knows how to treat the children! It seems as if she read their very souls! Last evening, for example, little Mitenka began to be contrary...."

"But how like his father he is!" interrupted Pierre.

Natasha understood why he made this remark about the likeness between Mitenka and Nikolaï: the remembrance of his discussion with his brother-in-law was disagreeable to him, and he wanted to hear her opinion in regard to it.

"Nikolenka has the weakness of not accepting anything unless it is received by every one. But I apprehend you set a special value on this *pour ouvrir une carrière*," said she, repeating words once spoken by Pierre.

"No; the main thing is, Nikolaï looks on thought and reasoning as amusement, almost as a waste of time," said Pierre. "Now he is collecting a library, and he has made a rule for himself never to buy a new book until he has read through what he has already bought — Sismondi and Rousseau and Montesquieu," added Pierre, with a smile. "Why, you know him as well as I do." He began to modify his words, but Natasha interrupted him, giving him to understand that this was unnecessary.

"So you think that he considers pure thought mere trifling." ....

"Yes, and for me everything else is mere trifling. All the time that I was in Petersburg it seemed to me as if I saw all men in a dream. When I am engaged in thinking, then everything else seems a sheer waste of time."

"Akh! what a pity that I did not see you greet the children!" said Natasha. "Which one do you love most of all? — Liza, I suspect."

"Yes," said Pierre; and he went on with what was engrossing his attention. .... "Nikolaï says that we have no business to think. Well, I can't help it. Not to mention that I felt in Petersburg — I can tell *you* — that if it were not for me, everything, all our scheme, would go to pieces, every one was pulling in his own direction. But I succeeded in uniting all parties, and, besides, my idea is so simple and clear. You see, I don't say that we ought to act in opposition to this one or that one. We may be deceived. But I say: let those who love what is right join hands, and let our whole watchword be action and virtue. Prince Sergii is a splendid man and very intelligent."

Natasha had no doubt that Pierre's idea was grand, but one thing confused her. This was that he was her husband. "Can it be that a man so important, so necessary to the world, can at the same time be my husband! How did this ever come about?"

She wanted to express this doubt to him. "No matter who should decide this question, he would be

so much more intelligent than them all, would n't he?" she asked herself, and in her imagination she reviewed the men who were very important to Pierre. None of all these men, judging by his own story, had such an important effect on him as Platon Karatayef.

"Do you know what I was thinking about?" she asked. .... "About Platon Karatayef! How about him? Would he approve, now?"

Pierre was not at all surprised at this question. He understood the trend of his wife's thoughts.

"Platon Karatayef?" he repeated and pondered, apparently honestly endeavoring to realize what Karatayef's opinion concerning this matter would be. "He would not understand, but still I think he would approve — yes!"

"I love thee awfully!"[1] said Natasha, suddenly. "Awfully! Awfully!"

"No, he would not approve," said Pierre, after a little reconsideration. "What he would approve would be this domestic life of ours. He so liked to see beauty, happiness, repose, in everything, and I should be proud if I could show him ourselves. — Now you talk about parting! But you cannot understand what a strange feeling I have for you after being separated from you." ....

"Why, — was it ...." began Natasha.

"No, not that. I shall never cease to love thee. It would be impossible to love thee more; but this is peculiar. .... Well, yes!" ....

But he did not finish his sentence, because their eyes met and said the rest.

"What nonsense," suddenly cried Natasha, "that the honeymoon and real happiness are only during the first part of the time! On the contrary, now is the best of all. If only you would never go away from me! Do you remember how we quarreled? And I was always the one at fault. Always I. But as to what we quarreled about, I am sure I don't remember!"

"Always about one thing," said Pierre, smiling. "Jealo...."

[1] *Uzhazno:* literally, horribly.

"No, don't mention it, I can't endure it," cried Natasha, and a cold, cruel light flashed into her eyes. "Did you see her?" she added after a little silence.

"No, and if I had seen her I should not have recognized her."

They were both silent.

"Akh! do you know, when you were talking in the library, I was looking at you," pursued Natasha, evidently trying to drive away the cloud which had suddenly risen. "Well, you and our little lad are as alike as two drops of water." "Our little lad"—*malchik*—was what she called her son. "Akh! it is time for me to go to him.... I'm sorry to have to go!"

They were silent for several seconds. Then suddenly they turned to each other, and each began to make some remark at the same instant.

Pierre began with self-confidence and impulsive warmth, Natasha with a quiet, blissful smile. Their words colliding, they both stopped to give each other the road, so to speak.

"No, what was it? tell me! tell me!"

"No, you tell me,—what I was going to say was only nonsense," said Natasha.

Pierre went on with what he had begun to say. It was a continuation of his self-congratulatory opinion concerning the success of his visit at Petersburg. It seemed to him at that moment that he was called to give a new direction to all Russian society and to the whole world.

"I was only going to say that all ideas which have portentous consequences are always simple. My whole idea consists in this: that if all vicious men are bound together and constitute a force, then all honorable men ought to do the same. How simple that is!"

"Yes."

"And what were you going to say?"

"Only a bit of nonsense!"

"No, tell me what it was!"

"Oh, nothing, a mere trifle!" said Natasha, beaming with a still more radiant smile. "I was only going to

say something about Petya: To-day the nurse was going to take him from me. He began to laugh, then scowled a little and clung to me .... evidently he thought that he was going to play peek-a-boo .... awfully cunning. .... There, he is crying! Well, good-night!" and she left the room.

At the same time below in Nikolenka Bolkonsky's apartment, in his sleeping-room, the night-lamp was burning as always, — the lad was afraid of the darkness and they could not break him of this fault, — Dessalles was sleeping high on his four pillows, and his Roman nose gave forth the measured sounds of snoring.

Nikolenka, who had just awakened from a nap, in a cold perspiration, with wide-opened eyes sat up in bed and was looking straight ahead.

A strange dream had awakened him. In his dream he had seen himself and Pierre in helmets such as the men wore in his edition of Plutarch. He and his Uncle Pierre were marching forward at the head of a tremendous army. This army was composed of white, slanting threads, filling the air, like the cobwebs which float in the autumn, and which Dessalles called *le fil de la Vierge* — the Virgin's thread.

Before them was glory, just exactly like these threads, only much stouter. They — he and Pierre — were borne on lightly and joyously, ever nearer and nearer to their goal. Suddenly the threads which moved them began to slacken, to grow confused; it became trying. And his Uncle Nikolaï Ilyitch stood in front of them in a stern and threatening posture.

"What have you been doing?" he demanded, pointing to his broken sealing-wax and pens. "I loved you, but Arakcheyef has given me the order, and I shall kill the first who advances."

Nikolenka looked around for Pierre, but Pierre was no longer there. In place of Pierre was his own father, Prince Andreï, and his father had no shape or form; but there he was, and in looking at him Nikolenka felt the weakness of love: he felt himself without strength,

without bones, — as it were, liquid. His father petted him and pitied him. But his Uncle Nikolaï Ilyitch came ever closer and closer to him. Horror seized Nikolenka and he awoke.

"Father," he thought. "Father!" (although there were in the house two excellent portraits, Nikolenka had never imagined Prince Andreï as existing in human form). "My father was with me and caressed me. He approved of me. He approved of Uncle Pierre. Whatever he says I will do. Mucius Scævola burnt his hand. But why should I not do as much in my life? I know they want me to study, and I will study. But when I am grown up then I will do it. I will only ask one thing of God: that I may have in me what the men in Plutarch had, and I will do likewise. I will do better. All will know me, all will love me, all will praise me."

And suddenly Nikolenka felt the sobs fill his chest, and he burst into tears.

"*Êtes-vous indisposé?*" asked Dessalles's voice.

"*Non,*" replied Nikolenka, and he lay back on his pillow. "He is good and kind, I love him," said he of Dessalles, "but Uncle Pierre! Oh, what a wonderful man! But my father! my father! my father! Yes, I will do whatever *he* would approve."

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

THE object of history is the life of nations and of humanity. To grasp and express proximately in words — that is, to depict the life, not of humanity, but merely of a single people, is an impossibility.

All the historians of former times employed exactly the same way of describing and apprehending what seems incapable of apprehension — the life of a nation. They described the actions of the individuals who ruled over a nation, and the actions of these individuals, they supposed, were an epitome of the activity of the nation.

To the questions, How could individuals make a whole nation act in accordance with their wills? and How was the will of these men themselves controlled? the historians of old answered the first by proclaiming a divine will which subordinated nations to the will of a single chosen man; and the second question, by declaring that this divinity directed the will of the chosen man toward a predestined end.

For those of old times all such questions were answered by a belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human affairs.

The new school of history has in its theory abandoned both these positions.

It would seem that, after having abandoned the old faith in the subordination of man to the Divinity, and in the doctrine of predestined ends to which nations are led, the New History ought to study, not the manifestations of power, but the causes which are the source of power.

But the New History has not done this.

After theoretically abandoning the views of the old school, it follows them in practice.

In place of men clothed with divine power and governed directly by the will of the Divinity, the New History represents either heroes endowed with extraordinary, superhuman qualities, or simply men of the most varied talent, from monarchs to journalists, directing the masses.

Instead of finding in the special, divinely preordained objects of any nation — Jewish, Greek, or Roman — the object of human action in general, as was the custom of the historians of old, the New History discovers its objects in the welfare of the French, the English, the Germans — and, in its loftiest abstraction, in the welfare of the civilized world and of the whole of humanity, by which is meant especially the nations occupying the little north-west corner of the continent.

Modern history has abandoned the old theories without establishing any new views in place of them, and the logic of their position has compelled the very historians who have rejected the hypothesis of the divine right of kings and the *Fatum* of the ancients to reach by a different route the same point: the assertion (1) that nations are guided by individuals, and (2) that there is a special object toward which the nations and humanity are moving.

In all the works of the most recent historians, from Gibbon to Buckle, notwithstanding their apparent disagreement and the apparent novelty of their views, at bottom lie these two old theories, from which they could not escape.

In the first place, the historian describes the activity of men who, in their opinion, have guided humanity. One counts as such only monarchs, generals, and statesmen; another, besides monarchs, takes orators, men of science, reformers, philosophers, and poets.

In the second place, the historian believes he knows the end toward which humanity is guided: to one, that end is the greatness of the Roman, the Spanish, or the French empires; to another it is liberty and equality,

or the kind of civilization that obtains in the little corner of the globe called Europe.

In 1789 a fermentation begins at Paris; it grows, spreads, and results in a movement of peoples from west to east. Several times this movement is directed toward the east; it meets with a counter-movement from east to west.

In 1812 it reaches its final limit, Moscow, and with remarkable rhythmic symmetry occurs the counter-movement from east to west, which, like the former, carries with it the nations of Central Europe. This return movement reaches to the departing point of the preceding wave, — Paris, — and subsides.

During this twenty-years period a vast number of fields remain unplowed, houses are burned, trade changes its direction, millions of men are ruined, are enriched, emigrate, and millions of Christians who profess to obey the law of love to their neighbors kill one another.

What does all this signify? What is the cause of this? What forced these men to burn houses and kill their fellow-men? What were the reasons for these events? What force compelled men to act in this way?

Such are the ingenuous, involuntary, and most legitimate questions that humanity propounds to itself on meeting with the memorials and traditions of this movement in the past.

For a solution of these questions the common sense of humanity looks to the science of history, the aim of which is to teach the nations and humanity self-knowledge.

If history should assume the old point of view, it would reply, "The Divinity, as a reward or as a punishment of His people, gave power to Napoleon, and guided his will to the accomplishment of the divine purposes."

And this reply would be, at any rate, full and clear. One may or may not believe in the divine mission of Napoleon; for one who does believe in it, everything in

the history of that time would be intelligible, and there would be no contradiction.

But the New History cannot reply in this way. Science does not recognize the view of the ancients as to the direct interference of the Divinity in human affairs, and consequently must give another reply.

The New History, in answering these questions, says, —"You wish to know what the significance of this movement was, why it took place, and what forces produced these events? Listen:—

"Louis XIV. was a very proud and self-confident man; he had such and such mistresses, and such and such ministers, and he governed France badly.

"The successors of Louis XIV. were also weak men, and they also governed France badly, and they also had such and such favorites, and such and such mistresses.

"Moreover, at that time, certain men wrote certain books.

"Toward the end of the eighteenth century, there came together at Paris a score of men who began to declare that all men were free and equal. The result of this was that all over France men began to slaughter and ruin each other. These men killed the king and many others.

"At this same time there was a man of genius, named Napoleon. He was everywhere successful; that is to say, he killed many people, because he was a great genius.

"And he went off to kill the Africans, for some reason or other, and he killed them so well, and was so shrewd and clever, that when he came back to France, he ordered every one to submit to him.

"And every one submitted to him.

"Having made himself emperor, he again went off to kill the people in Italy, Austria, and Prussia.

"And there he killed many.

"But in Russia there was an emperor, Alexander, who determined to reëstablish order in Europe, and, consequently, waged war with Napoleon. But in 1807 they suddenly became friends; then in 1811 they quar-

reled again, and again they began to kill many people; and Napoleon led six hundred thousand men into Russia, and conquered Moscow, but afterwards he suddenly fled from the city, and then the Emperor Alexander, by the advice of Stein and others, united Europe into a coalition against the disturber of the peace.

"All Napoleon's allies suddenly became his enemies, and this coalition marched against Napoleon, who had got together new forces.

"The allies defeated Napoleon; they entered Paris; they compelled the emperor to abdicate the throne, and sent him to the island of Elba, without depriving him of his dignities as emperor, or failing to show him all possible respect, although five years before and a year after that time all regarded him as a bandit and outlaw.

"Then Louis XVIII. began to reign, though up to that time the French, and also the allies, had only made sport of him.

"Napoleon, having melted into tears in presence of his Old Guard, abdicated the throne and went into exile.

"Thereupon astute statesmen and diplomatists (especially Talleyrand, who managed to sit down before any one else did in a certain arm-chair, and thereby magnified the boundaries of France) held a discussion at Vienna, and by their discussions made nations happy or unhappy.

"Suddenly the diplomatists and monarchs almost quarreled; they were about to set their armies to killing each other again, but at this moment Napoleon, with a battalion, came back to France, and the French, who had been hating him, immediately all submitted to him.

"But the allied monarchs were indignant at this, and once more set out to fight with the French.

"And they defeated and sent Napoleon, the genius, to the island of St. Helena, having suddenly begun to call him a bandit.

"And there, an exile, separated from those dear to his heart and from his beloved France, he died a lingering death on the rock, and bequeathed his great deeds to posterity.

"Meanwhile, in Europe, a reaction was taking place, and all the sovereigns began once more to oppress their peoples."

You should not think that this is a parody or caricature of historical writings. On the contrary, it is the mildest expression of the contradictory answers which fail to answer, and are given by *all* History, whether in the form of Memoirs and histories of various kingdoms, or Universal Histories, and the new kind, Histories of *Culture*, in vogue at the present time.

The strangeness and absurdity of these replies are due to the fact that the New History is like a deaf man who answers questions that no one has asked him.

If the object of history is to describe the movements of nations and of humanity, then the first question, and the one which, if left unanswered, makes all the rest unintelligible, will be as follows: —

"What force moves the nations?"

To this question the New History replies elaborately either that Napoleon was a great genius, or that Louis XIV. was very proud, or that such and such writers published such and such books.

All this may, perhaps, be very true, and humanity is ready to assent, but it did not ask about that.

All this might be interesting if we acknowledge the divine power, self-established, and always the same, which governs its nations by means of Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, but we do not recognize this power, and, therefore, before talking about Napoleons, Louises, and the writers, it is necessary to show the connecting link between these men and the movements of the nations.

If, in place of the divine power, a new force is to be substituted, then it is necessary to explain in what this new force consists, since all the interest of history is concentrated precisely in this force.

History seems to take it for granted that this force is a matter of course, known to all. But, in spite of all desire to recognize this new force as known, he who studies very many of the historical writings will, invol-

untarily, come to doubt whether this new force, which is understood in so many different ways, is wholly clear to the historians themselves.

CHAPTER II

WHAT force moves the nations?

Ordinary biographers and the historians of distinct nations understand this force as the power inherent in heroes and rulers. According to their writings, events take place exclusively in accordance with the wills of the Napoleons and the Alexanders, or, in general, of those individuals whom the private biographer describes.

The answers given by historians of this class to the question, What force moves events? are satisfactory only as long as each event has but one historian. But as soon as historians of different nationalities and views begin to describe one and the same event, then the answers given by them immediately become nonsensical; since this force is understood by each one of them not merely in a different way, but often in an absolutely contradictory way.

One historian affirms that an event took place by means of the power of Napoleon; another affirms that it took place by means of the power of Alexander; according to a third, it took place by means of the power of some third person.

Moreover, the historians of this class contradict one another even in their explanations of that force whereon is based the power of one and the same man.

Thiers, a Bonapartist, declares that Napoleon's power was due to his virtue and genius. Lanfrey, a Republican, declares that it was due to his rascality and skill in deceiving the people.

Thus the historians of this class, by mutually destroying each other's position, in the same process destroy the conception of force producing the events, and give no answer to the essential question of history.

General historians, who treat of all nations, seem to

recognize the fallacy of the views held by the special historians in regard to the force that produces the event. They will not admit that force to be a power inherent in heroes and rulers, but consider it to be the resultant of many forces variously applied.

In describing a war or the subjugation of a nation, the general historian seeks for the cause of the event, not in the power of any one individual, but in the reciprocal influence on each other of many individuals who took part in the event.

According to this view, the power of historical personages who themselves represent the product of many forces, it would seem, cannot be regarded as the force which in itself produces the events.

And yet the general historians, in the majority of cases, make use of a concept of power as a force which in itself produces events and holds the relation to them of first cause.

According to their exposition, the historical personage is only the product of various forces; next, his power is a force producing the event.

Gervinus and Schlösser, for example, and others try to prove that Napoleon was the product of the Revolution, of the ideas of 1789, and so forth; and then they say up and down that the campaign of '12, and other events which they disapprove of, were simply the results of Napoleon's misdirected will, and these very ideas of the year 1789 were hindered in their development in consequence of Napoleon's opposition.

The ideas of the Revolution, the general state of public opinion, brought about Napoleon's power. But Napoleon's power stifled the ideas of the Revolution and the general state of public opinion.

This strange contradiction is not accidental. Not only is it met with at every step, but from a continuous series of such contradictions all the writings of general history are composed. This contradiction results from the fact that on getting into the region of analysis the general historians stop half-way on their route.

In order to find the component forces equal to the

combination or the resultant, it is necessary that the sum of the factors should equal the resultant.

This condition is never observed by the general historian, and, therefore, in order to explain the resultant force, they are necessarily compelled to admit in addition to their inadequate components a still unexplained force, which acts supplementary to the resultant.

An ordinary historian describing the campaign of '13 or the restoration of the Bourbons says in so many words that these events were brought about by the will of Alexander.

But the general historian, Gervinus, refuting this view held by the ordinary historian, endeavors to prove that the campaign of '13 and the restoration of the Bourbons had for their causes, not the will of Alexander alone, but also the activity of Stein, Metternich, Madame de Staël, Talleyrand, Fichte, Châteaubriand, and others.

The historian evidently resolved Alexander's power into its factors: Talleyrand, Châteaubriand, and the like. The sum of these factors — that is, the mutual influence of Châteaubriand, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, and the others — evidently does not equal the whole resultant; in other words, the phenomenon that millions of Frenchmen submitted to the Bourbons.

The fact that Châteaubriand, Madame de Staël, and others said such and such words to each other shows merely their mutual relations, but not the submission of millions. And, therefore, in order to explain how from this fact of their reciprocal relations resulted the submission of millions, that is from factors equal to A alone comes a resultant equal to a thousand times A, the historian is inevitably bound to admit that same force of personal power, which he rejects by calling it the resultant of forces; that is, he is bound to admit an unexplained force acting on the factors.

This is the very thing which the general historians do. And consequently they contradict, not only the special historians, but themselves.

Inhabitants of the country districts, judging by their desires for rain or fine weather, and having no clear

comprehension of the causes of rain, say, "The wind has scattered the clouds," or "The wind has brought the clouds."

In exactly the same way the general historians: sometimes, when they want a certain thing, when it fits in with their theory, they say that the power is the result of events; but at other times, when it is necessary to prove the opposite, they will say that the power produces the events.

A third class of historians, called the historians of *culture*, following on the track laid down for them by the general historians, recognizing sometimes writers and ladies as forces producing events, reckon this force in an entirely different way still. They see it in so-called culture, in intellectual activity.

The historians of culture are thoroughgoing partizans in relation to their kinsfolk, the general historians, since if historical events can be explained by the fact that certain men had such and such an effect upon one another, then why not explain them by the fact that certain men wrote certain books?

These historians, from the whole vast collection of manifestation accompanying every phenomenon of life, select the manifestation of intellectual activity and say that this manifestation is the cause!

But, notwithstanding all their endeavors to prove that the cause of the event lay in intellectual activity, we can agree only by great concessions that there is anything in common between intellectual activity and the movements of the nations, but we cannot admit in any case that intellectual activity directs the activity of men, since such phenomena as the cruel massacres of the French Revolution, which were the outcome of the doctrine of the equality of men, and wicked wars and reprisals, which have been the outcome of the doctrine of love, do not support this proposition.

But even granting that all the ingenious hypotheses with which these histories are filled are correct, granting that the nations are led by some undetermined force called the *idea*, the essential question of history still

either remains unanswered, or to this original power of monarchs, and the influence of contemporaries and other individuals adduced by the general historians, must still be added this new force of the *idea*, the relation of which to the masses demands an explanation.

We may conceive that Napoleon had power and therefore an event took place; with some concessions, we may also conceive that Napoleon, together with other influences, was the cause of an event; but how the book "Contrat Social" influenced Frenchmen to destroy one another cannot be understood without an explanation of the connection between this new force and the event.

Undoubtedly, there exists a connection between all things existing at the same time, and therefore there is a possibility of finding some connection between the intellectual activity of men and their historical movements, just as this connection may be found between the movement of humanity and trade, handicrafts, horticulture, and what not.

But why the intellectual activity of men furnishes the historians of culture with the cause or the expression of every historical movement, it is hard to comprehend. Only the following reasoning can bring historians to such a conclusion: —

(1) That history is written by wise men, and it is natural and agreeable for them to think that the activity of their guild is the ruling element in the movement of all humanity, just as it is natural and agreeable for the merchant, the agriculturist, the soldier, to think the same.

This fails to find expression simply because merchants and soldiers do not write histories.

And (2) that intellectual activity, enlightenment, civilization, culture, the idea, — all these things are indeterminate concepts under which it is very convenient to employ words still more vague and therefore easily adapted to any theory.

But, not to reckon the intrinsic value of this class of historians, perhaps they may be useful for some people

and for some purposes, — the histories of culture, to which all general histories are beginning more and more to conform, are significant for this reason, that in developing seriously and in detail various religious, philosophical, and political doctrines, as the causes of the events, every time when it becomes necessary for them to describe some actual historical event, as, for example, the campaign of '12, they involuntarily describe it as the result of power, saying in so many words that this campaign was the result of Napoleon's will!

Speaking in this way, the historians of culture unwittingly contradict themselves, or prove that the new force which they have discovered does not explain historical events, but that the only means of understanding history is to admit that very same power which they affect to disclaim.

CHAPTER III

A LOCOMOTIVE is in motion.

The question is asked, What makes it move?

The muzhik answers, 'T is the devil moves it.

Another says that the locomotive goes because the wheels are in motion.

A third affirms that the cause of the motion is to be found in the smoke borne away by the wind.

The peasant sticks to his opinion. In order to confute him, it must be proved to him that there is no devil, or another peasant must explain to him that it is not the devil, but a German, that makes the locomotive go.

Only then because of the contradictions will it be seen that they cannot both be right.

But the one who says that the cause is the movement of the wheels contradicts himself, since, if he enters into the region of analysis, he must go farther and farther; he must explain the cause of the motion of the wheels. And until he finds the ultimate cause of

the motion of the locomotive in steam compressed in the boiler, he will not have the right to pause in his search for the cause.

The one who accounted for the motion of the locomotive by the smoke borne back had noticed that the explanation regarding the wheels did not furnish a satisfactory cause, and so took the first manifestation which attracted his attention and in his turn offered it as the cause.

The only concept capable of explaining the motion of the locomotive is the concept of a force equivalent to the observed movement.

The only concept capable of explaining the movement of nations is the concept of a force equal to the whole movement of the nations.

And yet the forces assumed by the different historians to satisfy this concept are perfectly different, and in every case are not equal to the movement under observation. Some see in it a force independently inherent in heroes, as the peasant sees a devil in the locomotive. Others see a force proceeding from certain other forces, like the motion of the wheels. A third class — an intellectual influence, like the smoke borne away.

As long as histories of individuals are written, — whether Cæsars and Alexanders, or Luthers and Voltaires, — and not the histories of *all*, without a single exception of *all* the men that took part in events, there is no possibility of describing the movements of humanity without the conception of a force which obliges men to direct their activity toward a common end.

And the only concept of this sort known to historians is Power.

This concept is the only handle by means of which it is possible to manage the materials of history in the present state of the subject; and the one who should break this handle, as Buckle did, and not know any other way of dealing with historical material, would be deprived of his last chance of dealing with it.

The unavoidableness of the concept of Power in ex-

plaining historical events is shown better than any other way by the authors of universal histories and histories of civilization, who affect to renounce the idea of power, and yet, inevitably, at every step, make use of it.

Historical science, at the present time, in its relation to the questions of humanity, is like money in circulation, — bank-notes and coin. Biographies and the ordinary histories of nations are like bank-notes. They may pass and circulate, satisfying their denomination without injury to any one, and even be of service as long as the question does not arise whether their value is assured.

If only we forget the question how the will of heroes brings about events, the histories of the Thierses will be interesting, instructive, and, moreover, will have a touch of poetry.

But, just as doubt with regard to the actual value of bank-notes arises either from the fact that, since it is so easy to make them, many of them are made, or because there is a general desire to exchange them for gold, in exactly the same way doubt concerning the actual significance of historical works of this sort arises from the fact that they are too numerous, or because some one, in the simplicity of his heart, asks, "By what force was Napoleon able to do this?" In other words, wishes to have his bank-notes exchanged for the pure gold of the genuine concept.

General historians and the historians of culture are like men who, recognizing the inconvenience of assignats, should resolve, in place of paper, to make coin out of some metal which had not the density of gold. And their money would actually have the ring of metal, but only the ring.

Paper notes may deceive the ignorant, but coin which is spurious can deceive no one.

Now, as gold is only gold when it can be used, not merely for exchange, but in practical business, so universal histories will become gold only when they will be able to reply to the essential question of history: "What is power?"

Authors of universal histories contradict one another in their replies to this question, and historians of culture ignore it entirely, and reply to something entirely different.

And as tokens resembling gold can be used only among men who agree to take them for gold, or who know not the properties of gold, so the general historians and the historians of culture who do not respond to the essential questions of history have currency only at the universities, and among the throng of readers who are fond of "serious books," as they call them.

CHAPTER IV

Having renounced the views of the ancients as to the divinely ordained submission of the will of the people to the one chosen man, and the submission of this one will to the Divinity, history cannot take another step without being involved in contradictions, unless it make choice between two alternatives: either to return to the former belief in the immediate interference of the Divinity in human affairs, or definitely to explain the meaning of this force which produces historical events and is known as Power.

To return to the first is impossible; the belief has been overthrown, and it is therefore necessary to explain the meaning of Power.

Napoleon gave orders to raise an army, and go to war. This notion is so familiar to us, we have become to such a degree wonted to this view of things, that the question why six hundred thousand men should go to war because Napoleon said such and such words seems to us foolish. He had the power, and consequently his orders were obeyed.

This answer is perfectly satisfactory if we believe that the power was given to him by God. But, as soon as we deny it, we must decide what that power is that one man has over others.

That power cannot be the direct power of the physical superiority of a strong being over the weak, — a superiority based on the application, or threatened application, of physical force, — like the power of Hercules. It cannot be founded either on the superiority of moral force, though certain historians, in the simplicity of their hearts, declare that historical actors are heroes — that is, men gifted with a peculiar force of soul and intellect, called genius.

This power cannot be based on the superiority of moral force, since, without speaking of popular heroes like Napoleon, concerning whose moral qualities opinions are completely at variance, history shows us that neither the Louis XI.'s, nor the Metternichs, who governed millions of men, had any special qualities of moral force, but, on the contrary, were, for the most part, morally weaker than any one of the millions of men whom they ruled.

If the source of Power lies in neither the physical nor the moral qualities of the individual exercising it, then evidently the source of this Power must be found outside the individual, — in those relations between the masses governed and the individual possessing the Power.

In exactly this way Power is understood by the science of Law, the selfsame exchange bank of history which promises to change the historical concepts of Power into pure gold.

Power is the accumulation of the wills of the masses, transferred, avowedly or tacitly, to the rulers chosen by the masses.

In the domain of the science of Law, which is composed of dissertations on the requisite methods of building up a State and Power, if it were possible to do all this, this explanation is all very clear; but in its application to history this definition of Power demands explanation.

The science of Law regards a State and Power as the ancients regarded fire, as something existing absolutely. For History the State and Power are only phenomena,

just as in the same way as for the "Physics" of our day fire is not an element but a phenomenon.

From this fundamental divergence of view between History and the science of Law, it follows that science of Law can relate in detail how, in its opinion, it would be necessary to build up Power, and to tell what Power is, existing immovably outside of time; but to the historical questions about the significance of Power modified by time, it can give no reply.

If Power is the accumulation of wills transferred to a ruler, then is Pugachof the representative of the wills of the masses? If he is not, then why is Napoleon I. such a representative? Why was Napoleon III., when he was apprehended at Boulogne, a criminal, and why were those whom he afterwards apprehended criminals?

In palace revolutions, in which sometimes only two or three men take part, is the will of the masses also transferred to the new monarch?

In international relations, is the will of the masses of the people transferred to their conqueror?

In 1808 was the will of the Rhine Convention transferred to Napoleon?

Was the will of the Russian people transferred to Napoleon in 1809 when our troops, in alliance with the French, went to fight against Austria?

These questions may be answered in three ways:—

Either (1) by acknowledging that the will of the masses is always unconditionally handed over to this or that ruler whom they have chosen, and that consequently every outbreak of new Power, every struggle against the Power once given over, must be regarded as an infringement of the real Power;

Or (2) by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, under known and definite conditions, and by showing that all signs of restlessness, all collisions, and even the destruction of Power, proceed from non-fulfilment of the conditions under which the Power was given to them;

Or (3) by acknowledging that the will of the masses is transferred to the rulers conditionally, but under un-

known and undefined conditions, and that the outbreak of many new Powers, their conflict and fall, arise only from the more or less complete fulfilment of those unknown conditions according to which the will of the masses was transferred from some individuals to others.

In these three ways the historians explain the relations of the masses to their rulers.

Some historians, not comprehending, in the simplicity of their souls, the question of the meaning of Power, — the same special and "biographical historians" of whom mention has been made above, — seem to acknowledge that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred unconditionally to the historical personages, and therefore, in describing any Power whatever, these historians suppose that this selfsame Power is the one absolute and genuine, and that any other force rising in opposition to this genuine Power is not a Power, but a breach of Power — violence!

Their theory, satisfactory for the primitive and peaceful periods of history, has, when it comes to be applied to the complicated and stormy periods in the life of the nations, — during which simultaneously various Powers rise up and struggle together, — the disadvantage that the Legitimist historian will try to prove that the Convention, the Directory, and Bonaparte were only infringements of Power, while the Republican and Bonapartist will try to prove, the one that the Convention, and the other that the Empire, was the genuine Power, and that all the rest were only infringements of Power.

Evidently since the explanations of Power given by these historians mutually contradict each other, they can prove satisfactory only for children of the tenderest growth!

A second class of historians, recognizing the fallacy of this view of history, say that Power is founded on the conditional transfer of the accumulated wills of the masses to the rulers, and that historical personages have the Power only on condition of carrying out the program which with tacit consent has been prescribed by

the will of the nation. But what goes to make up this program, these historians fail to tell us, or, if they tell us, they constantly contradict one another.

To every historian, according to his view of what constitutes the object of the movement of the nations, this program presents itself in the grandeur, liberty, enlightenment, of the citizens of France or some other state.

But not to speak of the contradictions of the historians, or of what this program is, even granting the existence of one program common to all, still the facts of history almost universally contradict this theory.

If the conditions under which Power is granted consist in riches, liberty, the enlightenment of the nation, why, then, were such men as Louis XIV. and Ivan IV.[1] allowed to live to the end of their reigns, while such men as Louis XVI. and Charles I. were put to death by their nations?

These historians answer this question by saying that the activity of Louis XIV., being contrary to the program, met with its punishment in the person of Louis XVI.

But why was not the punishment inflicted on Louis XIV. and Louis XV.? Why should it have been inflicted especially on Louis XVI.? And what is the length of time required for such a repercussion?

To these questions there is and can be no answer. In the same way this view fails to explain the cause of the fact that the accumulated will of the people for several centuries is preserved by the rulers and their successors, and then suddenly, in the course of fifty years, is transferred to the Convention, to the Directory, to Napoleon, to Alexander, to Louis XVIII., to Napoleon again, to Charles X., to Louis Philippe, to the Republican administration, to Napoleon III.

In their explanations of these rapidly occurring transfers of will from one individual to another, and especially in international relations, conquests, and treaties, these historians must, in spite of themselves, acknowledge that a part of these phenomena are not regular transfers of will, but accidental chances, dependent now on cun-

[1] Ioann or Ivan the Terrible, of Russia, reigned from 1546 till 1584.

ning, now on the mistakes or the deceitfulness or the weakness of diplomat or monarch or party director.

So that the greater part of the phenomena of history — civil wars, revolutions, conquests — appear to these historians certainly not as the products of the transfers of free wills, but as the products of the misdirected will of one man or several men, in other words, again infringements of Power.

And consequently historical events, even to historians of this class, appear as exceptions to the theory.

These historians are like a botanist who, observing that certain plants come from seeds with dicotyledonous leaves, should insist upon it that everything that grew must grow in this bifoliate form, and that the palm and the mushroom and even the oak, which develop to their full growth and have no more resemblance to the dicotyledons, are exceptions to their theory.

A third class of historians acknowledge that the will of the masses is conditionally transferred to the historical personages, but assert that these conditions are not known to us. They say that the historical characters possess the power simply because they have to fulfil the will of the masses, which has been transferred to them.

But in such a case, if the force that moves the nations is not inherent in the historical individuals, but in the nations themselves, then what constitutes the significance of these historical personages?

Historical personages, these historians say, are in themselves the expression of the will of the masses; the activity of the historical personages serves as the representative of the activity of the masses.

But in this case the question arises: Does all the activity of the historical characters serve as the expression of the will of the masses, or only a certain side of it?

If all the activity of historical personages serves as the expression of the will of the masses, as some think, then the biographies of the Napoleons, the Catherines, with all the details of court gossip, serve as the expression of the life of the nations, which is evidently absurd.

If only one side of the activity of the historical person-

age serves as the expression of the life of the nations, as is thought by other so-called philosopher-historians, then in order to determine what side of the activity of the historical personage expresses the life of the nation, it is necessary first to determine what constitutes the life of the nation.

Having met with this difficulty, the historians of this sort have invented a most obscure, intangible, and universal explanation, under which to bring the greatest possible quantity of events, and they say that this abstraction covers the object of the movements of humanity. The most ordinary abstractions which are selected by the historians, almost without exception, are: liberty, equality, enlightenment, progress, civilization, culture.

Having thus established as the object of the movement of humanity some abstraction or other, the historians study the men who have left behind them the greatest quantity of memorials — tsars, ministers, commanders, authors, reformers, popes, journalists, according as these personages, in their judgment, have contributed to help or to oppose the given abstraction.

But since it has not been shown by any one that the object of humanity consisted in liberty, equality, enlightenment, or civilization, and as the connection of the masses with the rulers and enlighteners of humanity is based only on an arbitrary assumption that the accumulation of the wills of the masses is always transferred to those individuals who are known to us, therefore the activity of millions of men, who are marching forth, burning houses, abandoning agriculture, exterminating one another, is never expressed in the description of the activity of a dozen men who have never burned houses, had nothing to do with agriculture, and did not kill their fellow-men.

History shows this at every step.

Can the fermentation of the nations of the West at the end of the last century, and their eager rush toward the East, be expressed in the activity of Louis XIV., Louis XV., or Louis XVI., or their mistresses and ministers, or in the lives of Napoleon, Rousseau, Diderot, Beaumarchais, and the others?

Was the movement of the Russian people toward the East, to Kazan and Siberia, expressed in the details of the sickly character of Ivan IV. and his correspondence with Kurbsky?

Is the movement of the nations at the time of the crusades explained in the life and activity of the Godfreys and the St. Louises and their ladies? For us it remains still incomprehensible what moved the nations from west to east, without any object, without leadership, — a crowd of vagrants, with Peter the Hermit.

And still more incomprehensible remains the discontinuance of that movement at a time when the reasonable and holy object of the crusades — the liberation of Jerusalem — was so clearly set forth by the historical agents. Popes, kings, and knights incited the people to rally for the liberation of the Holy Land; but the people would not go, for the reason that the unknown cause which before had incited them to the movement was no longer in existence.

The history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers evidently cannot comprise in itself the life of the nations. And the histories of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers remain the history of the Godfreys and the Minnesingers, but the history of the lives of the nations and their mainsprings of action remain unknown.

Still less is the life of the nations explained for us by the histories of authors and reformers.

The history of culture explains for us the awakening of the conditions of life and the thoughts of writers and reformers. We know that Luther had an irascible nature and uttered such and such sayings; we know that Rousseau was a skeptic and wrote such and such books; but we know not why, after the Reformation, men cut one another's throats, or why, at the time of the French Revolution, they put one another to death. If these two kinds of history are welded together, as some of the most recent historians have done, it will still be the histories of monarchs and writers, but not the history of the life of the nations.

CHAPTER V

The life of the nations cannot be summarized in the lives of a few men, for the bond connecting these few persons with the nations has not been discovered. The theory that this bond of union is based on the will of the masses transferred to historical personages is an hypothesis not confirmed by the experience of history.

The theory of the transference of the will of the masses to the historical personages perhaps explains many things in the domain of Law, and is very possibly essential for its objects; but in relation to history, as soon as revolutions, civil wars, conquests, make their appearance, as soon as history begins, this theory no longer explains anything.

This theory seems to be irrefutable, simply because the act of transference of the will of the nation cannot be verified, since it never existed.

No matter what the event may be, or what personage may stand at the head of it, theory can always say that the personage in question was at the head of the affairs for the reason that the accumulated will of the masses was transferred to him.

The answers afforded by this theory to historical questions are like the answers of a man who, watching a herd of cattle moving about, and not taking into consideration the varying quality of the feed in different parts of the field or the whip of the drover, should attribute their movement in this or that direction to the animal at the head of the herd.

"The herd go in that direction because the animal at the head leads them there, and the accumulated will of all the other animals is transferred to this leader of the herd."

Thus reply the first class of historians — those that believe in the unconditional transference of power.

"If the animals moving at the head of the herd change their direction, it is because the accumulated will of all the animals is transferred from one leader to

another according as this or that animal conducts them in the direction chosen by the herd."

Thus reply the historians who hold that the accumulated will of the masses is transferred to rulers under certain conditions which they consider indeterminate.

In such a method of observation it would often come about that the observer, drawing his conclusions from the direction taken by the herd, would consider certain animals at the side or even at the rear as the leaders, owing to changes of direction taken wholly by chance!

"If the animals at the head of the herd constantly change about, and if the course of the whole herd constantly varies, it is from the fact that, in order to attain the direction which we observed, the animals transfer their will to those other animals observed by us; and, in order to study the movements of the herd, we must study all the animals under whose influence the herd is led from side to side."

Thus argue the historians of the third class, who believe that all historical personages, from monarchs to journalists, are the expressions of their own time.

The theory of the will of the masses being transferred to historical personages is merely a periphrase.... only the question expressed in other words!

What is the cause of historical events? Power.

What is Power?

Power is the accumulated wills of the masses transferred to a given personage.

Under what conditions are the wills of the masses transferred to a given personage?

On condition that the personage expresses the will of the masses.

That is, Power is Power. That is, Power is a word, the meaning of which is incomprehensible to us.

If all human knowledge were comprehended within the domain of abstract reasoning, then humanity, having subjected to criticism the idea of Power that *science* gives, would come to the conclusion that Power is only a word, and does not, in reality, exist at all.

For the knowledge of phenomena, however, man has, besides abstract reasoning, the tool of experience, by which he tests the results of reasoning. And experience declares that Power is not a mere word, but a thing actually existing.

Aside from the fact that without the concept of Power it is impossible to describe the united action of men, the existence of Power is proved, not only by history, but by the observation of contemporary events.

Always, when an historical event takes place, there appears one man or several men, in accordance with whose will the event apparently takes place.

Napoleon III. gives his orders, and the French go to Mexico.

The king of Prussia and Bismarck give their orders, and the troops enter Bohemia.

Napoleon I. gives his orders, and the troops march into Russia.

Alexander I. gives his orders, and the French submit to the Bourbons.

Experience shows us that whatever event has come to pass is always connected with the will of one man or several men, who gave the commands.

Historians who, according to the old custom, recognize the participation of the Divinity in the affairs of humanity, try to find the cause of an event in the expression of the will of the individual who is clothed with the Power, but this conclusion is confirmed neither by reason nor by experience.

On the one hand, reason shows us that the expression of the will of a man — his words — is but a part of the general activity expressed in an event, for example, a war or a revolution; and, therefore, without the acknowledgment of the existence of an incomprehensible, supernatural force — a miracle — it is impossible to grant that mere words can be the proximate cause of the movement of millions of men; on the other hand, if we grant that words can be the cause of an event, then history proves that in many cases the expression of the will of historical personages has been productive of no effect whatever — that is, not

only have their decrees been often disobeyed, but sometimes the exact opposite of what they ordered has been brought to pass.

Unless we grant that the Divinity participates in human affairs, we cannot regard Power as the cause of events.

Power, from the standpoint of experience, is merely the relationship existing between the expressed will of the individual and the accomplishment of that will by other men.

To explain the conditions of this relationship, we must first of all establish the idea of the expression of will by referring it to man and not to the Divinity.

If the Divinity gives commands, expresses his will, as the history written by the ancients would have us believe, then the expression of this will is not dependent on time, or conditioned by any determining cause, since the Divinity is wholly disconnected with the event.

But when we speak of decrees as the expression of the will of men who, in their acts, are subject to time and dependent on one another, in order to understand the connection between decrees and events, we must establish: —

(1) The condition under which everything happens: continuity in time of action, both of the historical movement and the person who gives the command; and

(2) The condition of the inevitable connection between the personage who gives the command and the men who carry out his command.

CHAPTER VI

Only the expression of the will of the Divinity, which is independent of time, can be related to the whole series of events extending over a few years or centuries, and only the Divinity, which is unconditioned by anything, can by its own will alone determine the direction of the movements of humanity; man, however, acts in time, and himself participates in events.

Having established the first neglected condition — the condition of Time — we shall see that no command can be executed without the existence of some previous command, making the fulfilment of the latter possible.

Never is a single command produced spontaneously, and it never includes in itself a whole series of events; but each command has its source in another, and is never related to a whole series of events, but only to the one moment of an event.

When we say, for instance, that Napoleon commanded his armies to go to war, we combine in one simultaneous expression, "command," a series of consecutive orders, dependent one upon another.

Napoleon could never have decreed the campaign to Russia, and he never did decree it.

He gave orders one day to write such and such letters to Vienna, to Berlin, and to Petersburg; the next day certain decrees and "orders" to the army, the navy, and the commissariat department, and so on and so on, — millions of commands, forming a series of commands corresponding to a series of events, which brought the French army into Russia.

If Napoleon throughout the whole course of his reign issues commands concerning the expedition against England, and if on no single one of his designs he wastes so much time and energy, and yet during the whole course of his reign not once attempts to carry out his intention, but makes the expedition to Russia, with which as he expressed himself repeatedly, he considered it advantageous to be in alliance, then this results from the fact that the first orders do not correspond to any series of events, whereas the second do.

In order that a command should be genuinely carried out, it is necessary that a man should express an order which can be carried out. To know what can and what cannot be carried out is impossible, not merely in case of a Napoleonic expedition against Russia in which millions participate, but even in the simplest event; since for the accomplishment of the one or the other, millions of obstacles may be encountered.

For every command that is carried out, there are always enormous numbers that are not carried out.

All infeasible commands have no connection with the event, and are not carried out. Only those that are feasible become connected with consecutive series of commands accompanying whole series of events, and are carried out.

Our false premise that the command preceding the event is the cause of the event, arises from the fact that when an event has taken place, and out of a thousand commands only those that are connected with the event are carried out, we forget those that were not carried out because they could not be carried out.

Moreover, the chief source of our error in this way of thinking arises from the fact that in historical narratives a whole series of numberless, various, petty events, as for example, all the things that brought the French armies into Russia, is generalized into one event according to the result produced by this series of events, and, corresponding with this generalization, the whole series of commands is also generalized into one expression of will.

We say: Napoleon planned and made an expedition against Russia.

In reality, we never find in all Napoleon's career anything like the expression of this will, but we find a series of commands or expressions of his will in the most varied and indeterminate sort of direction.

Out of the numberless series of Napoleonic decrees that were never executed proceeded a series of commands concerning the campaign of '12 which were executed, not because these commands were in any respect different from the other commands that were not executed, but because the series of these commands coincided with a series of events which brought the French army into Russia, — just as by a stencil this or that figure is designed, not because it makes any difference on what side or how the color is applied, but because the color was smeared over the whole side, including the figure that had been cut out of the stencil plate.

So that, by considering the relation of the commands to the events in time, we shall find that in no case can the command be the cause of the event, but that between the two exists a certain definite connection.

In order to comprehend what this connection is, it is necessary to establish a second neglected condition of every command which proceeds, not from the Divinity, but from a man; and this is the fact that the man who gives the command must himself be a participant in the event.

This relationship between the person giving the command and the one to whom the command is given is precisely that which is called Power.

This relationship consists in the following: —

In order to undertake action in common, men always form themselves into certain groups in which, notwithstanding the variety of the objects impelling them to united action, the relation between the men who participate in the action is always the same.

Having united into these groups, men always establish among themselves such a relationship that the greater number of the men take the greatest direct part, and the smaller number take the smallest direct part, in the mutual action for which they have united their forces.

Of all such groups into which men have ever joined themselves for the accomplishment of a common activity, the most definite and clearly defined is the army.

Every army is composed of the lower members, "the rank and file" in military parlance, the privates, who always form the majority; then of those who in military parlance hold higher rank — corporals, non-commissioned officers, less in number than the first; then those still higher, the number of whom is still less, and so on up to the highest power of all, which is concentrated in a single individual.

The organization of an army may be expressed with perfect accuracy under the figure of a cone, in which the base, having the greatest diameter, is represented by the privates, the higher and smaller plane sections

representing the higher ranks of the army, and so on up to the very top of the cone, the apex of which will be represented by the commander-in-chief.

The soldiers forming the majority constitute the lowest portion of the cone and its base. The soldier himself directly does the killing, stabbing, burning, pillaging, and in these actions always receives commands from those who stand above him; he himself never gives commands.

The non-commissioned officer — the number of non-commissioned officers is still less — more seldom than the soldier takes part in these acts, but he gives commands.

The officer still more rarely takes part in the action himself, and gives orders still more frequently.

The general only commands the troops to march, and tells them where they are to go, but he almost never uses weapons.

The commander-in-chief never can take a direct part in the action itself, but merely issues general dispositions concerning the movements of the masses.

The same mutual relationship of individuals is to be noted in every union of men for common activity — in agriculture, trade, and in every other enterprise.

Thus, without elaborately carrying out all the complicated divisions of the cone and the grades of the army or of any calling and establishment of any kind whatever, or of any common business, from highest to lowest, the law everywhere holds by which men, for the accomplishment of mutual activities, join together in such a relationship that in proportion as they take a greater direct share in the actual work, and the more they are in numbers, the less they give orders, and in proportion as they take a less direct part in the work itself, the more they give orders and the fewer they are; thus passing up from the lowest strata to the one man standing alone, taking the smallest possible direct part in the work, and more than all the others directing his activity to the giving of commands.

This relationship of the individuals who command

to those who are commanded is the very essence of the concept which we call Power.

Having established the conditions in time under which all events are accomplished, we have found that the command is executed only when it bears some relation to the corresponding series of events.

Having established the inevitable condition of the connection between the commander and the commanded, we have found that by its very nature those who most issue the commands take the least part in the event itself, and that their activity is exclusively directed toward commanding.

CHAPTER VII

When any event whatever is taking place, men express their various opinions and wishes concerning the event, and, as the event proceeds from the united action of many men, some one of the expressed opinions or wishes is sure to be executed, even though it may be approximately.

When one of the opinions expressed is fulfilled, this opinion seems to be connected with the event as a command preceding it.

Men are dragging along a beam. Each expresses his opinions as to how and where it should be dragged. They drag the beam to its destination, and it is shown that it has been done in accordance with what one of them said.

He gave the command.

Here the command and the power are seen in their primitive form.

The man who labored hardest with his arms could not so well think what he was doing, or be able to consider what would be the result of the common activity, or to command.

The one who gave the most commands could, by reason of his activity with his words, evidently do less with his arms.

In a large concourse of men who are directing their activity to one end, still more sharply defined is the class of those who, in proportion as they take a less active part in the general business, direct their activity all the more toward giving commands.

A man, when he acts alone, always carries with him a certain series of considerations which seem to him to have guided his past activity, and serve to facilitate his activity at the moment and to assist him in his plans for his future enterprises.

In exactly the same way assemblages of men act, leaving those who take no part in the actual work to do their thinking for them, and to justify their operations, and to make their plans for their future activity.

For reasons known or unknown to us, the French begin to ruin and murder one another, and conformably to the event its justification is found in the expressed will of the people, who declare that this was essential for the well-being of France, for liberty, for equality!

The French cease to murder one another, and this finds justification in the necessity for the unity of Power, for resistance to Europe and the like.

Men march from the West to the East, killing their fellow-men, and this event is accompanied by the words: "the glory of France," "the humiliation of England," and the like.

History shows us that these justifications of events have no common sense, are mutually contradictory, like the murder of a man in consequence of the recognition of his rights, and the massacre of millions in Russia for the humiliation of England. But these justifications have a necessary significance at the time they are made.

These justifications free from moral responsibility the men who brought these events about. These temporary objects are like the "cow-catchers," which serve to clear the road along the rails in front of the train: they clear the road of the moral responsibility of men.

Without these justifications we could not answer the simplest questions which stand in the way of the ex-

amination of every event: "How did millions of men commit wholesale crimes — wars, massacres, and the like?"

Would it be possible in the present complicated forms of political and social life in Europe to find any event whatever that would not have been predicted, prescribed, ordained, by sovereigns, ministers, parliaments, newspapers? Could there be any united action which would not find justification for itself in National Unity, in the Balance of Europe, in Civilization?

So that every accomplished event inevitably corresponds to some expressed wish, and, having found justification for itself, appears as the fulfilment of the will of one or several men.

When a ship moves, whatever may be her course, there will always be visible, in front of the prow, a ripple of the sundered waves. For the men who are on board of the ship the movement of this ripple would be the only observable motion.

Only by observing closely, moment by moment, the movement of this ripple, and comparing this movement with the motion of the ship, can we persuade ourselves that each moment of the movement of the ripple is determined by the motion of the ship, and that we were led into error by the very fact that we ourselves were imperceptibly moving.

We see the same thing in following, moment by moment, the motion of historical personages — that is, by establishing the necessary condition of everything that is accomplished — the condition of uninterrupted motion in time — and by not losing from sight the inevitable connection of historical personages with the masses.

Whatever has happened, it always seems that this very thing has been predicted and preordained. In whatever direction the ship moves, the ripple, which does not guide or even condition its movement, boils in front of her, and will seem, to an observer at a distance, not only to be spontaneously moving, but even directing the movement of the ship.

Historians, regarding only those expressions of the will of historical personages which bore to events the relation of commands, have supposed that events are dependent on commands.

Regarding the events themselves, and that connection with the masses by which historical personages have been bound, we have discovered that historical personages and their commands are dependent on the events.

An undoubted proof of this deduction is given by the fact that, no matter how many commands are uttered, the event will not take place if there be no other causes for it; but as soon as any event — no matter what it is — is accomplished, then out of the number of all the continuously expressed wills of the various individuals, there will be found some which in meaning and time will bear to the event the relation of commands.

In coming to this conclusion, we are able to give a direct and circumstantial reply to the two essential questions of history: —

(1) What is Power?

(2) What force causes the movement of the nations?

(1) Power is a relationship established between a certain person and other persons, in virtue of which this person, in inverse proportion to the part which he takes in action, expresses opinions, suppositions, and justifications concerning the common action to be accomplished.

(2) The movement of the nations is due, not to Power or to intellectual activity, or even to a union of the two, as some of the historians have thought, but to the activity of *all* the men that took part in the event, and always group themselves together in such a way that those that take the greatest direct share in the event assume the least responsibility, and *vice versa*.

In the moral relation Power is the cause of the event; in the physical relation it is those who submit to the Power. But since moral activity is meaningless without physical activity, therefore the cause of an event is found neither in the one nor in the other, but in a combination of the two.

Or, in other words, the concept of a cause is inapplicable to the phenomenon which we are regarding.

In last analysis we reach the circle of Eternity, that ultimate limit to which in every domain of thought the human intellect must come, unless it is playing with its subject.

Electricity produces heat; heat produces electricity. Atoms attract one another; atoms repel one another.

Speaking of the reciprocal action of heat and electricity and about the atoms, we cannot say why this is so, but we say that it is, because it is unthinkable in any other way, because it must be so, because it is a law.

The same holds true also about historical phenomena.

Why are there wars or revolutions? We know not; we only know that for the accomplishment of this or that action men band together into a certain group in which all take a share, and we say that this is so because it is unthinkable otherwise, that it is a law.

CHAPTER VIII

If history had to do with external phenomena, the establishment of this simple and evident law would be sufficient, and we might end our discussion.

But the law of history relates to man. A particle of matter cannot tell us that it is wholly unconscious of the attraction or repulsion of force, and that it is not true.

Man, however, who is the object of history, declares stoutly, "I am free, and therefore I am not subjected to laws."

The presence of the unacknowledged question of the freedom of the will is felt at every step in history.

All serious-minded historians have had, in spite of themselves, to face this question. All the contradictions, the obscurities, of history, that false route by which this science has traveled, are based on the impossibility of solving this question.

If the will of every man were free, that is, if every

one could do as he pleased, then history would be a series of disconnected accidents.

If even one man out of millions, during a period of thousands of years, had the power of acting freely, that is, in conformity with his own wishes, then evidently the free action of that man, being an exception to the laws, would destroy the possibility of the existence of any laws whatever for all humanity.

If there were one single law which directed the activities of men, then there could be no free will, since the will of men must be subjected to this law.

In this contrariety is included the whole question of the freedom of the will, a question which from the most ancient times has attracted the best intellects of the human race, and which from the most ancient times has loomed up in all its colossal significance.

The question, at bottom, is this: —

Looking at man as an object of observation from any standpoint that we please, — theological, historical, ethnical, philosophical, — we find the general law of Fate or necessity to which he, like everything else in existence, is subjected. Yet, looking at him subjectively, as on something of which we have a consciousness, we feel ourselves to be free.

This knowledge is a perfectly distinct source of self-consciousness, and independent of reason. By means of reason man observes himself; but he knows himself only through consciousness.

Without consciousness there could be no such thing as observation or application of the reason.

In order to understand, to observe, to reason, man must first recognize that he is existent.

As a living being, man cannot recognize himself other than as a wishing one; that is, he recognizes his own will.

His will, which constitutes the essence of his life, man conceives and cannot conceive otherwise than as free.

If, on subjecting himself to study, man sees that his will is always directed in accordance with one and the same law, — whether he observe the necessity of taking

food or the activity of the brain, or anything else, — he cannot understand this invariable direction of his will otherwise than as a limitation of it.

Whatever should be free could not be also limited. The will of man appears to him limited for the very reason that he can conceive of it in no other way than as free.

You say, "I am not free, yet I raised and dropped my hand." Every one understands that this illogical answer is an irrefutable proof of freedom.

This answer is the expression of consciousness, which is not subordinate to reason.

If the consciousness of freedom were not a separate source of self-consciousness independent of reason, it would be subjected to reason and experience, but in reality such subordination never exists and is unthinkable.

A series of experiments and judgments shows every man that he, as an object of observation, is subordinate to certain laws, and man submits to them and never quarrels with the laws of gravity or impenetrability when once he has learned them.

But this series of experiments and arguments proves to him that the perfect freedom of which he is conscious within himself is an impossibility, that his every act is dependent on his organization, his character, and the motives that act on him; but man will never submit himself to the deduction from these experiments and arguments.

Knowing from experiment and argument that a stone always falls, man infallibly believes in this, and in all circumstances he expects to see the fulfilment of this law which he has learned.

But, though he has learned just as indubitably that his will is subject to laws, he does not believe it and cannot believe it.

However many times experience and reason have shown a man that in the same circumstances, with the same character, he will always act in the same way as before, he for the thousandth time coming, under the

same conditions, with the same character, to a deed which always ends in the same way, nevertheless indubitably feels himself just as firmly convinced that he can act as he pleases, as he did before the experiment.

Every man, whether savage or cultivated, however irrefragably reason and experiment have taught him that it is impossible to imagine two different courses of action in the same circumstances, feels that without his unreasoning idea — which constitutes the essence of freedom — he could not imagine life possible.

He feels that, however impossible it is, still it is true, since without this notion of freedom he would not only not understand life, but could not live a single instant.

He could not live, because all the aspirations of men, all the incitements to living, are only the aspirations toward enhancement of freedom.

Riches, poverty; fame, obscurity; power, subjection; strength, weakness; health, sickness; knowledge, ignorance; labor, leisure; feasting, hunger; virtue, vice, — are only greater or less degrees of freedom.

For a man himself to imagine not having freedom is impossible except as being deprived of life.

If the concept of freedom seem to reason as a senseless contradiction, like the possibility of accomplishing two courses of action at one and the same time, or an effect without a cause, then this only goes to prove that consciousness does not belong to reason.

This immovable, incontestable consciousness of freedom, which is not subject to experiment and reason, recognized by all thinkers and admitted by all men without exception, a consciousness without which any conception of man is nonsense, constitutes another side of the question.

Man is the work of an omnipotent, omniscient, and infinitely good God. What is the sin the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of the freedom of man?

Such is the question of theology.

The actions of men are subject to invariable general laws expressed by statistics. What constitutes man's

responsibility to society, the notion of which takes its origin from the consciousness of free will?

Such is the question of law.

The actions of man flow from his natural temperament and the motives acting on him. What is conscience and the consciousness of the good and evil of the acts that arise from the consciousness of free will?

Such is the question of ethics.

Man, relatively to the general life of humanity, seems to be subject to the laws that determine this life. But this same man, independently of this relation, seems to be free. Must the past life of nations and of humanity be regarded as the product of the free or of the unfree acts of men?

Such is the question of history.

But in these self-confident days of the popularization of knowledge by that great instrument of ignorance, the diffusion of literature, the question of the freedom of the will has been taken into a field where it cannot be a question at all.

In our time, most of the men who call themselves advanced — that is, a mob of ignoramuses — accept the work of the naturalists, who look at only one side of the question, as the solution of this question.

"There is no soul, no free will, because the life of man is expressed by muscular movements, but these muscular movements are conditioned by nervous action; there is no soul, no free will, because, in some unknown period of time, we came from monkeys."

This is spoken, written, and printed by men who do not even suspect that for thousands of years all religions, all thinkers, have not only recognized, but have never denied, this same law of necessity which they have been striving so eagerly to prove, with the aid of physiology and comparative zoölogy.

They do not see that in regard to this question the natural sciences are only to serve as a means of throwing light on one side of it.

Since, from the standpoint of observation, reason and will are only secretions of the brain, and man, following

the general law, may have developed from lower animals in an indeterminate period of time, it only explains from a new side the truth, which has been recognized for thousands of years by all religions and all philosophical theories, that from the standpoint of reason man is subject to the laws of necessity, but it does not advance by a single hair's-breadth the solution of the question which has another and contradictory side, based on the consciousness of liberty.

If men could have come from monkeys in an indeterminate period of time, it is just as comprehensible that they could have been formed from a handful of clay during a determined period of time (in the first supposition, x is the time; in the second, it is descent); and the question as to how far man's consciousness of freedom can be reconciled with the law of necessity to which man is subject, cannot be solved by physiology and zoölogy, for we can observe only the muscular activity of the frog, the rabbit, or the monkey, while in man we can observe neuro-muscular activity and consciousness.

The naturalists and their disciples, who think they have solved the question, are like masons commissioned to stucco one side of the walls of a church, and who, in a fit of zeal, taking advantage of the absence of the overseer, should put a coat of plaster over the windows, the sacred pictures, the scaffolding, and the walls as yet uncemented, and should be delighted from their plasterers' standpoint, at having made the whole so even and smooth!

CHAPTER IX

In the decision of the question of Free Will and Necessity, History has the advantage over all the other branches of knowledge which have taken this question in hand, that for History this question touches not the very essence of man's will, but the manifestation of the display of this will in the past and under certain conditions.

History, by its decision of this question, stands toward other sciences in the position of an empirical science toward speculative sciences.

History has for its object not the will of man, but our representation of it.

And therefore the impenetrable mystery of the reconciliation of the two contradictories, Free Will and Necessity, cannot exist for History — as it does for theology, ethics, and philosophy.

History examines that manifestation of the life of man, in which the reconciliation of these two contradictions is already effected.

In actual life, every historical event, every act of man, is understood clearly and definitely, without any sense of the slightest inconsistency, although every event appears in part free and in part necessitated.

For deciding the question how Freedom and Necessity are united, and what constitutes the essence of these two concepts, the philosophy of History can and must pursue a route contrary to that taken by the other sciences. Instead of defining the concepts of Free Will and Necessity, and then subjecting the phenomena of life to the definitions prepared, History, from the enormous collection of phenomena at her disposal, and which always seem dependent on Free Will and Necessity, is obliged to deduce her definition from the concepts themselves of Free Will and Necessity.

However we may regard the manifestation of the activities of many men or of one man, we cannot fail to understand it as the product, in part of the Freedom of man, in part of the laws of Necessity.

When we speak of the transmigrations of nations and the invasions of barbarians, or of the arrangements of Napoleon III., or of a man's act performed an hour ago, and consisting in the fact that from various directions for his walk he chose one, we detect not the slightest contradiction. The measure of Free Will and Necessity involved in the actions of these men is clearly defined for us.

Very often, the manifestation of greater or less free-

dom varies according to the standpoint from which we regard the phenomenon; but always and invariably every action of man presents itself to us as a reconciliation of Free Will and Necessity.

In every act that we take under consideration we see a certain share of Freedom and a certain share of Necessity. And always the more Freedom we see in any action, the less is there of Necessity, and the more Necessity the less Freedom.

The relation between Freedom and Necessity diminishes and increases according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed; but this relation always remains proportional.

A drowning man, who clutches another and causes him to drown; or a starving mother, exhausted in suckling her baby, who steals food; or a soldier in the ranks, subjected to army discipline, who kills a defenseless man by command of his superior, — all appear less guilty, that is, less free, and more subjected to the law of Necessity, to one who knows the conditions in which these people were brought, and more free to the one who knows not that the man himself was drowning, that the mother was starving, that the soldier was in line, and so on.

In exactly the same way, a man who, twenty years ago, should have committed a murder, and after that should have lived peaceably and harmlessly in society, appears less guilty; his action is more subordinated to the law of Necessity for the one who should consider his crime after the lapse of twenty years, and more free to the one who should consider the same action a day after it had been perpetrated.

And exactly in the same way every action of a lunatic, of a drunken man, or of a person under strong provocation, seems less free and more inevitable to the one who knows the mental condition of the person committing the act, and more free and less inevitable to the one who knows not.

In all these cases the conception of Free Will is increased or diminished, and proportionally the conception

of Necessity is increased or diminished, according to the standpoint from which the action is viewed. The greater appears the Necessity, the less appears the Freedom of the Will.

And *vice versa*.

Religion, the common sense of humanity, the science of law, and history itself, accept in exactly the same way this relationship between Necessity and Free Will.

All cases without exception in which our representation of Free Will and Necessity increases and diminishes may be reduced to three fundamental principles: —

(1) The relation of the man committing the act to the outside world;

(2) To time; and

(3) To the causes which brought about the act.

The first principle is the more or less palpable relation of the man to the outside world, the more or less distinct concept of that definite place which every man occupies toward every other man existing contemporaneously with him.

This is the principle which makes it evident that the drowning man is less free and more subject to Necessity than a man standing on dry land; the principle which makes the acts of a man living in close connection with other men, in densely populated localities, the acts of a man bound by family, by service, by engagements, seem less free and more subjected to Necessity than the acts of a single man living alone.

(1) If we examine an isolated man without any relations to his environment, then his every act seems to us free. But if we detect any relation whatever to what surrounds him, if we detect any connection with anything whatever, — with the man who talks with him, with the book he reads, with the labor he undertakes, even with the atmosphere that surrounds him, even with the light that falls on surrounding objects, we see that each one of these conditions has some influence on him, and governs at least one phase of his activity.

And so far as we see these influences, so far our

representation of his freedom diminishes and our representation of the necessity to which he is subjected increases.

(2) The second principle is the more or less visible temporal relation of man to the outside world, the more or less distinct conception of the place which the man's activity occupies in time.

This is the principle whereby the fall of the first man, which had for its consequences the origin of the human race, seems evidently less free than the marriage of a man of our day.

This is the principle in consequence of which the lives and activities of men who lived a century ago and are bound with me in time cannot seem to me so free as the lives of contemporaries, the consequences of which are as yet unknown to me.

The scale of apprehension of the greater or less Freedom or Necessity in this relation depends on the greater or less interval of time between the accomplishment of the action and my judgment on it.

If I regard an act which I performed a moment before under approximately the same conditions in which I find myself now, my action seems to me undoubtedly free.

But if I judge an act which I performed a month back, then finding myself in different conditions, I cannot help recognizing that if this act had not been performed, many things advantageous, agreeable, and even indispensable would not have taken place.

If I go back in memory to some act still farther back, — ten years ago and more, — then the consequences of my act present themselves to me as still more evidently necessitated, and it is hard for me to imagine what would have happened if this act had not taken place.

The farther back I go in memory, or, what is the same thing, the longer I refrain from judgment, the more doubtful will be my decision as to the freedom of any act.

In history we find also exactly the same progression of persuasion as to the part that Free Will plays in the actions of the human race. A contemporary event tak-

ing place seems to us undoubtedly the product of all the eminent men; but, if the event is farther away in time, we begin to see its inevitable consequences, other than which we could not imagine flowing from it. And the farther we go back in our investigation of events, the less do they seem to us spontaneous and free.

The Austro-Prussian war seems to us the undoubted consequence of the acts of the astute Bismarck and so on.

The Napoleonic wars, though with some shadow of doubt, still present themselves to us as the results of the will of heroes; but in the crusades we see an event definitely taking its place, an event without which the modern history of Europe would be meaningless, and yet in exactly the same way this event presented itself to the chroniclers of the crusades as merely the outcome of the will of certain individuals.

In the migration of the nations, it never occurs to any one, even in our time, that it depended on the pleasure of Attila to reconstitute the European world.

The farther back into history we carry the object of our investigation, the more doubtful appears the freedom of the men who brought events about, and the more evident grows the law of Necessity.

(3) The third principle is the greater or less accessibility to us of that endless chain of causes, inevitably claimed by reason, in which every comprehensible phenomenon, and therefore every act of man, must take its definite place, as the result of what is past, and as the cause of what is to come.

This is the principle which makes our deeds and those of other men seem to us, on the one hand, the more free and the less subjected to Necessity, according as we know the physiological, psychological, and historical laws to which man is subject, and the more faithfully we examine the physiological, psychological, and historical causes of events; and, on the other hand, in proportion as the action under examination is simple and uncomplicated by the character and intellect of the man whose act we are examining.

When we absolutely fail to comprehend the reasons of any act, — in the case of a crime, or an act of virtue, or even an act which has no reference to good and evil, — we are apt to attribute the greatest share of Freedom in such a case.

In the case of a crime, we demand especially for such an act the extreme penalty; in the case of a good action we especially reward such a virtuous deed.

In the case of something unique, we recognize the greatest individuality, originality, freedom.

But if a single one of the innumerable motives be known to us, we recognize a certain degree of necessity, and are not so eager in our demand for the punishment of the crime; we recognize less service in the virtuous action, less freedom in the apparently original performance.

The fact that a criminal was brought up among evil-doers mitigates his fault. The self-denial of a father or mother — self-denial in view of a possible reward — is more comprehensible than self-denial without reason, and therefore seems to us less deserving of sympathy, — less free.

The founder of a sect or of a party, an inventor, surprises us less when we know how and by whom his activity was prepared beforehand.

If we have a long series of experiment, if our observation is constantly directed to searching into the correlation between cause and effect in the actions of men, then the acts of men will seem to us proportionally more necessitated and less free, the more accurately we trace causes and effects in events.

If the acts under consideration are simple, and we have for our study a vast number of such acts, then our notion of their necessity will be still more complete.

The dishonorable act of a man whose father was dishonorable, the evil conduct of a woman who has fallen in with low associates, the return of the drunkard to his drunkenness, and the like, are cases which will seem to us less free the clearer we comprehend their causes.

If, again, a man whose actions we are examining

stands on the lowest plane of mental development, — as a child, a lunatic, an idiot, — then we who know the causes of his activity and lack of complexity in his character and intellect see forthwith a decidedly large proportion of Necessity and so little Freedom of Will that as soon as we know the cause that must have produced the act we can foretell the act.

These three principles alone make possible the theory of irresponsibility for crime that is recognized in all codes, and that of extenuating circumstances.

Responsibility seems greater or less in proportion to our greater or less knowledge of the conditions in which the man whose crime is under judgment found himself in proportion to the longer or shorter interval of time between the perpetration of the crime and our judgment of it, and in proportion to our more or less complete comprehension of the causes of the act.

CHAPTER X

Thus our recognition of Free Will and Necessity in the phenomenon of the life of man is less or more in proportion as we look at the greater or less connection with the outer world, in proportion to the greater or less interval of time, and the greater or less dependence on the motives.

So that if we consider the position of a man in whose case the connection with the external world is best known, when the period of time between our judgment and the act is the very greatest possible, and the causes of the act most accessible, then we shall gain a conception of the most perfect Necessity and the least possible Freedom.

But if we consider a man who shows the least dependence on external conditions, if his act is consummated at the nearest possible moment to the present time, and the motives of his act are inaccessible to us, then we have a presentation of the least possible Necessity and the greatest possible Freedom.

But neither in the one case nor in the other, however we might change our standpoint, however clear we might make the connection between the man and the outer world, or however inaccessible it might appear to us, however remote or however near might be the period of time, however comprehensible or incomprehensible for us the motives, we could never formulate to ourselves the idea of perfect Freedom or of complete Necessity.

(1) However hard we might endeavor to imagine a man freed from all influence of the external world, we could never conceive of such a thing as Freedom in space.

Every act of a man is inexorably conditioned also by the fact that he is bounded by the very nature of his body.

I raise my arm and drop it again. My action seems free, but, on asking myself, "Can I raise my arm in every direction?" I see that I have raised my arm in that direction where there would be the least resistance to such an action — either by the human bodies around me or by the organization of my own body.

If among all possible directions I choose one, then I choose it because there were less obstacles in that direction.

In order that my action should be free, it would be indispensable that it should meet no obstacles at all. In order to conceive of a man as being free, we should imagine him outside of space, which is evidently impossible.

(2) However close we may approximate the time of an event to the present, we can never gain the notion of Freedom in time.

For if I witness an act which was accomplished a second ago, I am nevertheless obliged to recognize that the act was not free, since the act is conditioned by that very moment of time in which it took place.

Can I raise my arm?

I raise it, but I ask myself, "Can I have not raised my arm at that moment of time already past?"

In order to convince myself, at the next moment I do not raise my arm. But I did not refrain from raising my arm at that former moment when I asked the question about Freedom.

The time has passed, and to retain it was not in my power; and the arm which I then raised, and the atmosphere in which I made the gesture, are no longer the atmosphere which now surrounds me, or the arm with which I now refrain from making the motion.

That moment in which the first gesture was made is irrevocable, and at that moment I could make only one gesture, and, whatever gesture I made, that gesture could have been only one.

The fact that in the subsequent moment of time I did not raise my arm is no proof that I might have refrained from raising it then. And since my motion could have been only one, at one moment of time, then it could not have been any other. In order to represent it as free, it is necessary to represent it at the present time, at the meeting-point of the past and the future, that is to say, outside of time, which is impossible; and

(3) However much we may magnify the difficulty of comprehending motives, we can never arrive at a representation of absolute Freedom, that is, to an absence of motive.

However unattainable for us may be the motive for the expression of will as manifested in an action performed by ourselves or others, the intellect first demands an assumption and search for the motive without which any phenomenon is unthinkable.

I raise my arm for the purpose of accomplishing an act independent of any motive, but the fact that I wish to perform an act without a motive is the motive of my act.

But even if, representing to ourselves a man absolutely freed from all influences, regarding merely his momentary action as of the present, and not called forth by any motive, if we grant that the infinitely small residuum of Necessity is equal to zero, even then we should not arrive at the notion of the absolute Freedom

of man; since a being that does not respond to any influences from the outside world, exists outside of time, and is independent of motives, is no longer man.

In exactly the same way we can never conceive of the acts of a man without a share of Freedom, and subjected only to the law of Necessity.

(1) However great may be our knowledge of the conditions of space in which man finds himself, this knowledge can never be perfect, since the number of these conditions is infinitely great, in the same way as space is limitless. And consequently, as long as all the conditions that influence man are not known, there can be no absolute Necessity, but there is a certain measure of Freedom.

(2) However much we may lengthen out the period of time between the act which we are examining, and the time when our judgment is passed, this period will be finite; but time is endless, and therefore in this relation there can never be absolute Necessity.

(3) However accessible may be the chain of motives for any act whatever, we should never know the whole chain, since it is endless, and again we should never have absolute Necessity.

But, moreover, even if, granting a residuum of the least possible Freedom, equal to zero, we were to recognize, in any possible case, as for example a dying man, an unborn child, an idiot, absolute lack of Freedom, then by that very act we should destroy our concept of man which we were examining; for without Freedom of the Will man is not man.

And therefore our perception of the activity of man, subordinated only to the law of Necessity, without the slightest trace of Free Will, is just as impossible as the conception of the absolute Freedom of the acts of man.

Thus, in order to represent to ourselves the act of a man subjected only to the law of Necessity without any Freedom of the Will, we must have knowledge of an *infinite* number of the conditions in space, an *infinitely* long period of time, and an *infinite* series of motives.

In order to represent a man absolutely free and unsubordinated to the law of Necessity, we must represent him as one *outside of space, outside of time, and outside of all dependence upon motives.*

In the first case, if Necessity were possible without Freedom, we should be brought to define the laws of Necessity by Necessity itself; that is, a mere form without substance.

In the second case, if Freedom without Necessity were possible, we should arrive at absolute Freedom outside of space, time, and cause, which, for the very reason that it would be unconditional and illimitable, would be nothing, or substance without form.

We should have arrived in general terms at those two fundamental principles on which man's whole conception of the world depends, the incomprehensible essence of life, and the laws which condition this essence.

Reason says: —

(1) Space, with all its forms, which are given to it by its quality of *visibility*, — matter, — is infinite, and cannot be conceived otherwise.

(2) Time is endless motion without a moment of rest, and it cannot be conceived otherwise.

(3) The chain of cause and effect can have no beginning and can have no end.

Consciousness says: —

(1) I am one, and all that happens is only I; consequently I include space;

(2) I measure fleeting time by the motionless moment of the present, at which alone I recognize that I am alive; consequently I am outside of time; and

(3) I am outside of motives, since I feel conscious that I myself am the motive of every manifestation of my life.

Reason expresses the laws of Necessity. Consciousness expresses the essence of Free Will.

Freedom, unconditioned by anything, is the essence of life in the consciousness of man.

Necessity without substance is the reason of man in its three forms.

Freedom is that which is examined. Necessity is that which examines.

Freedom is substance. Necessity is form.

Only by sundering the two sources of knowledge which are related to each other, as form and substance, do we arrive at the separate, mutually excluding, and inscrutable concepts of Free Will and Necessity.

Only by uniting them is a clear presentation of the life of man obtained.

Outside of these two concepts, mutually by their union defining one another, — form and substance, — any representation of man's life is impossible.

All that we know of the life of man is merely the relation of Freedom to Necessity; that is, an avowal of the laws of Reason.

All that we know of the outer world of Nature is only a certain relationship of the forces of Nature to Necessity; that is, the essence of life related to the laws of reason.

The life-forces of Nature lie outside of us, and are unknown to us, and we call these forces gravity, inertia, electricity, vital force, and so on; but the life-force of man is recognized by us, and we call it Freedom.

But just as the force of gravitation, in itself unattainable, inscrutable, though felt by every man, is only comprehensible to us as far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject (from the first consciousness that all bodies are heavy up to the laws of Newton), in exactly the same way incomprehensible, inscrutable in itself, is the force of Freedom, though recognized by every one, and is only understood by us so far as we know the laws of Necessity to which it is subject — beginning with the fact that every man must die, up to the knowledge of the most complicated laws of political economy and history.

All knowledge is but the bringing of the essence of life under the laws of Reason.

Man's Freedom is differentiated from every other force by the fact that man is conscious of this force; but Reason regards it as in no respect different from any other force.

The forces of gravitation, electricity, chemical affinity, are only in this respect differentiated from one another, that these forces are differently defined by Reason. Just so the force of man's Freedom in the eyes of Reason differs from other forces of nature merely by the definition which this very Reason gives it.

Freedom without Necessity, that is, without the laws of Reason which define it, is in no respect different from gravity, or heat, or the forces of vegetation; for Reason it is a transitory, undefined sensation of life.

And as the undefined essence of force moving the heavenly bodies, the undefined essence of the force of electricity and the force of chemical affinity and vital force, constitute the substance of astronomy, physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, and so on, in exactly the same way the essence of the force of Freedom constitutes the substance of History.

But just as the object of every science is the manifestation of this indeterminate essence of life, while this same essence may be only a subject for metaphysics, so the manifestation of the force of the Free Will of man in space, time, and causality constitutes the object of History, while Free Will itself is the subject of metaphysics.

In the empirical sciences that which we know we call the laws of Necessity; that which we do not know we call vital force. Vital force is only the expression of the unknown reserve of what we know of the essence of life.

Just so in History: that which is known to us we call the laws of Necessity, that which is unknown we call Free Will.

Free Will or History is only the expression of the unknown reserve from what we know about the laws of the life of man.

CHAPTER XI

History observes the manifestations of the Freedom of man in their relations with the external world, with time, and with causality; that is, it determines this Freedom by the laws of Reason, and therefore History is a science only in so far as it determines Freedom by these laws.

For History to regard the Free Will of men as a force able to exert influence on historical events, that is, as not subject to law, is the same thing as for astronomy to recognize freedom in the movement in the heavenly forces.

This admission would destroy the possibility of the existence of laws, that is, of any knowledge whatever.

If a single body existed endowed with freedom of movement, then the laws of Kepler and Newton would no longer exist, and we could have no conception of the movements of the heavenly bodies.

If a single human action were free, there would be no historical laws, no conception of historical events.

History is concerned only with the lines of the movement of human wills, one end of which disappears in the unseen, while at the other end appears consciousness of the Free Will of man in the present, moving in space, time, and causality.

The more the field of movement opens out before our eyes, the more evident become the laws of this movement.

To grasp and define these laws is the object of History.

From the standpoint from which science now looks at the object of its investigations, along that route which it traverses in seeking the causes of events in the Free Will of men, the formulation of laws is impossible, for, however carefully we limit the Free Will of men, as soon as we recognize it as a force not subjected to laws the existence of the law is impossible.

Only by reducing this Freedom to an infinitesimal, that is, regarding it as an infinitely small quantity, do

we believe in the absolute accessibility of causes, and only then, instead of seeking for causes, History takes as its problem the search for laws.

The search for these laws has been undertaken in times past, and the new methods of thought which History must appropriate are elaborated simultaneously with the self-destruction toward which the "old History" moves with its constant differentiation of the causes of phenomena.

Along this route all the human sciences have traveled.

Mathematics, the most exact of sciences, having reached the infinitely small, abandons the process of differentiation, and makes use of a new process, that of summing up the unknown — the differential or infinitesimal calculus.

Mathematics, giving up the concept of causes, seeks for laws; that is, the qualities common to all of unknown, infinitesimal elements.

Though in another form, the other sciences have followed the same route of thought.

When Newton formulated the law of gravitation, he did not say that the sun or the earth had the property of attracting; he said that all bodies, from the largest to the smallest, possessed the property of attracting one another; that is, putting aside the question of the cause of the movement of bodies, he simply formulated a quality common to all bodies, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small.

The natural sciences do the same; putting aside the question of causation, they seek for laws.

History also stands on the same path, and if History has for its object the study of the movements of peoples and of humanity, and not a description of episodes in the lives of men, it must put aside the notion of cause, and search for the laws common to all the closely united, infinitesimal elements of Freedom.

CHAPTER XII

From the time the law of Copernicus was discovered and demonstrated, the mere recognition of the fact that the sun does not move, but the earth, overturned the entire cosmography of the ancients.

It was possible, by rejecting the law, to hold fast to the old view of the motion of bodies; but unless the law was rejected, it became impossible, apparently, to continue in the teaching of the Ptolemaic worlds. And yet, even after the discovery of the law of Copernicus, the Ptolemaic worlds were still for a long time taught.

From the time when man first said and proved that the number of births or crimes was subject to mathematical laws, and that certain geographical and politico-economical conditions determined this or that form of government, that certain relations of the population to the soil produce the movements of the nation, henceforth the fundamental principles whereon History was based were entirely subverted.

It was possible, by rejecting the new laws, to hold to the former views of History; but, unless they were rejected, it was impossible, apparently, to continue to teach that historical events were the product of the Free Will of men.

For if any particular form of government was established, or any movement of a nation took place, as a consequence of certain geographical, ethnographical, or economical conditions, the wills of those men who appeared to us to have established the form of government can no longer be regarded as the cause.

But still the old style of History continues to be taught side by side with the laws of statistics, of geography, of political economy, comparative philology, and geology, which directly contradict its tenets.

Long and stubbornly the struggle between the old view and the new went on in the domain of physical philosophy.

Theology stood on guard in behalf of the old view,

and denounced the new for its destruction of Revelation. But when Truth won the day, Theology intrenched herself just as solidly in the new ground.

Just as long and stubbornly at the present time rages the struggle between the old and the new view of History, and, just as before, Theology stands on guard in behalf of the old view, and denounces the new for its subversion of Revelation.

In the one case, just as in the other, passions have been called into play on both sides, and the truth has been obscured. On the one hand, fear and sorrow for all the knowledge elaborately built up through the centuries; on the other, the passion for destruction.

For the men who opposed the rising truth of physics, it seemed as if by their acknowledgment of this truth their faith in God, in the creation of the universe, in the miracle of Joshua the son of Nun, would be destroyed.

To the defenders of the laws of Copernicus and Newton, to Voltaire, for instance, it seemed that the laws of astronomy were subversive of religion, and he made the laws of gravitation a weapon against religion.

In exactly the same way now it is only necessary to recognize the law of Necessity, and the idea of the soul, of good and evil, and all state and church institutions that revolve around these concepts would be subverted.

Now, just as Voltaire in his time, the uninvited defenders of the law of Necessity employ this law against religion; and exactly the same way as the law of Copernicus in astronomy, so now the law of Necessity in History not only does not subvert, but even strengthens, the foundation on which are erected state and ecclesiastical institutions.

As at that time in the question of astronomy, so now in the question of History, every variety of view is based on the recognition or non-recognition of the absolute unit which serves as the standard measure of all visible phenomena. In astronomy this standard was the immovability of the earth; in History it was the independence of the individual — Freedom of the Will.

As for astronomy, the difficulty in the way of recog-

nizing the immovability of the earth consisted in having to rid one's self of the immediate sensation that the earth was immovable, and of a similar sense as to the motion of the planets; so also in History the difficulty in the way of recognizing the subjection of personality to the laws of space, time, and causality consisted in being obliged to rid one's self of the sense of the independence of one's personality.

But, as in astronomy, the new theory says: —

"It is true we are not conscious of the motion of the earth, but if we grant its immobility, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, if we admit the motion of which we are not conscious, we arrive at laws," in the same way, in History the new view says: —

"It is true we are not conscious of our dependence, but, by admitting the Freedom of the Will, we arrive at an absurdity; whereas, by admitting our dependence on the external world, time, and causality, we arrive at laws."

In the first case it was necessary to get rid of the consciousness of non-existent immobility in space, and to recognize a motion which was not present to our consciousness; in the present case, in exactly the same way, it is essential to get rid of a Freedom which does not exist, and to recognize a dependence which is not present to our consciousness.

THE END